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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XVI

January 1929

NUMBER 61

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

THE SCIENCES

THIS PUZZLING PLANET.

By Edwin Tenney Brewster. The Bobbs-Merrill Company
\$4 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 328 pp. Indianapolis

Mr. Brewster starts off by rehearsing the history of geological theory, and exhibits the errors in the ideas entertained by the pioneers of the science. He then proceeds to set forth, in an admirably clear and simple manner, what is known and believed by the best authorities today. He ends with an account of the prevailing theories regarding the beginnings of the earth, and shows why the elder nebular hypothesis has given way to the planetesimal theory. His exposition is well ordered, his information is sound, and the illustrations that he presents really illustrate. His book has a brief but comprehensive and annotated bibliography, and a good index. Altogether, it is an excellent and valuable piece of work.

HOW ANIMALS FIND THEIR WAY ABOUT.

By Etienne Rabaud. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2.75 8 1/2 x 5 1/4; 142 pp. New York

This little book disposes of many popular delusions regarding the special senses of the lower animals, and especially of birds and bees. M. Rabaud, who is professor of experimental biology at the University of Paris, shows that their feats of homing do not depend upon any faculty that higher animals do not possess, but are grounded upon the exercise of sight, hearing, smell and what may be called the sense of direction and distance. These senses are in man quite as much as they are in bees, ants and homing pigeons. They are simply used and developed in different ways. M. Rabaud is frankly skeptical about some of the alleged feats of pigeons. He shows that they are greatly exaggerated in the telling, and that in practise many pigeons get lost and perish. So do many bees. It is easy to fool bees by moving their hives, if only for a few yards. What brings them home is probably their recognition of a nearby tree, hill, house or other large mass. Let the hive be moved so that its relation to that mass is radically changed, and they are lost. The book is translated by I. H. Myers. It has a good bibliography and an adequate index.

PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE WRITER.

By H. K. Nixon. Harper & Brothers
\$2.50 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 330 pp. New York

Dr. Nixon gives a clear account of the gaudy and discordant notions which now entertain psychologists, and describes a great many of the puerile ex-

periments that the more curious among them have made upon college students and other laboratory animals, but when he comes to applying their theories and discoveries to the needs of the imaginative writer it turns out that he has relatively little to say. His book is full of odd stuff, but not much of it is of any value, either to writers or to other folk. He presents a twelve-page bibliography, and has gone to the trouble to prepare a good index.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDICINE.

By Charles Singer. The Oxford University Press
\$3 8 x 5 1/4; 368 pp. New York

This modest work does not challenge Dr. Fielding H. Garrison's standard history, but within its narrower field it is well planned and competently executed. It is aimed at the non-medical reader, and is clearly and simply written, without any more use of technical terms than is absolutely necessary. The illustrations are prudently chosen and there is a good index.

THE CONQUEST OF LIFE.

By Serge Voronoff. Brentano's
\$3.50 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 201 pp. New York

The optimism that Dr. Voronoff exhibits in this book will be shared by very few American surgeons. He speaks confidently of grafting monkey bones upon man, of transplanting ovaries from one woman to another, and of doing the same with whole joints. He even looks forward to transplanting kidneys. Of his *bona fides*, however, there can be no question. He presents a great many cases, with portraits of the patients, and insists that his operations are successful surgically and that their effects are salubrious, and not due to auto-suggestion.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

MOTHERHOOD IN BONDAGE.

By Margaret Sanger. Brentano's
\$3 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 446 pp. New York

This is an appalling record of human misery. The text consists of specimens of the thousands of letters that Mrs. Sanger has received from poor women with too many children, begging her to tell them how to avoid having any more. Under the barbaric postal laws of the United States she is forbidden to send them the necessary information, and so they must suffer on. It is difficult to read the book without indignation. That so much unnecessary agony is permitted to go on in a country presumably civilized is

Continued on page vi

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Continued from page iv

almost incredible. One of the things the book reveals is the ignorance of American physicians. Correspondent after correspondent says that she has appealed to her doctor, and got the answer that he could not help her. Many report that there is no difficulty about having abortions performed, but that contraceptive information is kept out of their reach. It is to be hoped that the book will come to the attention of those ecclesiastics who oppose the repeal of the present laws on the ground that God wants every possible child to be born, even if it comes into the world with syphilis.

COLLEGE OR KINDERGARTEN?

By Max McConn.

The New Republic

\$1

7 1/4 x 4 3/4; 275 pp.

New York

Dr. McConn, who is dean of Lehigh University, here grapples with the problem of how to make our colleges useful to the students. His first step, as befits a dean, is one of analysis. The three leading purposes, he says, "under which practically all the minor motives [of present-day colleges] can be subsumed," are these: "the bread-and-butter purpose, the super-kindergarten purpose, and the culture purpose." Now, the trouble with most colleges of today is that they mix all these purposes. They should separate them. There should be professional colleges to take care of the bread-and-butter purpose, purely social colleges to take care of the superkindergarten purpose, and cultural colleges to take care of the culture purpose. All three purposes are "valid, worthy, and creditable . . . and represent real and serious social needs." The "real" college, of course, is the cultural college. Its faculty should be made up solely of "culturally minded professors." As for the faculty of the social college, it "should be selected with great care, the primary qualification being real sympathy with the type of young men to be taken charge of, and a genuine interest in their sports and other recreations." Only those should be admitted to a "real" college who have "a self-interest . . . in the culture purpose." But we must not forget that the bodies of "superior intellectuals" deserve as much attention as their minds, "since living conditions do matter somewhat, of course, even with capable and zealous students, and more with some types than with others." All colleges should be coeducational, for an obvious reason. There remains the problem of necking. Dean McConn disposes of it in this revolutionary but brilliant manner: "If young people must neck—and I think they must . . . —it is highly desirable, for both sexes, to be selective with respect to partners."

vi

JEWS ARE LIKE THAT.

By Analyticus.

Brentano's

\$3.50

8 3/8 x 6; 232 pp.

New York

Whoever Analyticus may be, he shows plainly in this collection of short critical biographies of nine prominent American Jews that he is not very gifted as an observer of men. The heroes he considers are Justice Louis D. Brandeis, Henry Morgenthau, Louis Lipsky, Stephen S. Wise, Ludwig Lewisohn, Felix Adler, Aaron Sapiro, Louis Marshall and Nathan Straus. The chapters on Justice Brandeis and Lewisohn are among the dullest and least intelligent monographs ever written on them. The remaining essays are even worse. On page 97, Analyticus says that there are "intellectual and moral principles" in the "supereminently prophetic functions" of the Rev. Dr. Wise, and on page 131 he says of Dr. Adler, the founder of Ethical Culture, that he has evolved "some of the profoundest ethical thinking of contemporary American philosophy."

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

By Arthur D. Little.

Little, Brown & Company

\$2.50

8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 287 pp.

Boston

Dr. Little, who was recently elected president of the Society of Chemical Industry, here shows the dependence of industry on scientific research; he analyzes the fuel problem, traces the history of the chemical industry, and discusses its contribution to the sinews of war. "The record of our development of our resources," he concludes in his chapter on "Making the Most of America," "is, indeed, in mere achievement, in figures of production, a shining one; but its lustre is dimmed to shadow by the portentous brilliance of the handwriting on the wall. We have been prodigal wasters, reckless destroyers, mere skimmers of cream. Unrestricted individualism must now give way to controlled coöperation, guided by a constructive economic policy which is nation-wide in scope." The book is written in colloquial style; it has an index.

WHO WILL BE MASTER, EUROPE OR AMERICA?

By Lucien Romier.

The Macaulay Company

\$2.50

8 x 5 1/4; 299 pp.

New York

According to M. Romier, American civilization, more than any other, has steered clear of theoretical systems, and shaped itself under the influence of concrete facts as they arose one by one. Politics has never been detached from immediate interest, nor have the instincts of the people ever ceased following the lure of fortune and opportunity. American civilization has grown by swift leaps, not by steps of reasoning. Still

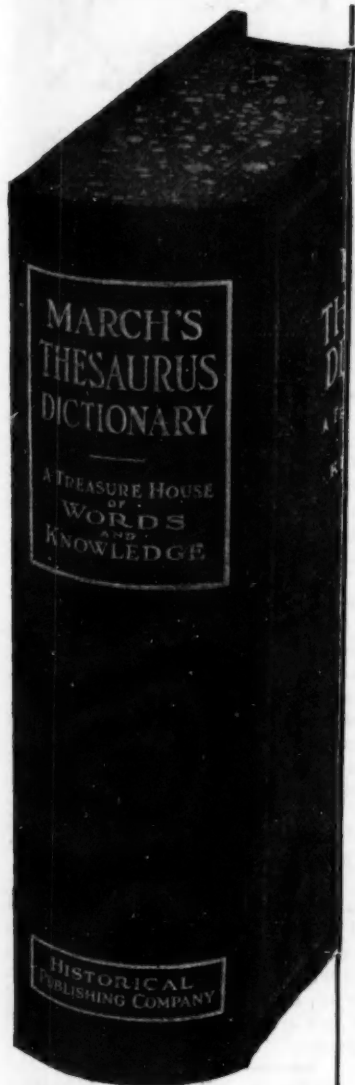
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Continued from page vi

young, it shines much better in the sphere of action than in that of reflection. Hence the United States does not compose a unified historical nation, nor a body politic; it is a community of purely economic origin; the obligation to make money is the very basis of American morals. As for Europe, he exhorts the best minds of the separate countries to study earnestly the sources of American progress, but to remember that the American, for all his superiority in business, is still inferior to the European in intellectual enterprise. Matthew Josephson has made a fair job of the translation; but the book unfortunately lacks an index.

AMERICAN RECONSTRUCTION.

By Georges Clemenceau.

\$5 9 1/4 x 6; 300 pp.

The Dial Press

New York

Recently admitted to the practice of medicine, M. Clemenceau set sail for the United States in the Autumn of 1865, and lived here almost continually till the Spring of 1870. He spent most of his time in New York City and in Stamford, Conn., where he was engaged mainly in the teaching of French. He also used to send occasional political letters to *Le Temps*, of Paris, where they were printed anonymously. The greater part of them are here reprinted, as translated by Margaret MacVeagh. They are all straight reporting, and no more than competent in quality. On the few occasions when he attempts comment he does little more than express a hatred for the institution of slavery and a disapproval of President Grant's habit of chewing tobacco when in conference with his political advisers. There is an introduction by the editor, Professor Fernand Baldensperger, of the Sorbonne.

PROPAGANDA. *The Public Mind in the Making.*

By Edward L. Bernays.

\$2.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 159 pp.

Horace Liveright

New York

Mr. Bernays is one of the most eminent practitioners of the new science of public relations. He learned its rudiments as press agent for Caruso, Otis Skinner, Elsie Ferguson and other immortals, and as a member of the celebrated Bureau of Public Information headed by Dr. Creel during the late war. Since then he has been public relations counsellor to several prominent corporations in the United States and in Europe. The present book is a sort of text-book for the novice, and deals mainly with the general philosophy and ethics of the new science. Mr. Bernays assures skeptics that "the profession of public relations is developing for itself an ethical code which compares favorably with that governing the legal and medical professions. . . .

The [public relations counsel] refuses a client whom he believes to be dishonest, a product which he believes to be fraudulent, or a cause which he believes to be antisocial. . . . It must be repeated that his business is not to fool or hoodwink the public." Unfortunately, the author does not give the names of any such new-fangled and denaturized ballyhoo-men.

CATHOLICISM AND THE MODERN MIND.

By Michael Williams.

\$3.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 348 pp.

The Dial Press

New York

Mr. Williams' main thesis is that Catholicism, the only "authentic Christianity," or to use his own phrase, "the genuine article" among religions, is the only hope of Western civilization. But there are several minor theses, which are equally interesting. First, he essays to prove that Holy Church has always been the friend of all scientific and artistic enlightenment. "We Catholics," he says, "are the freest minds among mankind." If anyone doubts this, he urges the skeptic to consult the Catholic Encyclopedia to get the historical truth. As for the United States, God alone knows where it would be now were it not for the followers of Rome. "The most fundamental American institutions, as embodied in the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, sprang in large part from the teachings of Catholic philosophy." When he comes to modern times, Mr. Williams argues that "the future of American literature belongs to Catholicism," because it alone has the "true civilized values." To clinch this statement he quotes from the writings of Van Wyck Brooks and Gorham Munson, who are among "the really practical forces in contemporary criticism." And what is true of the future of *belles lettres* and general culture in America is equally true of the same things in the rest of the world, for "the true bases of Western—that is to say, of Christian—civilization . . . are to be found and found nowhere else than in Catholicism." Mr. Williams is editor of the *Commonweal*.

SOME MORE MEDICAL VIEWS ON BIRTH CONTROL.

Edited by Norman Haire.

\$2.50 7 3/4 x 4 1/4; 216 pp.

E. P. Dutton & Company

New York

This volume is a sort of answer to "Medical Views on Birth Control," edited by Sir James Marchant and published in 1926. The views presented in the latter were mainly unfavorable to contraception, and Dr. Haire hints that this was because most of the contributors were old men. In his own book he offers more friendly witnesses, but not many of them seem to have anything important to say. Perhaps they are handi-

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WHO is this author "no decent person would read, and no self-respecting family have in the house"? What effect does he have on people that makes his writings "not fit to read"?

He liberates men from their prejudices. He dispels their ignorance. He delivers them from superstitious bondage to old-fashioned, fire-and-brimstone theology. He routs the dark forces of bureaucracy and bigotry with Reason and Common-sense. That is why he is "not fit to read."

Thomas Paine is the greatest liberator the modern world has produced. Most of the reforms, most of the advanced ideas of today, began in his writings. He started the American Revolution with a flaming pamphlet. He formulated the principles of our government and, in effect, dictated our Declaration of Independence to Thomas Jefferson.

Who Were His Friends?

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, Monroe, Adams and Lafayette were his devoted friends and admirers, inspired by him to great deeds. Napoleon toasted him in these terms: "A statue of gold should be erected to him in every country in the world."

"Paine became a part of Lincoln!" wrote Herndon, law-partner to the Great Emancipator. It was Paine who "emancipated" Lincoln and gave him the idea of doing away with slavery. Lincoln said, "I never tire of reading Paine."

One of Paine's proposals was a Great Republic of the World. Woodrow Wilson, an ardent student of Paine, found the germ of the League of Nations in the writings of this great idealist and reformer. Thomas A. Edison, the most fertile and valuable intelligence of our day, has nourished his thought on Thomas Paine's writings since he was 13 years of age!

And Thomas Paine is the man some people would have you think is "not fit to read"!

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Continued from page viii

capped by the American Postal Act. Every time one of them seems about to grapple with the problem realistically there is a gap, and a footnote explaining that it is unlawful in the United States to give information about contraception. Dr. Haire himself, however, manages to be interesting despite that handicap. He disposes of the common theory that children in large families are happier than those in small ones by telling about his own youth. He was the youngest of eleven, and though his father was a man of more than ordinary means there was much crowding and discomfort, and his mother seems to have had a dreadful time of it. Dr. Haire founded the first birth control clinic in England, and is at present honorary medical director of the Cromer Clinic in London.

RECENT GAINS IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

Edited by Kirby Page. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 357 pp. New York

The title of this volume seems to have been selected before the editor had given prayerful study to its contents. Certainly many of its contributors have to labor desperately to show any gains at all. This is especially true of Dr. Charles A. Beard, who sheds a great deal of sweat in the first chapter trying to prove that government in America is measurably less knavish and lowdown than it used to be. The best he can do is to call up an Addicks to match every current Vare, and a Crédit Mobilier to take the shine off every Teapot Dome. The uplift, he demonstrates, has made some progress of late, but most of it has been at the cost of liberty. There was a time when every invasion of the rights of the citizen brought a deafening salvo of protest from big guns, but today the only considerable statesman who seems to remember the Bill of Rights is the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes—and in view of Dr. Hughes' performance in Havana last Winter he seems a somewhat shaky Liberal. Dr. Harry F. Ward, in another chapter of the book, repudiates Dr. Beard's "gains" altogether. "The courts," he says, "have torn up and thrown away the Bill of Rights and rewritten the Constitution. . . . In place of our supposed constitutional rights we have judge-made law, evolved by former corporation lawyers whose aim and habit throughout their professional career has been not the preservation of freedom but the protection of property." Among the other contributors to the volume are Oswald Garrison Villard, who deals with the press; the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who discusses religion; Dallas Lore Sharp, whose subject is education; and Mary Austin, who considers the national letters. The book lacks an index.

LABOR AND FARMER PARTIES IN THE UNITED STATES. 1828-1928.

By Nathan Fine. The Rand School of Social Science
\$3 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 445 pp. New York

This is perhaps the most complete one-volume history of farmer-labor politics in the United States now in print. It is far more comprehensive and up-to-date than the well-known history by Professor John R. Commons. Unfortunately, it is very badly written. It is full of clumsy and dreary writing, and is poorly organized. Mr. Fine, who is associate editor of the American Labor Year Book, calls himself "a labor-farmer-progressive," and despite the continuous failures of labor parties in the entire past history of the United States, is optimistic as to the future. "We have faith that the future belongs to us."

BIOGRAPHY

THE HOUSE THAT SHADOWS BUILT.

By Will Irwin. Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$3.50 9 3/4 x 6 1/4; 293 pp. Garden City, L. I.

This is a biography of Adolph Zukor, the movie magnate. It describes his childhood in a small town in Hungary, his early struggles in the United States, his success in the fur business, and his entrance into the movies, first as an operator of nickelodeons and later as a film producer, wholesale distributor, and theatre owner. Mr. Irwin tries hard to make the story dramatic, but without much result. Zukor's great wealth seems to have come to him by luck quite as much as by craft. More than once, in his first days, he was in difficulties, but always some fortunate turn of the wheel hauled him out. In his personality there is not much that is interesting. He seems to be a highly respectable man, but there is surely nothing romantic about him. The book is illustrated, but lacks an index.

ON MY WAY.

By Art Young. Horace Liveright
\$4 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 303 pp. New York

Reaching the age of sixty, Art Young decided to give over the evenings of six months to setting down his memories of men, women and events. The result is a pedestrian and often inconsequential narrative, but one full of the charm that marks the author himself. What he has to say about the art he has so long practised is not often profound, and most of his political and social ideas, as he himself admits, are more or less nebulous; nevertheless, everything he writes takes some color from his singularly naïve and engaging character, and so his book makes pleasant reading.

Continued on page xii

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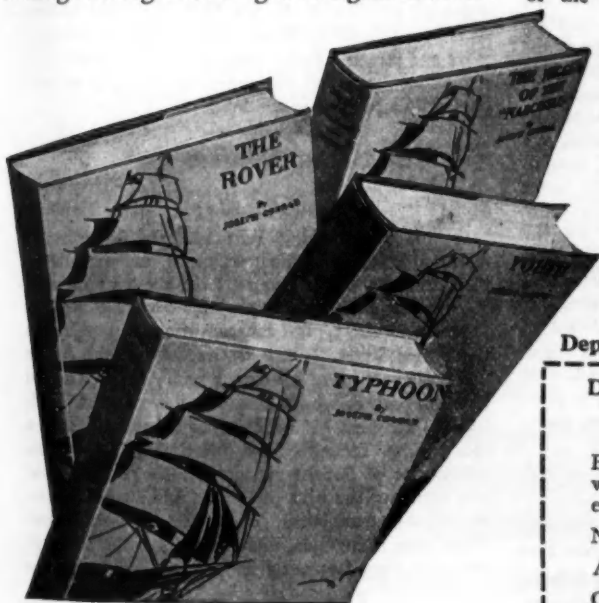
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

Young was born in Wisconsin and did his first work as a cartoonist in Chicago. There was a time when, in the fashion of his day, he went to Paris and essayed to study under Bouguereau, but the adventure seems to have left few marks upon him. His style is completely American, and much vigor and originality are in it. His solid, hard line is often curiously eloquent, and in all of his work the indignation of a rebel is mellowed by the fancy of a sentimentalist. His political heterodoxy has considerably impeded his career. More than once it has cost him good berths on newspapers and magazines; and always it has diminished his opportunities. As everyone knows, he narrowly escaped imprisonment under the Espionage Act during the war, along with other members of the staff of the *Masses*. His book is illustrated with many of his own drawings, old and new. It is heavily damaged by the lack of an index.

JOHN WESLEY.

By Abram Lipsky.

\$3

7 3/4 x 5 3/4; 305 pp.

Simon & Schuster

New York

Mr. Lipsky is inclined to give the early Methodists credit for most of the reforms that were witnessed in England in the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries. He says that they awoke the masses to self-consciousness and prepared the way for revolutions in "industry and economics, education and politics." This is only partly true. Without question the Methodists brought a certain kind of hope to the masses, but equally without question it looked to Heaven rather than to this life. Wesley himself was surely no radical. He spoke against slavery, but he was a bitter enemy of democracy, and regarded any advocacy of popular rights as little short of treason. To this day his followers are docile believers in things as they are. In the South, for example, practically all the Methodist parsons are apologists for the cotton-mill sweaters. Mr. Lipsky's account of Wesley's early days as a soul-saver is full of matter that is passed over gingerly in the usual biographies. It appears, for example, that he was driven out of Georgia by a love affair. It ended in almost Rabelaisian farce, and "prepared his mind for the spiritual crisis known as his conversion." The book is illustrated and has an index. There is a brief but useful bibliography.

THE STORY OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN, or, *The Compleat Savoyard.*

By Isaac Goldberg.

\$6

9 3/4 x 6; 588 pp.

Simon & Schuster

New York

There have been many books on Gilbert and Sullivan, but this is the first to approach completeness.

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It is the product of many years of enthusiastic research, and of a singularly fitting equipment. Dr. Goldberg is not only a sound musician; he is also a man with a taste for biographical studies. He has thus unearthed everything that is worth knowing about his two heroes, and sets it forth *con amore*. Their adventures in America have interested him especially, and he presents a great mass of unfamiliar facts about them. The text and libretto of each opera are investigated at length. How Gilbert and Sullivan came to work together is recounted, how they pursued their work, and how and why they separated in the end. There are many musical examples and other illustrations, and the book has a good index.

BIG FROGS.

By Henry F. Pringle.

\$3

9 x 6; 276 pp.

The Vanguard Press

New York

Mr. Pringle's excellent interpretative biography of Al Smith will be remembered. In the present volume he applies the same method, often with the addition of irony, to the study of such worthies as Dr. Hoover, Jimmy Walker, Bernard Macfadden, Samuel Untermyer, Judge Landis, the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, young Teddy Roosevelt, Elder Will H. Hays, the martyred William H. Anderson, Senator Robert F. Wagner, and John S. Sumner, the heir and assign of Anthony Comstock. Several of the sketches have appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, and others have been printed in *Harper's*, the *Outlook*, the *World's Work* and the *New Yorker*. They are all full of odd and unfamiliar facts, and all interesting. Each is accompanied by a portrait of the subject.

RASPUTIN, THE HOLY DEVIL.

By René Fülöp-Miller.

\$5

9 3/4 x 6; 386 pp.

The Viking Press

New York City

In this large volume Herr Fülöp-Miller tries to disentangle the facts about Rasputin, and the rôle he played at the Russian court, from the vast mass of legend that has grown up about him. He was, it appears, a quite typical fanatic, of a sort familiar in the United States. That is to say, he was half knave and half the dupe of his own knavery. The Czar and Czarina, both of whom were of a low order of intelligence, accepted his hocus-pocus as gravely as the peasants of Tennessee and Mississippi accept the pretensions of Baptist evangelists. He became what was virtually the boss of Russia, and made and unmade Cabinet ministers. Meanwhile, women flocked about him in swarms, and he had his wicked will of them. Very frequently he went on drunks. In the

Continued on page xiv

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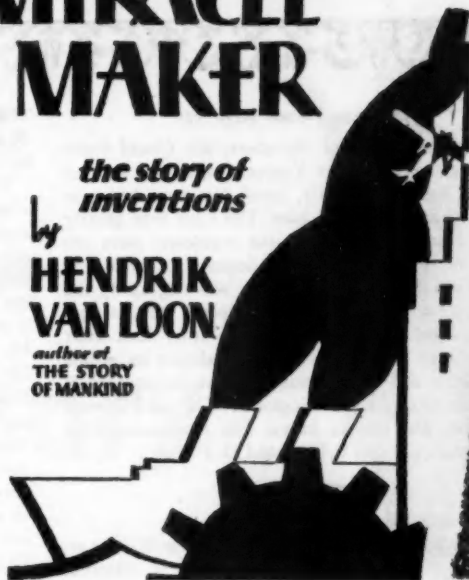
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N. Y. Evening Post.

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GOOD



BOOKS

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

end two young men of the court, the Grand Duke Dimitri and Prince Felix Yusupov, who had married into the Romanoff family, lured him to a house in Petrograd and murdered him. The Czar was greatly outraged and incensed, but the murderers were too important to be punished adequately. After the Revolution the body of Rasputin was dug up by the Bolsheviki and burned. Soon afterward the Czar and Czarina were also butchered. The story that Herr Fülöp-Miller has to tell is one of almost incredible superstition and degradation. He has documented it very elaborately, and it rings true. The book is well illustrated and has an index. The translation from the German is by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait.

JAMES WOLFE. *Man and Soldier.*
By W. T. Waugh. Louis Carrier & Company
\$5 9½ x 6¼; 333 pp. Montreal

General Wolfe was born on January 2, 1727, near Westerham, and was killed at the Battle of Quebec, the one truly great exploit of his life, when he was four months short of thirty-three. He was six feet three inches in height, had red hair and a receding chin, was very ungainly and tactless, suffered with tuberculosis all his life, never could make himself at home with mathematics and Latin, and lost out in the one serious love affair of his life. He could not get along with his parents, and always dreaded seeing them. He was a captain at seventeen, a brigade-major at eighteen, and a quartermaster-general at thirty, but all this was due primarily to the patronage of the Duke of Cumberland, and not to any unusual brilliance on his part. But he had already developed a terrific passion for the military life. He said, "I know nothing more entertaining than a collection of well-looking men uniformly clad, and performing their exercises with grace and order. I should go further—my curiosity would carry me to all parts of the world, to be a spectator at these martial sights. . . . Fleets and fortifications too are objects that would attract me as strongly as architecture, painting, and the gentler arts." Then, after he had turned thirty, and when the only living creatures whose company he could stand for any length of time were sporting dogs, he was sent to America to drive out the French from Canada. He captured Louisbourg and Quebec, was killed in the siege of the latter, and as the result of these two victories has taken rank with the world's greatest military leaders. Dr. Waugh is Kingford professor of history at McGill, and tells his story in a straightforward and very interesting manner. There are many illustrations and maps.

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THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, *Eccentric & Poet*
By Royall H. Snow. Covici-Friede
\$3 9¾ x 6¼; 227 pp. New York

The author here labors valiantly in a rather sterile vineyard. Beddoes, in point of fact, was decidedly third-rate. He wrote very fair blank verse, but his two plays, "The Bride's Tragedy" and "Death's Jest-Book," are full of fustian and nonsense, and deserve the oblivion into which they have fallen. The latter, a tragedy of blood, wears an almost comic air today. Mr. Snow has been at great pains to unearth the precise facts about Beddoes' death. A medical man by training, he cut himself while dissecting in Germany, and suffered from what seems to have been septicemia. A year later he opened an artery in a leg, got infected again, and finally lost the limb. His subsequent death was set down by the attending physicians, at Basel, to apoplexy, but there were hints that he had swallowed curare. He was the son of another eccentric, Dr. Thomas Beddoes, and the nephew of Maria Edgeworth. He was born in 1803 and died in 1849.

THE MAD KING.
By Guy de Pourtalès. Henry Holt & Company
\$3 8¾ x 5¼; 260 pp. New York

"In Ludwig II of Bavaria," says M. de Pourtalès, "beauty was the sole form of love. . . . Yet this blushing timid soul had the audacities of Cæsar; in the old crumbling Europe he was the last great artist to wear the crown. Therefore Ludwig II becomes a poetic figure, a representative value. He is unique as a character of tragedy." M. de Pourtalès has had access to certain new sources relating to Ludwig in the royal archives at Munich, particularly the "Tagebuch Aufzeichnungen." There are many illustrations, an index and a bibliographical statement in the preface. The translation, by Charles Bayly, Jr., is a good one.

BULLETS AND BOLOS.
By John R. White. The Century Company
\$3.50 7¾ x 5¼; 348 pp. New York

Colonel White joined the United States Infantry for Philippine service in 1899. Entering the Philippine Constabulary in 1902, he became superintendent of the Iwahig Penal Colony, Governor of the wild Agusan Province, and founder of the first military academy for Filipino cadets at Baguio. His book is a graphic and unbiased account of his thirteen years of fighting and administration. It deals with the guerrilla warfare in Mindanao and Negros, where he was twice wounded; the wild jungle fights in which his native Tagalo, Bicol and Moro soldiers supported him bravely; and his many achievements as administrator, including a description of the work of sanitation and building.

Continued on page xvi

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

By JULIA PETERKIN

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—Henry Bellamann in the *Columbia (S. C.) Record*

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv

TWELVE PORTRAITS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By *Henri Bérard.* Little, Brown & Company
\$3.50 8 7/8 x 6 3/4; 331 pp. Boston

The title of this book is somewhat misleading. There are really over twenty portraits. Special attention, however, is given to Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, Saint-Just, Camille Desmoulins, Verginiaud and Louis XVI. The book should prove of value to those who are not very well acquainted with the leaders of the time. The translation from the French is by Madeleine Boyd.

A MODERN PLUTARCH.

By *John Cournoos.* The Bobbs-Merrill Company
\$5 8 7/8 x 6; 428 pp. Indianapolis

A collection of comparative biographical studies, patterned after Plutarch's Lives. The groups of men and women considered are these: Mark Twain and Anatole France; Paul Gauguin and Henry Thoreau; Herman Melville, Arthur Rimbaud, and Charles M. Doughty; Ferdinand Lassalle, Charles Stewart Parnell, and Balzac; John Brown and Garibaldi; Henri Frédéric Amiel and Henry Adams; George Sand and George Eliot; Robert E. Lee and Simon Bolivar; and Cecil Rhodes and Ferdinand de Lesseps. The book is plainly intended for those who have but scant acquaintance with the persons discussed, and is very well done. There are excellent portraits of all the subjects.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRICS.

By *Morris Bishop.* Minton, Balch & Company
\$3.50 8 7/8 x 6; 244 pp. New York

The three most eminent and best known of the twelve odd characters whom Professor Bishop here considers are Heliogabalus; Lorenzo da Ponte, the Italian Jew who wrote the librettos for Mozart's "Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and "Così fan tutte," and died a Catholic and a grocer in Elizabeth, N. J.; and Professor Richard Porson, the greatest Greek scholar and drunkard England produced in the Eighteenth Century. The other nine are not so well known, but they were all gorgeous personages, and deserve every line given them in this book. Professor Bishop discusses them all with full appreciation of their grand achievements, and with proper reverence. There are many fine illustrations.

GENTLEMEN UNAFRAID.

By *Barratt Willoughby.* G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$3.50 9 x 5 3/4; 285 pp. New York

A collection of sketches of Alaskan characters: Sandy Smith, ace of the North Pole trail-blazers;

Scotty Allan and his racing dog-team; Evans, consulting mining engineer for the United States Bureau of Mines; Captain Syd Barrington, champion swift-water skipper, and Dr. C. C. Georgeson, who tried to make Alaska an agricultural success. Miss Willoughby, herself an Alaskan, writes vividly of these Arctic pioneers. There are many illustrations.

KEEPING OFF THE SHELF.

By *Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.* E. P. Dutton & Company
\$5 9 x 6; 203 pp. New York

Though discouraged when a young girl from considering the stage as a career because she was the shy, ugly duckling of the Galton family of famous singers, the author was not dissuaded, and at eighty-four is the oldest living actress in America. She tells divertingly of the hardships of the ever-moving troupes, of her friendships with actors and actresses now forgotten, and of the growth of the theatre in the sixty years that she has been part of it.

THE ENCHANTRESS, Being the Life of Dianna De Peytars.

By *Helen W. Henderson.* The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$4.50 9 x 5 3/4; 234 pp. Boston

A romantic biography of the Grand Sénéchale of Normandy, who was mistress to both François I and his son, Henry II. Goaded on by court jealousies and her own ambition, the royal beauty played a high-handed game.

MEMORIES OF A SCULPTOR'S WIFE.

By *Mrs. Daniel Chester French.* The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$5 9 x 5 3/4; 294 pp. Boston

Reminiscences of well-known men and women whom Mrs. French counted among her friends, including the Emersons, the Alcotts and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and of the salons of the nineties. There are many illustrations, and an index.

HISTORY

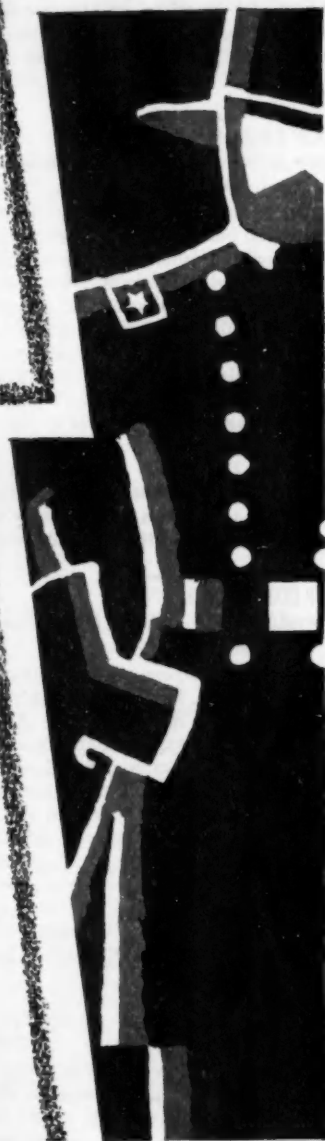
THE AMERICAN PARTY BATTLE.

By *Charles A. Beard.* The Macmillan Company
\$1.50 7 1/4 x 5; 150 pp. New York

A sketch of American party conflicts from the framing of the Constitution to the contest over the McNary-Haugen Bill. Dr. Beard holds with Madison, rather than with Bryce or Matthews, that "the most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property." He analyzes succinctly the sources of party strength and the extent to which parties have affected the de-

Continued on page xviii

MEET *by W.E. Woodward* author of *George Washington* GENERAL GRANT



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"It will be one of the durable biographies."—*Boston Transcript.*

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REBECCA WEST, one of the contributors to "BOOKS"



Check List of NEW BOOKS

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velopment of the country. He concludes that from the beginning economic realities have been behind the party battle, but that the great body of social legislation enacted in the last thirty years originated in movements outside the range of political orthodoxy, from the activities of minorities winning concessions from both parties. There is a brief supplementary reading list at the end; an index is missing. The volume belongs to the World Today Bookshelf, edited by Dr. Beard.

IN QUEST OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

By Harry Elmer Barnes. The National Historical Society
\$3.50 9 x 6; 423 pp. Chicago

Dr. Barnes started out with full faith in the Allies' case in the late war, but as the facts began to emerge after the Treaty of Versailles he was impelled to overhaul his views, and today he is one of the most active and effective of revisionists. In the present volume he rehearses all of the evidence, argues for the conclusions that he has come to, and meets and routs the attack of his critics. Most historians of any pretensions are now revisionists, but there remains a minority which clings to the dogmas of the Creel Press Bureau, and it is against these somewhat naïve intransigents that Dr. Barnes launches his chief thunders. His polemic is extremely effective. He is a complete master of the known facts, and he writes with great force and clarity. His book sadly lacks an index.

FAMOUS PRIZE FIGHTS.

By Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown & Company
\$3 8 1/4 x 5 3/4; 260 pp. Boston

Beginning with the picturesque Broughton-Slack fight in England in 1750, Mr. Farnol describes nineteen prize fights famous in English and American sporting history. They include such epic bouts as the encounter of the English champion, Tom Sayers, with the American, Heenan, in 1860; Paddy Ryan's loss of the championship to John L. Sullivan in 1882; Corbett's defeat of John L. in 1892; the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight at Coney Island in 1899; and the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in New York, in 1921. There are many illustrations, and biographical sketches of the fighters at the beginning of each chapter. An interesting and vividly-written book.

A HISTORY OF CANADA.

By Carl Wittke. Alfred A. Knopf
\$5 9 1/4 x 6; 397 pp. New York

A comprehensive survey of Canadian history from the first days of discovery and exploration, through the French régime and Anglo-French rivalry, British rule, the formative period (1791-1812), the rebellion of 1837, the Confederation and the new régime, the

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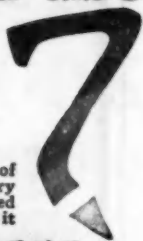
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Continued from page xviii

Liberal administration of Alexander Mackenzie, the Laurier régime (1904-1911), the Canadian participation in the Great War, the problems of reconstruction, and party politics since the war. There are valuable bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, many illustrative maps, and an index. Dr. Wittke, who is professor of history in the Ohio State University, has done a first-rate piece of work. His book is not only the first adequate text of Canadian history; it deals in a highly competent manner with the inter-relations of Canada and the United States. The volume belongs to the Borzoi Historical Series, edited by Harry Elmer Barnes.

FAMOUS SEAMEN OF CALIFORNIA. *Tales of Their Deeds.*

Compiled by Hanson Hart Webster and Ella M. Power.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company

\$2 7¼ x 5¼; 390 pp. New York

This is an anthology of stories by Winthrop L. Marvin, Herman Melville, James Fenimore Cooper, Basil Lubbock, and others, telling of the adventures of Paul Jones, the first American voyage around the world, the laying of the Atlantic cable, Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and the battle of Lake Champlain. The book is copiously illustrated.

BYZANTINE PORTRAITS.

By Charles Diehl

Alfred A. Knopf

\$4.25 8½ x 5½; 342 pp. New York

These sketches of worthies of the Eastern Empire, some of them wearing the purple and others in more modest station, are well-informed, dramatic and extremely interesting. M. Diehl is professor of Byzantine history at the Sorbonne, and is one of the first of living authorities upon the era he deals with. But there is no dryness in his learning; he has humor to flavor it and a sense of drama to give it life. His chapters upon the four marriages of Leo the Wise, upon the astounding career of the Empress Theodora, upon Theodora Psellus and her family in the Eleventh Century, and upon the tumultuous life of Zoe Porphyrogenita make capital reading. A plan of the palace at Constantinople is inserted in a folder at the end of the book. The translation is by Harold Bell.

MODERN HISTORY, 1776-1926.

By Alexander Clarence Flick.

Alfred A. Knopf

\$5 9¼ x 6; 734 pp. New York

This book is large, but it remains nevertheless a model of condensation. Into his 734 pages Dr. Flick has compressed the whole history of Europe, political, diplomatic and economic, since the American Revolution, and he has managed to do it without sacrificing anything essential or falling into the dull manner

Continued on page xxii

**THE SPECTACLES OF
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of a mere chronicler. His attitude is impartial but shrewd, and not infrequently his commentary throws a new light upon questions that have long caused controversy. Perhaps the best part of his study is the latter quarter, in which he discusses the World War and its consequences. Here he surveys a difficult field with a sharp and realistic eye, and disentangles the facts from the maze of legend. The book is well supplied with maps. They were made at Leipzig by F. A. Brockhaus, and are of quite unusual merit. At the end of each chapter there is a bibliography, and to the whole there is an adequate index. The volume belongs to the Borzoi Historical Series edited by Dr. Harry E. Barnes, and there are two introductions, one to the series and one to the book itself, by the editor.

SCIENCE AND HISTORY: *A New View of History.*
By A. L. Rowse. W. E. Norton & Company
\$1 6½ x 4; 87 pp. New York

Mr. Rowse is a lecturer in modern history at Merton College, Oxford. His new view of history is considerably less novel than he seems to believe it is. On the one hand it leans heavily upon the Marxian materialistic conception of history, and on the other hand it merely reaffirms what has been said before by a number of Americans, notably Professor James Harvey Robinson and Professor Harry E. Barnes. In brief, he argues that history ought to be a sort of synthesis of all that is known about man—that its division into political, military, dynastic, economic and religious departments is illogical and confusing. The springs of modern capitalism, he believes, are to be found in Puritanism, and the Reformation was quite as much a political movement as a religious one. All of this is obvious, and it has been said before, but saying it again will do no harm.

CRITICISM

A STUDY OF THE MODERN NOVEL, *British & American, Since 1900.*
By Annie Russell Marble. D. Appleton & Company
\$3.50 8 x 5; 440 pp. New York

This earnest book is not without its unwitting humors. It is apparently aimed at women's clubs, high-school pedagogues and the like, and bears encomiums by such authorities as Grant Overton and Blanche Colton Williams. Joseph Conrad and Rafael Sabatini are thrown together in one section, and in another one finds William De Morgan and Michael Arlen. Robert W. Chambers is said to be distinguished for "grasp of his material and a daring imagination." At the ends of the sections there are questions in the orthodox pedagogical manner. Here are two speci-

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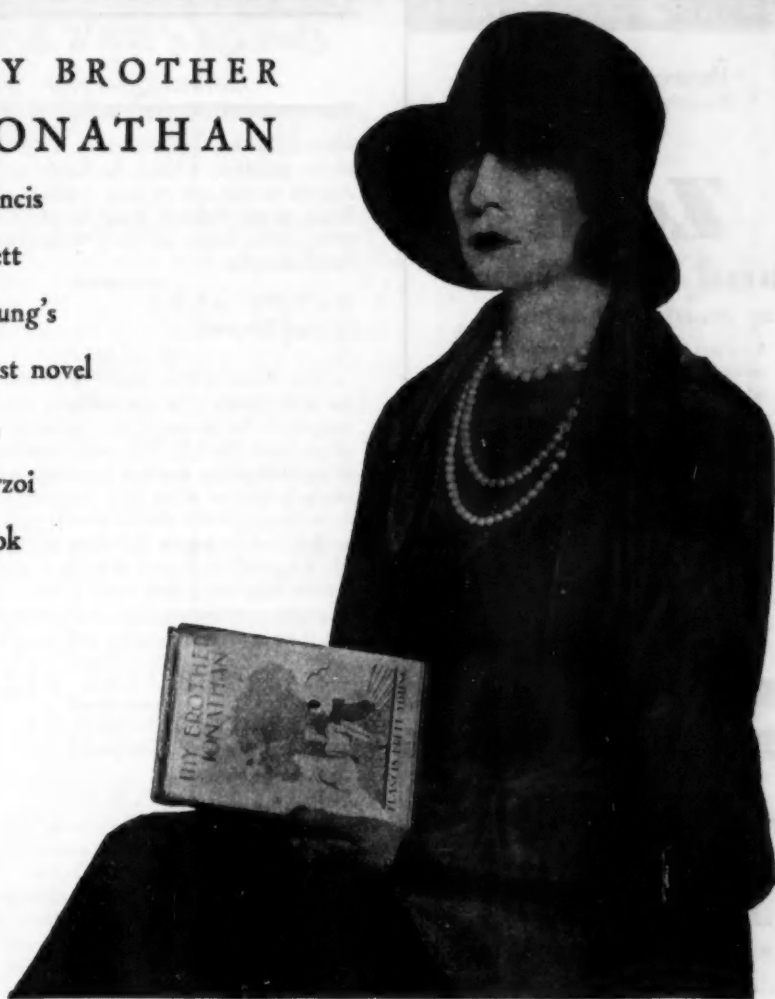
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mens following James Branch Cabell: "Does the author successfully blend the poetic and the sensual? Are his women real or only symbols of seduction?" Much of the book is made up of quotations from other critics. There are good bibliographies, and an adequate index.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.
By Hugh Kingsmill. *The Dial Press*
\$4 8 x 5 1/2; 317 pp. *New York*

"The theme of this book," says Mr. Kingsmill in his introduction, "is the collapse of a poet into a prophet." He proceeds by "personal treatment"—chiefly with the help of Arnold's poems and letters—to reconstruct the years of his youth and travel, particularly his love affair with Marguerite, for which it is necessary to rely almost wholly upon the internal evidence of the poems. It is slim evidence indeed, but Mr. Kingsmill employs it to make Arnold out not only a sorry lover but a sorry man. A feeble book, written in a dull, cumbersome style. It is profusely illustrated; but there is no bibliography and no index.

THE FINE ARTS

THE SONGS OF SCHUBERT. *A Guide For Singers, Teachers, Students & Accompanists.*
By C. E. Le Massena. *G. Schirmer*
\$2.50 8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 184 pp. *New York*

About 200 of the Schubert *Lieder* are here discussed and analyzed. Mr. Le Massena quotes a few measures of the principal melody in each case, gives the date and the original key, and summarizes the words. Following comes a paragraph by Hans Merx in which the moods of the song are set forth, and there are useful hints to singers. At the end of the book are appendices listing the English titles of the songs, the poets whose words are used, and the songs most suitable for the different male and female voices. The frontispiece is a reproduction in monochrome of the Rieder aquarelle portrait of Schubert.

OLD SILVER OF EUROPE & AMERICA.
By E. Alfred Jones. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
\$8.50 10 x 7 3/4; 376 pp. *Philadelphia*

An excellent historical survey of the early domestic silver of Europe and America. Beginning with the charming silver wrought in the American Colonies by Robert Sanderson (1608-93), a London silversmith who settled in Boston, Mr. Jones discusses the work of the early silversmiths of Philadelphia, New York, Milford, Baltimore, Newport, Providence, Savannah, and Lexington. The following chapters are concerned with the silver of Austria, the Baltic States and Finland, the Channel Islands, Czechoslovakia, the three

Continued on page xxvi

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Scandinavian countries, England, France, Germany, Holland, Ireland and Scotland. In addition there are short notices of the art of the goldsmith in Flanders, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Spain and Switzerland, concluding with a short chapter on spurious silver. There are ninety-six plates, a wealth of bibliographical material and an index. An indispensable book to the collector.

AGNOLO BRONZINO. *His Life and Works*.

By Arthur McComb. The Harvard University Press
\$7.50 10 1/4 x 7; 173 pp. Cambridge, Mass.

Bronzino was one of the great Florentine masters of the Sixteenth Century. He was born in 1503 and died in 1572. He also wrote poetry, but it is as a painter that he has been remembered. The biographical section of this book occupies less than forty pages; the remainder is devoted to cataloguing all his known works, and to sixty-one excellent plates.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTING.

By Maurice Raynal. Brentano's
\$7.50 10 x 7 3/4; 275 pp. New York

Some of the most appalling masterpieces of the Modernist movement are reproduced in this book, and M. Raynal gives friendly and interesting accounts of most of its heroes. They include Picasso, Picabia, Modigliani, Miro, Gleizes, Gromaire, Laurencin, Marcoussis, Ozenfant, Soutine and Delaunay. Some of these revolutionary masters depart very little from conventional drawing and painting; others go the whole hog. The book will interest both those who take Modernism seriously, and those who enjoy it as comic. There are more than a hundred full-page reproductions.

ARCHITECTURE.

By A. L. N. Russell. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 8 1/4 x 5 3/4; 266 pp. New York

This is an excellent rapid survey of the architectural history of the world and of its relation to the various cultural epochs. Because of limitations of space the Orient is left out completely, but Mesopotamia and Egypt and the European countries are well covered, and there is even a chapter on America. The writing throughout is very clear, and there are many helpful figures and reproductions of photographs. Mr. Russell is an associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

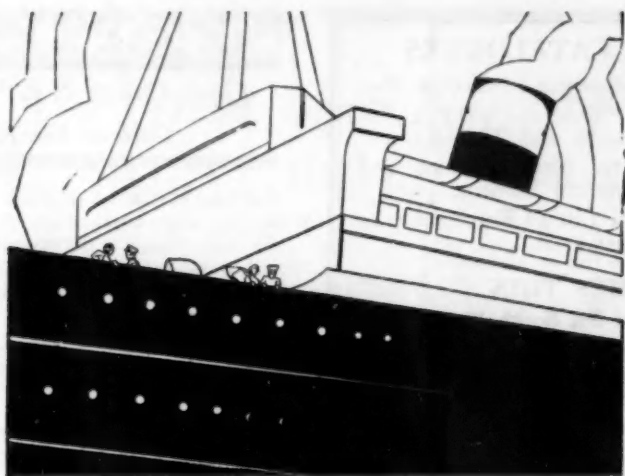
RELIGION

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

By Charles W. Ferguson. Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$3.50 9 x 5 3/4; 464 pp. Garden City, L. I.

Mr. Ferguson, who was formerly a Methodist pastor, here describes nineteen of the strange sects

Continued on page xxviii



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that rage in America. Included in the list are many familiar ones—spiritualism, theosophy, Russellism, the New Thought, Christian Science, Mormonism, and so on—but Mr. Ferguson also deals with others that have so far got little notice, notably Buchmanism, a sort of Holy Rollerism adapted to the needs and habits of mind of college students. In his final chapter he discusses the brand of atheism propagated by the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, and shows that, in most of its essential methods, it is hard to distinguish from evangelical Protestantism. Its chief leader and martyr, Charles Smith, who was lately jailed in Arkansas, is actually a former Methodist divinity student. Mr. Ferguson also argues, and with plausibility, that the Ku Klux Klan is really a religious organization. He has unearthed a great deal of curious and unfamiliar material, and presents it admirably. His book by no means exhausts the subject, but within its limits it is accurate and judicious. At the end he presents a brief dictionary of aberrant sects, and a bibliography. But there is no index.

THE GRAPHIC BIBLE.

By Lewis Browne.

The Macmillan Company

\$2.50

10½ x 8; 160 pp.

New York

Dr. Browne says in his introduction that this attempt to make the Bible narrative vivid was inspired by the difficulties he encountered in teaching children. They were "frankly bored," he says, until he "hit on the idea of drawing crude maps on the blackboard." Here he presents a hundred or more such maps, each illustrating a story. Most of these stories come from the Old Testament, but there are also a few from the New. The maps show a great deal of ingenuity, but it was impossible for the author to keep a certain sameness out of them. The text is well contrived, but not infrequently the Bible narrative, put into plain English, becomes completely incredible, and even comic. The book has a good index.

LITERATURE

THE SECOND AMERICAN CARAVAN. *A Year-book of American Literature.*

Edited by Alfred Kreyenborg, Lewis Mumford & Paul Rosenfeld.

The Macanlay Company

\$5

9¾ x 6¾; 872 pp.

New York

The pretension here, as in the first "American Caravan," goes considerably beyond the performance. Ostensibly, the purpose of the annual is to offer a forum to those American writers whose compositions are too advanced to be sponsored by ordinary editors and publishers. Actually, what is offered is simply a

Continued on page xxx

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Continued from page xxviii

mixture of ordinary magazine stuff, not much of it of any merit, and the sort of highfalutin rubbish that is printed in such magazines as the *Little Review*, *This Quarter* and *transition*. All the familiar shockers of emancipated schoolma'ams are present, from the perennial Dr. William Carlos Williams to Hart Crane, and what they have to offer is almost precisely what they have offered before. In addition, there are a score of more decorous authors—Sherwood Anderson with one of his feeblest short stories; Josephine Herbst with a tale that has merit, but not as much as some of her other pieces; Conrad Aiken with a poem that might have been written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; C. Hartley Grattan with a respectable but surely not inspired essay on Emerson; Waldo Frank with a "beginningless and endless" play that is also senseless; Burton Rascoe with a sportive imitation of James Joyce; Morley Callaghan with a novelette whose central episode—the suicide of two women—he forgets to supply with plausible motivation; and so on. Some of this stuff is interesting, but not much of it shows any originality, and none of it is important. A flavor of highly self-conscious naughtiness hangs over some of it. It is the work of ladies and gentlemen who, when it seems to be safe, do not hesitate to thumb their noses at the Comstocks.

SELECTED LETTERS OF BYRON.

Edited by V. H. Collins. *The Oxford University Press*
\$1.50 7 1/4 x 5; 166 pp. New York

For the greater part of the last ten years of his life Byron was in exile, and thus had to write many letters to his friends and relatives in England. Nearly all of these have been preserved, and so have some he wrote in early childhood. At present nearly 1500 of them are public property, and of these sixty-three are reproduced in this volume, with but few alterations.

THE ANECDOTES AND EGOTISMS OF HENRY MACKENZIE.

Edited by Harold William Thompson.

The Oxford University Press
\$8.50 9 x 5 3/4; 303 pp. New York

Henry Mackenzie was a Scotchman who lived in the years 1745-1831. He was a successful novelist, lawyer, politician, versifier and playwright. He was the first important man of letters to hail the genius of Burns, and it was he who started the literary career of Walter Scott. Beside these two, he counted among his friends such giants as David Hume, Samuel Johnson, Adam Smith and William Pitt. The present volume is a collection of his observations and character sketches. The writing and thinking in it are generally second-rate, but the biographical and historical material has value.

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The American MERCURY

January 1929

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FACES AMERICA

BY E. BOYD BARRETT

FREE use is being made of late of the expression, American Catholic Church, and the suggestion of its otherness, its distinctiveness from the Roman Catholic Church is working in the public mind. Even those who considered the learned argument of Mr. Charles C. Marshall above their heads have gleaned from the controversy it aroused the idea that Catholics in this country are flirting with doctrines of which Rome disapproves. Alarmists have gone so far as to affirm that there is a widening breach between the Catholic Church in the United States and the Catholic Church as it exists in Europe. A leading Protestant journal, the *Congregationalist*, has voiced the opinion that "here in America Roman Catholic authority, theory and practice are being profoundly modified—so much so that it becomes apparent that there is developing in this country a Catholicism that, except in its historic associations and its formal connections, is more American than Roman." Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, sums up the situation in a few words: "Ultramontanism is in this country a lost cause."

Has it, then, come to pass that the dark foreboding of Leo XIII is realized? Has the fear which he expressed as far back as 1899, in a letter to the American Bishops, come true—the fear that among American

Catholics there exists a desire for a Church different from the Church as it exists throughout the world? Is Americanism, the bugaboo of every Italian professor of theology from Milan to Reggio, a *fait accompli*?

It is too often overlooked that European Catholics have always regarded the Catholic Church of this country with a considerable amount of suspicion, not unmixed with disdain. They have been sparing in their commendations of the theological and devotional writings of American Catholics. They have deplored the lack of that fine sense of Roman tradition which, in things ecclesiastical, corresponds to that culture in things profane that Oxford and Cambridge boast of imparting. They look in vain for a Salamanca, a Louvain, a *Seminario Romano* in America, and they refuse to concede that Woodstock or Dunwoody are nurseries of solid theology. They admire, though not without misgivings, the gigantic enterprise in building and organizing which characterizes American Catholic life. Their misgivings are founded on the recollection of Pius X's rebuke of that Americanism which regards "the *active* virtues as more important than the *passive*, and as more deserving of encouragement in practice" (*Pascendi Gregis*). They believe that Paul Sabatier was correct in ascribing to American

Catholics "a Liberal Catholicism which takes its color from its surroundings," and they think of all American Catholics as more or less tainted with this Liberalism.

Since the day when Montalembert congratulated American Catholics on "adopting the inevitable conditions of modern society" Rome has grown more and more uneasy about the state of the Church in this country. Although economically dependent upon it, and compliant in conferring minor dignities on American ecclesiastics and laymen, she has been cautious and conservative in her attitude, as though anticipating trouble. She seized upon the Hecker controversy (1889-1899) as a pretext for issuing warnings and distributing rebukes. Not even Cardinal Gibbons was spared. His "imprudence" in opening the Chicago Parliament of Religions in 1893 was remembered against him. Henceforth, said Leo XIII, no Catholic might take part in mixed religious congresses. In spite of the material and numerical importance of the American Church few American Cardinals have been created. Actually there are but four, as against thirty-six Italians, and if we are to believe Cardinal Mundelein, who on the occasion of his recent visit to Rome was "kept waiting" in ante-chambers, they are not infrequently the recipients of diplomatic discourtesies. Perhaps Rome feels, as *L'Europe Nouvelle* (July 16, 1927) expressed it, that "American Catholics (great and small) consider themselves emancipated from medieval traditions."

It is only a trifling matter, but it is not without its effect in creating in Europe a mildly lurid idea of American ecclesiasticism, that in such places as Louvain and Rome, where American seminarists are to be found, they soon become conspicuous for their disregard of the decorous deportment required of European students of theology. Boys from Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, finding themselves buckled to the ankles in long woollen cassocks, indoors and out, delight in shocking their pious brethren by performing acrobatic

feats, little in harmony with the Latin idea of modesty. The strange *Americani* go even further. They demand the right to swim in the lakes, to play football, and even, to the undisguised horror of their fellow-students, to appraise the muscular development of *nude* gladiators and disc-throwers! When the present writer was at Louvain he was witness to a veritable panic of disedification among Continental seminarists, occasioned by the fact that three young American religious (one of them the present editor of *America*) had traveled from the States to Louvain *via* Madrid instead of coming, as befitted holy men, as the crow flies. In such trivialities one finds a tolerable index of the reaction of conservative ecclesiastical Europe to the anti-traditionalism of American Catholics.

II

One cannot see in its true perspective that quality inherent in the Catholic Church of this country that has been called Americanism unless one take at least a summary view of the development of the Church in our midst.

Until the third decade of the Nineteenth Century Catholics comprised little above 2% of the population, and were a negligible factor in the communal life, but from 1830 onward their numbers increased rapidly, thanks to immigration. For a long period the Church was disorganized and incapable of coping with the situation created by the arrival of innumerable poor, uneducated, European Catholics, who spoke strange languages and brought with them their native customs, and not a few superstitious practices. In the middle of the century Catholicism was little in favor and suffered from the hostility of the American Party and the Know Nothing movement.

But with incredible speed a vast, highly organized Church emerged, consisting of a hundred bishops, twenty-five thousand priests, and twenty million adherents, controlling several thousand churches,

schools, halls, hospitals and orphan asylums, and a few hundred journals. From a sense of inferiority, Catholics have passed to a reaction, resembling a sense of superiority. They have set afoot multi-membered clubs and associations that boast of gigantic material resources and very considerable political power. Having emerged, they sense their freedom. They are naturally grateful to the Constitution which made it possible for them to find themselves, and which protects their interests. Though as a body deeply devoted to their Church, they have no considerable acquaintance with her history, nor with those Catholic politico-theological principles which occupy largely the minds of educated European Catholics. They see in the American Constitution a good and a just law, and they glory in it. They have never experienced any conflict between the practice of their religion and the Constitution, and they are reluctant to believe that any such conflict is in the region of possibility.

Having this background in view, one can readily understand why the first salient feature of American Catholicism (the Catholicism of Gibbons, Ireland, Keane, O'Connell, O'Gorman, Kain, and Alfred E. Smith) should be what amounts to a veritable religious faith in the American ideal of democracy. This faith found its most striking illustration in the chorus of Catholic applause which greeted the publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of Governor Smith's politico-religious Credo. Catholics, lay and clerical, accepted his exposition of Catholicism as the expression of their own cherished convictions. No Catholic ventured to protest or to question its orthodoxy; no bishop uttered a syllable of criticism. Catholic theologians vied with each other in defending it, and it was registered in Catholic minds as ecclesiastically approved. Nevertheless, in that Credo there were many very daring statements; there were declarations concerning equality of religions, freedom of conscience, non-interference of the Church, freedom of

education and so forth which, while thoroughly in consonance with American ideals of democracy, were much less clearly in consonance with the Vatican Decrees and certain teachings of Pius IX's Syllabus.

Even though Mr. Belloc had written that "the Catholic Church in its root principles is at issue with the civic definition both of freedom and authority" and had foretold the inevitability of trouble between Church and State in America, even though Pius XI was, at the very moment of the appearance of Governor Smith's letter, at grips with political questions in France, Italy, and Mexico, the American Catholic body as a whole, lay and clerical, swallowed joyously and unhesitatingly the theory of Papal Domesticity and the separation of Church and State.

In contrast to this first salient feature of American Catholicism, namely, its faith in democracy, we have a second no less characteristic feature which seems strangely out of harmony with the spirit of democracy. I refer to the tendency of the American Catholic Church to display its power, together with its belief in the wisdom and righteousness of so doing.

One need only recall to mind the nationwide Catholic effort (which was, indeed, in its way a triumphant success) to stage a stupendous, public, religious ceremony in Chicago, the Eucharistic Congress, in order to realize that American Catholics believe in showing their strength. In Washington and at Hollywood similar displays have been held, and it may be of interest to quote from a Catholic paper, the *Catholic News* (June 2, 1928), a brief description of the latter display, which was organized by the Knights of Columbus:

More than 30,000 visitors gathered in Hollywood. The streets and boulevards were decorated with the national and papal colors, and the city was swept with enthusiasm. . . . The opening event was a solemn Pontifical Mass in the great Hollywood Bowl, with 18,000 attending. . . . In the huge amphitheatre surrounded by lofty hills a towering cross had been planted upon the highest eminence. . . . Fronting 20,000 seats on the immense stage was erected a beautiful altar flanked

and backed by great pillars and thrones decorated profusely.

In all such displays emphasis is laid on the material elements of greatness: numbers, rich trappings, gigantic expenditures, and so forth. But apart from the actual displays the wisdom of revealing Catholic strength is preached. Thus, in June last, addressing a congress of 1,500 Catholic representatives of the press, Cardinal Hayes spoke as follows:

If you can present in a courteous manner the majesty, the dignity, the power and the growth of Catholic life, then you are doing something that is praiseworthy and important. Your exposition of Catholic thought and action can be done with a reserve and a restraint that will be indicative of your power and the power of the Church.

In a similar vein, the Archbishop of San Francisco announced the organization of the National Catholic Welfare Council in 1921:

In eight months we have coördinated and united the Catholic power of this country. It now knows where and when to act and is encouraged by the consciousness of its unity. *We feel ourselves powerful because our reunion has become visible.* All Catholic organizations report an increase of energy and do not doubt that, thanks to the N. C. W. C., we can bring Catholic coöperation to its apogee.

Meanwhile, the Catholic press delights to flatter the palates of Catholic readers by reminding them of this power, and of the vastness of Catholic achievements. Thus, in the same issue of the *Catholic News* which records Cardinal Hayes' message quoted above, we read: "It is the Catholic contribution which has enabled the United States to take the world's leadership in the field [of education]." Again: "The Catholic Church is the greatest corporate society in the world. . . . [It] is more extensive and has more subjects than the United States Government." No doubt the effect of so much emphasis on power—especially Catholic American power—is to enhance the American Catholic's sense of pride and independence in all directions, not only *vis-à-vis* of other Churches, but even of Rome!

III

It may not be out of place at this point to enquire into the reason of this self-assertiveness, amounting sometimes to a form of combativeness,—this pronounced affirmation of power which we have been considering. I have said above that "from a sense of inferiority American Catholics have passed to a reaction resembling a sense of superiority." But the superiority does not ring true. There is, as any psychoanalyst can detect, an ambivalent inferiority that is still stronger. The truth of the matter is that Catholics are acutely conscious of being, in some degree, unpopular. They feel that many are ill-disposed toward them—that in many there is an unjustifiable hostility against them. This feeling found ample confirmation in the recent Presidential campaign.

How do Catholics explain this fact? Most of them, taking their cue from Cardinal Gibbons, assert that the Church is "the victim of the foulest slanders," that "upon her fair and heavenly brow her enemies have put a hideous mask," that there exists a hatred of Catholicism based upon the misrepresentations of centuries of inherited dislike. Other Catholics there are, more supernatural in outlook, who hold that dislike of Catholicism originates in the fact that "the truth of the Church" stands as a reproach to unbelievers—that the Church is hated and rejected through "obstinacy." This opinion, however, rests upon the assumption that "the truth of the Church is self-evident," a theory which is not widely admitted in this country.

The reasons given by non-Catholics for their dislike of Catholicism are very different. Non-Catholics are naturally unwilling to admit the existence in their minds of either "inherited hatred" or "obstinacy." They confess, however, to finding it irritating to see papal flags and papal titles flaunted in America. They resent such incidents as the halting of the Lindbergh procession before St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, and the highly official re-

ception given to Cardinal Bonzano in the Municipal Building on June 17, 1926. They found it objectionable that, as the Free-thinkers' Protest expressed it, "the Alderman's Chamber should have been converted into a Catholic Cathedral." All such matters are perhaps trifling in themselves, but they are none the less pregnant of provocation.

A more serious reason for the unpopularity of Catholicism in this country is the fact that there is no give and take with the Catholic Church. It will not meet the other Churches half way, and above all, will not tolerate criticism. "The Church bears criticism very badly," said one friendly Protestant critic. The Church hits back when criticized, said Mr. Heywood Broun, or to put it in his precise words, "There is not a single New York editor who does not live in terror of this group" (*The Nation*, May 9, 1928). One could without difficulty multiply examples of characteristic Catholic resentment in the face of anything said or written to the apparent detriment of the Church. Mr. Charles C. Marshall's just and impartial study of the political philosophy of Rome was dubbed by a Paulist Father, in the *Catholic World*, "a raking up from the gutters of history the muck of past scandals." When the *Atlantic Monthly* threw open its pages to a discussion by a priest of certain questionable policies and methods of Rome, the Catholic Bishop of North Dakota protested that "to cause discussions on matters of our Holy Catholic Church . . . in the *Atlantic* is about as wise and appropriate as having such debates in an old-fashioned saloon, the debaters fortified by jugs of beer or something stronger. *I suspect every secular paper that adopts such methods as being guided by commercial, or sensational or anti-Christian motives.*"

Even when a critic of Catholicism confines himself (as did Mr. Marshall almost wholly) to citations from distinguished Catholics and Popes, he is no less rudely belabored by the Catholic press. Were he to suggest as a reason for this bearishness

what Mr. Michael Williams, "the most influential lay-Catholic of America," frankly admits, namely, "the low cultural level" among Catholics, he would be all the more heartily thwacked.

Catholic popularity suffers further wreckage in a certain lack of tactfulness among her apologists. In order to glorify Catholicism, fictions that are annoying to non-Catholic Americans, such as that which makes of Jefferson a plagiarist of the Jesuit Bellarmine, are trotted out. Thus, at Detroit, in October 1927, Cardinal Hayes, no doubt with perfect sincerity, but none the less hurtlingly, amplified the exploded theory. "The Virginia Bill of Rights," declared His Eminence, "was taken almost *verbatim* from the writings of the Venerable Robert Bellarmine. . . . The principles, almost the very language of the Declaration of Independence were written by the Venerable Bellarmine." The line of thought behind propaganda of this kind is provoking to non-Catholics; it amounts, in a word, to the principle that all good emanates from Rome.

Another element of tactlessness in Catholic propaganda in this country is the emphasizing, to the detriment of non-Catholics, of the freedom that Catholics (supposedly) enjoy. No one likes to be told that he is relatively a slave, least of all an American non-Catholic. But what do we find? We have not only Mr. Williams boasting that "we Catholics are the freest minds among mankind," but we have sermons such as the following by a Jesuit, Father Lockington, circulated in thousands:

When I visited America some years ago as our vessel passed under the shadow of the magnificent Statue of Liberty, that stands at the gateway of the Queen City of this mighty Continent, an American gentleman beside me pointed with pride to the colossal figure. "There," he said, "is America's monument of Liberty, telling all that freedom is the birth-right of every American citizen." My dear friends, as I came to know America better, I saw that that statue standing in the water was not her true monument of Liberty. The monument of Liberty of America, the monument telling of true Liberty, is the monument of Liberty that dominates the whole city of New York—the mighty Cathedral of St. Patrick's.

From such isolated instances one may not of course conclude that all Catholic propaganda is ill-conceived. Neither may one conclude from isolated cases of Catholic resentment at criticism that all literary Catholics are bears. It would be absurd to do so. But in seeking for the causes of the unquestioned animosity of great numbers of Americans toward Catholicism one feels justified in indicating, as a likely factor, a wrong method of approach, on the part of responsible Catholics, to the American people. Catholics themselves feel that, as Catholics, they do not hit it off with the bulk of the people. And it may well be that the reason is a corporate lack of tact in propaganda.

IV

Although the average American sees in the Catholic Church of this country a pretty accurate and complete replica of that complex of beliefs and practices which he classifies as Romanism, European Catholics visiting America sense a distinctiveness, an otherness about American Catholicism. No doubt all the essentials of Catholicism are the same: mass, confession, communion, and so forth. But there is a difference of spirit, a novel attitude towards the world, a strangeness in methods of propaganda and church administration—above all, a marked lack of traditionalism. Things are done and said here in the name of the Church which are neither done nor said in the name of the Church in Europe.

Recently, at Omaha, Bishop Rummel, addressing himself to Catholic women teachers, spoke as follows: "As citizens of the United States you have a right to vote whether you wear religious garb or not. It is a wise thing to exercise that right, not only this year but every year." By these words he publicly authorized the nuns of his diocese to register and vote. This advice naturally implied the advice to keep *au courant* with political events, "not only this year but every year." In other words, he told them that it was

wisser for them to adapt themselves to the political exigencies of the times, than to persevere in their traditional holy seclusion. Elsewhere in America other Bishops gave similar advice to nuns, thus repudiating all the stored up religious traditions and canonical enactments of a thousand years. Nuns who before had feared to glance through a window lest they should violate "holy Rule" by taking an interest in the world, must now study political platforms!

Now for another example of American Catholic distinctiveness. In January last, a prominent New York priest, Father Francis P. Duffy, made an address in public that attracted the notice of the press. He said: "If the Pope were a civil ruler and waged war on the United States, I would take up arms against him, and the Sixty-ninth Regiment [of which Father Duffy is the chaplain] would be the first to combat him." This statement might have been regarded as a purely personal one were it not followed some months later by a still stronger announcement by Bishop Noll at Washington. "One hundred years ago," he declared, "John England, the first Catholic Bishop of Charleston wrote: 'Let the Pope and Cardinals and all the powers of the Catholic world united make the least encroachment on the Constitution, we will protect it with our lives. Summon a General Council. Let the Council interfere in the mode of our electing but an assistant to a turnkey in a prison. We deny its right. We reject its usurpation.'" It should be noted that Bishop England's declaration was made long before the Vatican Decrees and the promulgation of the dogma of papal infallibility. Nevertheless, Bishop Noll quoted it with approval, as though conditions had not been changed by Rome since that time. This flourishing of the Stars and Stripes in the face of the Pope—the advantage of which is not at all obvious—is distinctively American Catholic.

On the question of the temporal power of the Pope—the eternal Roman question—, if we are to believe Mr. Michael

Williams, "the overwhelming [Catholic] American doctrine" is "firmly against the resumption of the Pope's acknowledged place as head of a state." However creditable to the political wisdom of American Catholics this view may be, it is in distinct disaccord with Roman feeling and Roman teaching. No less so is the common attitude of American Catholics, lay and clerical, toward the binding force of papal encyclicals. Except in so far as they are nullifiable (hypothetically), encyclicals, for Roman Catholics, have the same binding force on mind and will as infallible decrees. But for the average American Catholic they are, to use Mr. Williams' phrase, merely "considered opinions of an individual Pope, . . . not always or of necessity laying down binding laws of the Church." This tendency of American Catholics in the direction of minimizing the authority of papal encyclicals has resulted in an exceedingly ironical situation, namely, in a demand made by the Rev. Dr. P. J. Healey, dean of the theological faculty of the Catholic University, that Mr. Marshall should *demonstrate* that the Vatican Decrees and other papal enactments were "intended to apply to American conditions!" Truly, as Mr. Sedgwick remarked, "ultramontanism is in this country a lost cause."

Perhaps the most fundamental difference, however, which exists between the American Catholic and his European brother lies in the comparative indifference which the former displays toward dogma. Apparently he is satisfied to practice his religion and derive spiritual comfort therefrom. He is little concerned with theological notions or with the metaphysical background thereof. This indifference to dogma leaves him wholly unaware of the fact that in espousing democracy with such ardor, and in interpreting Catholicism in terms of democracy as he does, he has come perilously near aligning himself with the Modernists. Their fundamental heresy was that they sought to force Catholicism into the mold

of modern science, to interpret it in terms of modern science. This was "novelty" for Pius X, and in condemning them he cried pathetically, "Far, far from the clergy be the love of novelty." But the new American interpretation of Catholicism, the identifying it with the corner-stone of the American Constitution, is hardly less of a novelty than the wildest aberrations of Tyrrell or Loisy.

In regions proximate to the practice of Catholicism in this country we find again an American Catholic way which would surprise, if not shock, a European. We find the most delicate and exotic forms of Catholic piety paraded before the public—given the utmost publicity—and managed in a "big business" spirit, which seems strangely out of place. To quote an instance, a certain Father Dolan (*The New York World*, June 14, 1928), related to the press how in order "to fortify the shrine of the Little Flower in Chicago," he secured from Lisieux (France) six relics of that Saint (he described in detail what they were: bits of her skin, splinters from her coffin, a lock of hair, etc.), and how he was the recipient of "spiritual privileges" from the nuns at Lisieux. At the same moment that Father Dolan was giving out this interview the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament were organizing, with immense publicity, the weaving of a 100% American spiritual bouquet of 200,000,000 blossoms to send to the Eucharistic Congress at Sydney.

What is characteristically American Catholic in all this is a certain readiness to appeal to a very composite religious citizenship for interest in pious enterprises, which the majority of citizens clearly differentiate from high spirituality. Whether these enterprises indicate a tendency towards materializing religion one cannot tell. Color, however, is lent to such a view by remarks made by Bishop McNicholas of Cincinnati (*The Catholic News*, Aug. 11, 1928). Speaking of the decay of preaching he said: "We are engrossed in too many material affairs. We

are not weighed down with the responsibility of teaching through the spoken word of God." He added that "priests were too busy about many things"—referring no doubt to their building and organizing schemes, and their planning of spectacular devotions.

Among the lower ranks of the American clergy there is avowed dislike of all things tending toward the Italianizing of the Church in this country. There are signs of jealousy of Roman interference, an inclination perhaps to attach something short of their due importance to mandates and *motu proprio*s from Rome. Nationalism, while not being openly avowed, is latent in the attitude of these priests. At Scranton it took its extremest form when Polish Catholics set up an independent American Catholic Church and severed their connection with Rome. It would be too much to say that the Scranton spirit is shared by a considerable portion of the clergy, for among them in general there is at least a sentimental attachment to Rome and to the Pope, but on the other hand there is a strong and widespread desire for a thoroughly Americanized Church. Whether this ideal will ever be realized in a canonically established American Church similar to the Gallican Church of the Seventeenth Century, or whether Rome would prefer to let America go rather than submit to the indignity of a Gallican compromise remains to be seen.

V

We come now to the question on which this paper hinges: What constitutes a crisis in the Catholic Church?

Was the Hecker controversy a crisis? It lasted ten years, and was bitterly contested in the Catholic press. "New opinions" were afloat in America and Leo XIII was seriously alarmed. "The basis of these opinions," to quote the Catholic Encyclopedia's summary of Leo's letter to Cardinal Gibbons, in 1899, "is that to make converts the Catholic Church should adapt herself to our advanced civilization and

relax her ancient rigor as regards not only the rule of life but also the deposit of Faith, and should pass over or minimize certain points of doctrine or even give them a meaning which the Church has never held." It was a fair presentation of the attitude of the Heckerites—of the Americanists of the day. When, however, Leo showed "the falsity of these views" the Heckerites collapsed. Father Isaac was dead and there was no one to carry his mantle.

Modernism on the other hand brought on a real crisis in the Church's history, the most recent of her great crises. There was discovered in the body of the Church a very large number of priests and laymen who in more or less isolated efforts to express Catholicism and Catholic dogma in terms of modern thought happened on a common "heretical" attitude or mentality. Their position was peculiar. They loved the Church and clung to her, but they resented the fact that through the narrowness and short-sightedness of her rulers she was allowed to fossilize. They found, as Sabatier put it, "that life in the Church had become very difficult, almost insupportable, and yet it was true courage to remain there." Rome, however, did not suffer them to remain there. They had questioned the Holy Father's authority, they had cast aside many sacred traditions, and, seeing that they would not retract their errors, Pius X excommunicated them. Then the crisis *appeared* to be resolved, but perhaps it was only transferred elsewhere.

Somewhere Cardinal Gibbons wrote: "The Church has no secrets to keep back. . . . Everything in the Catholic Church is open and aboveboard." Nevertheless, the Church has her secrets, her secret crises also, and some of them are no less interesting than those which become public. One such crisis, hitherto hidden from the public, has just been resolved at Rome, after a life of twenty-four years. As it turned upon the very point which is crucial in the actual tension-zone between the Catholic Church of America and Rome, namely the authori-

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tativeness of Papal Decrees, and further as it had its origin in this country, it may be of interest to refer to it. The case, which is known among English-speaking clergy throughout the world as the Mungret Case, reveals the existence of what I have been calling Americanism where least of all it might be expected, namely, in the Society of Jesus, and in their headquarters at the Gesù in Rome.

Briefly, the trouble started with the maladministration by the Jesuits of a large sum of money collected in this country to found a missionary college in Ireland, called Mungret. The Jesuits, instead of applying the foundation to the sole purpose for which it was given, opened a lay college side by side with the missionary college at Mungret, and expended a large part of the foundation on this secular enterprise. In 1904 the Bishop of Limerick appealed to Rome against them and secured a decision to the effect that the true scope of the Mungret Foundation should be observed. The Jesuits, however, disregarded this decision and continued to misapply the funds. Fifteen years later the case against them was again brought before the Congregation of Propaganda at Rome, this time by one of their own members whose conscience was outraged by the manner in which his order was disobeying the Roman decree of 1904. For three years the Mungret Case was discussed, and finally, at a plenary session held on May 23, 1921, the Cardinals of Propaganda, the highest court of Rome, gave a final verdict, in the form of a decree, signed by ten Cardinals, Merry del Val, Billot, Gasquet, Van Rossum, and others, and countersigned and approved by the late Pope, Benedict XV. This decree ordered the Jesuits to remove their lay college elsewhere.

Here then was the "most obedient religious order of the Church" face to face with an adverse decision. They sent in an appeal, but it was disallowed by Cardinal Van Rossum, the Prefect of Propaganda, and it was intimated to them that the decree must be obeyed. Seven

years passed and still there was no sign of the Society of Jesus yielding. Then it was that several bishops protested to Rome, among others, Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, who wrote on January 27, 1928: "I am surprised and I need not say that I am shocked at the attitude of the Society of Jesus toward pontifical decrees. If the knowledge of the facts ever comes to the public it will cause great scandal." Accompanying this strong letter of the archbishop went a statement signed by several American ecclesiastics—chancellors, vicars-general and pastors:

In union with the Bishops and other ex-alumni of Mungret College, I consider any further delay in the execution of the decree of the Holy See of 1921 a matter of grave injustice. In order to avoid the matter becoming a public scandal *in the whole Church* I am thoroughly with the others in insisting that the case be brought to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion.

The crisis had now reached its highest point. It was a question whether the Holy See or the Society would yield; whether Romanism or "Americanism" would triumph. The Society had defied the power of the Church, and *the Church yielded*. On July 9 last, the decree of 1921, which had all the authority of the Church behind it, was rescinded—*the Society was absolved*—and it was conceded the privilege of continuing to conduct Mungret College on the lines that had been twice previously condemned. "Americanism" had triumphed in the heart of Rome!

I have dwelt upon this very recent case for the reason that in it one can find the material for a forecast of what is likely to happen in regard to the crisis that faces the Church in America. It is not possible to doubt that the Holy See disapproves of the stand taken up by Governor Smith and the Catholics, lay and clerical, of this country on the question of the relationship between the Church and the State. Already last January the Pope issued his reply to Governor Smith's Credo by emphatically reaffirming the Vatican Decrees. But in spite of this diplomatic hint the American bishops have not receded one

inch from the position they took in support of Governor Smith, nor have they issued any repudiation of his doctrines. Implicitly they, like he, "relegate to the limbo of defunct controversy" the decrees that Pius XI insists upon. We find the Rev. Dr. Guilday, professor of church history at the Catholic University, describing Governor Smith on the eve of the late election, in the most authoritative Catholic paper in the country (*The Catholic News*, October 27.) as "a great Catholic citizen." Two days later we find Governor Smith reaffirming his doctrine, this time at Baltimore under the eyes of Archbishop Curley. "I repeat—my firm adherence to the American doctrine of the absolute separation of Church and State." [Applause.]

Were a "great Catholic citizen" to make a like statement in London under the eyes of Cardinal Bourne, or in Paris under the eyes of Cardinal Dubois, and were these Cardinals publicly to approve his statement and allow their Catholic subjects to consider it as orthodox doctrine, what would Rome do or say about it?

VI

The defeat that Governor Smith suffered last November in no way mitigates the seriousness of the crisis which faces the Catholic Church; if anything it intensifies it. He carried with him, as far as one can judge, 95% of the Catholic vote, and in every Catholic vote cast for him there was an implicit endorsement of his Credo, and to no little extent a challenge to Rome. For the first time in history a great Catholic popular vote has been freely, conscientiously and independently taken by the bishops, priests, religious, and lay Catholics of a nation on an issue which clearly involved papal claims. And the result was, as I say, 95 to 1 in favor of "the American doctrine of absolute separation of Church and State."

Though, from the standpoint of the Electoral College, Governor Smith's defeat was overwhelming, his popular vote

was so large and his personal popularity was so unequivocally demonstrated that Rome will foresee the likelihood of another Smith-Hoover contest in some years to come. And she will have fears lest the next Catholic candidate for the Presidency will yield even more ground, will wander even farther in to the morass of heresy, than Governor Smith.

To check this Catholic landslide from the conservatism of the Vatican Decrees, Pius XI will have to act quickly and firmly. He has no choice but to administer a sharp rebuke to his recalcitrant American children, and to assert his authority. No doubt he will wait a little while until the election heat has cooled down. Perhaps too his rebuke will be indirect; there may be no mention of America at all in his encyclical, but everyone will know for whom it is intended. As I finish this article the daily press quotes the *Giornale D'Italia* of Rome as forecasting a papal declaration in the near future on "the Holy See's position regarding its relations with governments." The *Giornale* anticipates that it will be directed against *L'Action Française* party in France, but who shall doubt that it will also be meant for America? For every thousand followers of *L'Action Française* there are a million American Catholics, all involved in similar doctrinal difficulties.

Will the American Catholics, lay and clerical, submit to a papal rebuke? Will they repudiate the popular, liberal Credo of Governor Smith that they hailed with so much fervor a short while back? They will *perhaps* profess their readiness to submit, but the step they have already taken is irrevocable: they can never again *think* in harmony with the doctrines of Pius IX and Leo XIII.

Thus there will be no choice before His Holiness but to yield to the "Americanism" of St. Patrick's, as he yielded to the "Americanism" of the Gesù, or else stir up a crisis more momentous than any that has tortured the Church since the Council of Nicæa.

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FREEBOOTERS OF THE FOREST

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

IN THE journals and records of the time they were invariably referred to as inexhaustible pineries, those vast tracts of timber in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan. The enormous areas of rolling country that swept down to the big and little rivers were black with virgin forest, and there was no reason to believe, in the middle of the last century, that those forests would not be there forever. True enough, there were a few small mills along the St. Croix river and even a few along the Mississippi, but the total output of all of them made scarcely a scratch on the surface.

The whole process of lumbering, up to 1870, was leisurely. The mill-owners made a little money and were content with it. They turned out a few million feet of lumber a year, and though the demand had begun to increase as the West opened to settlers, they saw no reason why they should add greatly to their output. Rafts of modest proportions—usually only 400 feet long—were floated down the great river to market, or, if they were made up of logs, to the mills lower down. The voyage from LaCrosse, Wis., to St. Louis took from fourteen to sixteen days. There was no drive behind the pilots. If the night threatened to be very dark, with possible storms, they put in at one of the many islands that punctuate the entire length of the upper river. They almost always found a rude house of pleasure hidden somewhere among the willows of the island, and there the whole crew was made welcome, pilots and roosters alike. (The roustabouts on the rafts of the upper river first became rousters and then roosters.) Carousal was preceded by a square dance; wenchies in gay

calico prints were swung clear off the floor by raftsmen who towered above six feet almost without exception.

In those days of the rafts the roosters were a proud and horny lot. They were fellows of Paul Bunyan, French Canadians many of them, who elected, when the drive of logs ended in the Spring, to spend the Summer rafting. They got \$20 a month—sometimes less, sometimes a little more—and their keep. According to their lights, they lived well. If a peddler came out to a raft with early strawberries for sale at a high price and the foreman in charge passed them up, the roosters raised a fine row until strawberries were bought for all. Usually they were able to keep a supply of whiskey aboard, and except in bad weather and in times of stress their life was slow and lazy. When an adverse wind interfered with the progress of the raft they worked hard at the huge sweeps, or oars, at the stern and bow. Each man would raise his oar from the water, walk with it a short distance, then drop it in again and throw his whole weight against it. Often on nights of wild storm they worked thus hours on end, lashed by wind and rain. Still earlier the rafts were steered by a process known as tamaracking. A half dozen men raised a great sweep, made from a tamarack tree and fitted with a wide blade, carried it along and let it into the water, and then pushed it back, singing. If it was a lumber raft, being floated to a market down the river, the men had a sizeable and snug house built for cooking and shelter, but if it was a raft of logs the cook-house was a ruder affair that provided but slight protection.

Having floated down to the mill, the roosters were sent back up the river on packet-boats to bring down another raft. They were sent as deck passengers, the equivalent of the lowest type of steerage. They slept on the floor. This they did not seem to mind in the least, but they did resent the social discrimination which was made against them, they felt it as a bitter injustice. The journey from St. Louis to La Crosse, or above, took from four to seven days, and the roosters often revenged themselves on the cabin passengers by shouting and singing and bellowing whole nights on end. Every effort was made to prevent them from getting whiskey, but with little or no success. Great relief was expressed in the newspapers of the time when floating rafts were finally abandoned and the packets were left to the traveling aristocracy.

There were several instances of actual mutiny, the most serious being the episode known as the *Dubuque molle*. The Northern Line steamer *Dubuque* was bound for St. Paul on July 29, 1869. At Quincy, Ill., and again at Davenport, Iowa, several hundred turbulent deck passengers were taken aboard, roosters and harvest hands for the most part. They had large supplies of cheap whiskey. There was a full list of cabin passengers, including a number of women. Comparative quiet prevailed below until the boat was nearing Hampton, when the clerk went down to collect fares, leaving a Negro deck hand, of powerful build and armed with a club, to guard the stairway. This was an intolerable affront. A rooster promptly challenged the black and a fight followed which ended with the white man prone on the deck.

A free-for-all followed. The roosters swarmed over the entire boat; knives and axes flew through the air; a dozen or more Negroes were killed; others plunged overboard and were followed by streams of missiles. The officers of the boat apparently were able to do nothing; it was with great difficulty that they managed to get a message ashore, which was relayed to Clinton,

Iowa, and Rock Island, appealing for help from the authorities there. Negroes were shot, stabbed, trampled underfoot and thrown overboard. At last the roosters were in full command of the *Dubuque*, there being not one member of the black crew in sight and the officers being occupied in protecting the women. Their triumph was short, however, for at Clinton the boat was met by a detachment of police from Rock Island and a posse of several hundred armed citizens of Clinton. The roosters plunged over the sides of the boat, right and left, like rats, but a majority of them were captured.

II

The lazy, wild freedom of these men was greatly curbed by the radical change in the industry that came about in the seventies. But up to 1876 one may still find references to the "inexhaustible pineries" that lay along both sides of the upper river, stretching back through three States. And up to that year, too, tracts of timber were quite freely offered for sale on almost any terms the buyer might care to name. River captains tell of having this piece of timber or that piece urged upon them under most advantageous terms. But, for the most part, they were a cautious, canny breed and they held back.

There were other men along the length of the upper river who were less timid. The realization crept into a few minds that there was a tremendous bonanza to be had to the north, almost for the taking. Each year increased the potential value of those immense tracts, each year saw the frontier pushed back farther and farther, each year saw more and more settlers in Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas. There was a clamor for lumber for farm-houses, barns, factories and stores. And to the northward were the "inexhaustible" stands of timber, great trees that could be cut into as fine a grade of white pine as could be obtained anywhere. The best that ever was in the world, the old river men say. By 1878 the

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great boom had begun, and it was then suddenly discovered that virtually all of the timber holdings were in the hands of the comparatively few men who had grasped their potential value. There is a great deal of legend and very little fact as to how they acquired them. Almost miraculously they appeared in the press as lumber barons, lumber kings.

Farseeing investors, with a little money, could and did, of course, acquire considerable acreages, but one rarely hears of these conservative venturers, and it seems certain that their success was much less than that of the ruthless buccaneers who, according to the legends that persist along the upper river, simply came and saw and took. It will probably never be possible to determine what degree of truth reposes in these legends. The government takes the position, in response to inquiry, that though it is known that a certain amount of government timber was stolen, no estimate of the total can ever be arrived at, since little importance, comparatively speaking, was attached to the thefts at the time.

Certain of the legends are almost worthy of Paul Bunyan. One has to do with a great logging road that was cut through government timber. It is possible, I believe, to hear this story in almost every town along the upper river; it is customarily offered as the explanation of several of the great fortunes founded in the boom period. As it is recounted, certain aggressive individuals held tracts of timber which were separated from the river by heavily timbered government lands, thus making it impossible to bring out the logs by means of the great sledges then in use. Some of these men, all of whose holdings were comparatively small, combined and got a permit to cut a road through the government timber. The logs from this cutting were to be their property. No specific limitation was placed on the width of this logging road. It is at this point that the story most frequently varies. In the several versions that I have heard the width of this road is put at from two to one hundred miles!—a great swath

cut through the forests, an immense stake. As an aftermath, it is occasionally related that the then Secretary of the Treasury, upon the government's discovery of this Gargantuan steal, arranged to settle for a nominal sum for each stolen tree.

It is curious how this story persists, how it is passed from one generation to the next. There are river men who took part in the operations at that time who say that it has no authenticity whatsoever and others who swear it is the truth. But whatever the ratio of fact, if any, in these and other legends that have persisted for fifty years, freebooting was certainly the order of the day. There were roving operators who pilfered from whatever lands they came upon; they cut into great tracts in the dead of Winter and drove their crews at a fierce pace. In the Spring they sold their logs to the dominant combines for the current price, and a few such seasons might see them established with their own mills and rafting crews. Transactions of the most dubious nature were common. Wealthy men found themselves stripped of their holdings and men who had been penniless saw fortunes within their reach.

There was one dominant desire: to convert the timber into money as fast as possible. When the Wisconsin Railroad Commission succeeded in getting through the Legislature a law which was, in effect, a tax on each of the logs that comprised a raft, drastic measures were necessary. The State had long looked jealously on the great wealth that was being stripped from its lands to flow down the Mississippi to the mills, there to be minted into gold. But the lumber barons were equally determined not to pay this tribute. Across the river from the center of logging operations in Wisconsin was West Newton, Minn. It was soon realized that Minnesota was more pliable; it was, indeed, found possible to elect a Governor of that State with a very tender regard for the lumber interests. This Governor saw to it that the proper laws were put through the Legislature. It then only remained to drive the logs across

the Mississippi and form them into rafts at West Newton. This was done by means of a boom—an arrangement of logging chains and logs—that stretched across the entire river. Boats going up or down had to whistle in order that a section of the boom might be momentarily opened to permit their passage. An engineer's report for 1879 gives an intimation of the lengths to which the thing was carried by the lumber barons.

The work of improvement of the river has been confined to points between Minneapolis and St. Cloud, where the worst obstructions existed, and, no doubt, some benefit to log driving has accrued. The loggers, however, tear out the dams in order to obtain shorter routes through the chutes for the passage of logs. It has been impossible thus far to detect the depredators.

III

Behind the whole movement, with its tremendous force and vigor, were shrewd titans driven on by a single dominant desire. They were men of great vitality. Some, at the beginning of the boom period, owned small mills along the river. Others had only the clothes on their backs. Of one, possibly the foremost of them all, it is said that five years before the final murderous onslaught on the forests he hadn't even an extra shirt. On those rare occasions when the one that he possessed was being washed, he sat by the stove until it dried. Fifteen years later—less perhaps—he was a millionaire several times over. Unlike most of the others, this man was of small stature, a German immigrant.

The prodigious drinking feats of another of these titans are recounted. He drank five-cent whiskey and wore a plug hat. However much he took on, the facility of his mind seemed never impaired; he would stagger, and sink into a chair, yet he could always carry on whatever business was in hand with complete surety. Men living today, recalling him, tell of the sense of strength and power that he conveyed, far beyond that justified by his actual physical stature.

These giants worked far harder than any

man in their logging camps or their mills. During the Winter they were here and there, in this camp or that one, giving instructions to their logging bosses, driving the work forward. Often their wives accompanied them up and down the river. In the Spring and throughout the Summer they saw to it that the great whining saws were fed, night and day. They were unhampered by any considerations of scientific forestation or by labor laws or unions. They paid the men in their mills twelve-and-a-half cents an hour for a ten-hour day and the supply of labor was always greater than the demand. The men were turned off in the Winter to accumulate debts that only the Summer's activity could dissipate. In the boom years the timber would be cut off one-hundred-and-sixty acres to provide logs for one raft from 900 to 1,200 feet long.

The pace was enormously speeded up. The old floating rafts became far too slow. A method was perfected whereby steamboats were used to push the rafts to the mills in half the time it had previously taken. The old pitch-knot torches were replaced by electric searchlights which enabled the crews to navigate in all but the very worst weather. Great docks came into being at West Newton and other places. Here, with the beginning of Spring, activity went forward night and day. When a raft neared completion, the foreman of the drive would wire the officials of the mill and at once a steamboat would be sent for it. These operations were raised to the highest pitch of efficiency. As the boat approached, the captain singled out the raft he was to take down the river. He brought his craft alongside and one by one, at their appointed places, the roosters dropped off to fix lines and tighten the numerous strings or ranks into one stout whole, so that by the time the steamer had maneuvered into position, the enormous mass of logs might be got under way.

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and if a rooster missed his footing and slipped under the shifting mass he was lost. Many men were drowned in this way, but men were plentiful. Surefootedness and certain simple but precise skills were required of the roosters; the greatest burden rested on the captain. In the boom period he customarily owned his own boat. He made contracts with the companies to bring rafts down the river and he was responsible for exactly so many thousand feet of lumber; to be delivered within a specified time. It was no easy task to shepherd this great unwieldy tow, valued at from \$25,000 to \$40,000, down a tortuous, stormy river.

These captains were stern, harsh men, bent on wresting their share of gain from the great wealth which they were helping to create. They drove their crews to the limit of human endurance and set the same mark for themselves. Often in an entire Summer they got not one full night's sleep. They had to combat the fog that creeps out of the coulees which gash the high, palisaded banks of the upper river. They had to feel their way almost by instinct, with always the fear that the cargo they pushed before them might split up on some bar or shoal. Lake Pepin, the body of water, twenty-two miles long, that is formed by the widening of the Mississippi about half way between St. Paul and Winona, Minn., was an unfailing source of terror to them. This lake, which is two miles in width on the average, is subject to most violent and sudden storms; often within a few minutes its whole surface is lashed by waves as high as twenty and twenty-five feet.

Wracked by such storms the rafts could not survive, and in their blind, furious pitching they sometimes sank the steamers that were attempting to propel them forward. Early evening was found the most advantageous time to navigate Lake Pepin, but there was scarcely a captain who had not lost \$5,000 or \$10,000 in logs there. And they were bitter losses, wrung from hard-gotten gains. For the most part,

these men were Yankees from New England or Northern New York. Stephen B. Hanks, Abraham Lincoln's cousin, captained a boat through the entire period. The roster also includes such names as Hollinshead, Fuller, Whistler, Savage, Reed and Newcomb. There were occasional Irish, too, Gallaghers and McCartys. A majority of the captains made money and made it rapidly.

All down the Mississippi to St. Louis there was a vast hum and stir. Some times in the early Spring the river was brown with logs for miles. From Clinton, Burlington, Rock Island, Quincy, LaCrosse and a half dozen other railway points hundreds of carloads of lumber daily went westward. It was used prodigally. White pine that today would go into the finish of a fine interior was put into hog pens and cow barns. The illusion of the inexhaustible pineries persisted. Merchants and traders in the towns along the river believed their prosperity would continue forever. The saloons—and there were hundreds of them—did a booming business. It was customary, as a raft approached a town, for two or three roosters to put out in a Quincy skiff, and row as rapidly as possible to the nearest saloon on the waterfront. Here they put away a few drinks, bought as many bottles of whiskey as they could carry, and then by hard pulling were able to catch up with the raft again.

The roosters, though they were driven at an even harder pace than in the days of the free floating rafts, were far from being tamed. After the pay-off, when the raft was delivered, they made the rounds of the saloons until their money gave out. They knew every jail and every sheriff along the route and they knew what towns to avoid. They fought and drank and worked, all with an equal zest. At the close of the season, in the late Fall, if they did not choose to go into the logging camps for the Winter, they made their way, by devious and uncertain routes, to the South, where they worked in the fields. In late March they would begin to

reappear, tattered and frozen, eager for work to begin. All up and down the river the glinting saws flashed, and sawdust piles grew into small mountains, but still the logs came. The rafts grew ever larger. The record lumber raft consisted of sixteen strings, forty-four cribs long. It covered a space 270 feet by 1450 feet, or virtually nine acres—over 9,000,000 feet of lumber. The largest log raft contained, according to Captain Fred A. Bill of St. Paul, who has done more to preserve the old river lore than anyone else, about 2,000,000 feet, and was 270 feet wide by 1,550 feet long.

IV

Almost as suddenly as it had begun the boom ended. With the most amazing rapacity the greater part of the timber had been felled and swept downstream in less than twenty years. What was said to have been the largest sawmill in the world was built at Clinton in the nineties. Two years after it was constructed it was closed down for lack of logs. The figures which Captain Bill gives on the timber cut above St. Anthony's Falls enable one to gain some idea of the vastness of the movement. Between the years 1848 and 1918 a total of 19,784,277,656 feet of lumber was cut along this stretch of the river and the tributaries which flow into it. The cutting below was far, far greater. Forests that might logically have been expected to have continued producing lumber for centuries were reduced to barren wastes—sterile cut-over country from which it is still difficult to wrest a living.

Again it was the far-seeing, shrewd ones who got away with their gains before the inevitable stoppage came. They had known it would come; they were prepared. Gradually the industry dwindled to nothing. It is not known just when the last log raft went down the river, but the last raft of lumber was convoyed to Fort Madison, Iowa, in 1915 from mills at Hudson, Wis. It consisted of 2,655,000 feet and repre-

sented a clean-up of logs from the upper Mississippi that had been the property of a Fort Madison concern. When the raft neared Albany, Ill., the home of Captain Hanks, who had then retired, a skiff was put out for him and he rode the raft to Davenport, just seventy-three years after he made his first trip down the river and seventy-one years after he piloted his first logs down the stream.

Many fortunes had been made. A dozen or more were of great bulk. Turreted white pine castles began to appear on the bluffs along the river. Luxurious houseboats were launched. But money made so swiftly usually vanished nearly as fast. Not a few of the turbulent gentlemen who had made themselves lumber kings grew swollen with pride and jostled on stock and grain exchanges, and most of them soon went down to sudden and ignominious disaster. Other fortunes were swiftly dissipated by the rising generation. The money went for villas on the Riviera and for crown jewels for chorus girls. In only a few instances have the original millions been multiplied. At least one family has expanded to wield influence of national scope. It is the family founded by the German immigrant who had but one shirt.

Not long after the decline set in, the center of lumber production passed to the South, which held the leadership until about 1925. Recently production on the West Coast has surpassed that in the South. According to an estimate by the Forest Service, there are today only 6,000 scattered acres of government timber in Wisconsin; in Michigan the government owns 127,000 acres of national forest land, and in Minnesota 991,000 acres. Stands of virgin timber privately owned are very few, now, if not entirely non-existent.

Over almost the entire reach of the upper river hangs an air of quietude, of weariness. A majority of its once thriving cities stagnate or recede. Mills have fallen into decay. Only a few centers, such as Rock Island and Davenport, have forged ahead with an influx of new industries.

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THE TRADE OF THE JOURNALIST

BY RICHARD OWEN BOYER

JOURNALISM as a trade in America, in so far as it concerns the individuals who practise it, is mainly an accident. Its personnel is composed in large part of individuals to whom something has happened which they didn't look for. Now they are asked, or at least expected, to defend the monster which has seized them, and drained them—and perhaps in doing so has given them something better than what was taken away.

Journalism is the one vocation which is commonly entered "temporarily." It is going to serve merely as a stepping stone to something better—oh, much better! The young sentimentalist who plunges in will remain, he thinks, for but a year or two; through it he will learn life, through it he will learn to write, and when his short term as a reporter is done, he will blossom into the world as a critic, an essayist, a novelist. Or, if he is a bit less callow, he enters because he has heard that one forms many invaluable connections as a reporter, and hopes that through one of them he will find some lucrative and easy position, closed to him by any other route. Or perhaps he comes in simply because he can think of nothing easier to do, and wishes to look around a space before tackling something more solid, dignified and profitable.

But then something happens. The budding novelist finds out that he cannot write, or if he can, that he won't, for newspaper men are primarily lazy and grow more lazy as the days and years slip by: their laziness, indeed, is one reason why they are newspaper men. Again the young materialist who was to branch into big

business through interviewing and impressing a captain of industry finds that if he is impressive the captains are not impressionable. And the young man who entered because he could think of nothing better to do never does think of anything better, and at last realizes that if he did he couldn't do it.

So the years roll by and the young novelist is the veteran State capital man whose chief recreation is to advise young reporters to get out of the business before it is too late. He who was to have been a captain of industry is a specialist in public utilities, demonstrating daily that they are always robbers or always altruistic public benefactors, according to the policy of his newspaper and his own predilections. If he feels his defeat in life keenly, the utilities will be pirates. The lad who entered to look around a bit before becoming famous in a way he couldn't decide at the moment is found at police headquarters, his greatest kick in life derived from ambitious patrolmen who ask him to put in a good word for them with the Chief. All of these victims of disillusion will be slightly seedy, but all will be of the type which wears a rose in the coat lapel while the hole in the sock protrudes above the back of the shoe. All will view their continuance in journalism as an unfortunate accident.

Perhaps as good a method as any other to estimate the value of a trade—the word rankles!—to an individual is to determine the class of people with whom it makes him associate. These are the persons who will influence his thinking, and fix his general attitude toward life, his habits,

his criteria, his points of view. They will determine what manner of person he will be himself when he reaches his death-bed. They can give him joy and happiness, or they can be the cause of a perpetual pain in his innards that he never quite locates.

Newspaper men form a type almost as distinct as detectives. You can spot one as readily as you can tell a preacher, a policeman, or a politician. Perhaps it is the manner in which they wear their hats; yet it has less to do with apparel than with the way they walk, speak, look at things—a look that says, "We are pretending that we are careless, aggressive, powerful fellows who are on the inside of everything; we know that we aren't, but please respect the pretense, for it is all we have." All this is fastened to their physiognomies. They have a constant expression that is never extinguished by the other emotions that sweep their breasts.

After associating with newspaper men for a number of years, I am convinced that their characters in the mass have this common denominator, making them all brothers under the skin, despite the dissimilarities above it. It is this quality which has foreordained that they must be reporters, whether they will or no. Without it no one could become a reporter, no matter how violently he believed he wished to; with it a man must infallibly answer the call of the tear-bombs and the yodel of the politicians, even though he ardently yearns for peace and respectability.

This common denominator is a persistent romanticism. Other men are also romantic but they are not dosed with romance in sufficient amount to make it the keynote, the foundation, the motif of their make-ups. They can throw it off, become temporarily normal and go about their business and their pleasure unhampered by the subtle something which makes all romanticists, in the last analysis, babyish, impractical, ninnies. But the reporter cannot. Scratch the roughest, gruffest, toughest old police reporter and you will find a moon-calf—one who wishes to be-

lieve that life is a beautiful thing, in which all women are fair and all men brave.

It is this over-dose of romanticism which makes the reporter. He is convinced that life is a fascinating play, and determined to rub shoulders and buttocks with it in the quickest, most intimate, and constant of ways. He knows he cannot do this juggling figures, selling soap, or manufacturing suspenders. His romanticism tells him that, to be happy, he must see life in all its phases. It demands that he know pimps and prelates, murderers and saints, magnates and poor fish. It calls for the dark mystery of crime, the bark of the automatic, the misery of the hospitals—for human nature at its worst and at its best, for all the bewildering cross currents that make life both hideous and beautiful.

This romanticism is responsible for the fiction that newspaper men are cynics. They sense the fact that they are really incurable optimists, persistent ninnies who would always rather believe than doubt, and as a protection from their own disappointment, thrust upon them by an unromantic world, they erect the screen of cynicism, and behind it they hide from themselves and others.

But listen to a police reporter telephone in the simplest, most prosaic of news items, and you will hear him give the lie to any notion that he is not a romanticist. He will not prevaricate, but he will embellish some little point in a manner that gives a real significance to the story, and in doing so he will no doubt come closer to the essential truth than the dull police report. If the story, thus embellished, still falls short of that truth, the reporter cannot help it, for it is life that has fallen short, not he. Stubbornly sentimental, newspaper men always try to make life, as reflected in the public prints, approach their ideal.

It is this characteristic which makes journalists love to consider themselves martyrs, not sorrowful but willing. From managing editor to City Hall man, they all delight in regarding themselves as old

war horses who forsook a life of ease, honor and honorariums to pierce sham with the lance of truth for the edification of an ungrateful public. It is this delusion which makes them say to cubs: "Son, get out of this business. There's nothing in it but hard knocks. Why, if I had taken the advice twenty years ago I am giving you, I'd be worth considerable." If the youngster took this advice and got out of the business, the veteran would be the first to scorn him. He would be sure that there was something unsound in the boy. But he need not fear that his advice will be taken, for the cub never believes that the future holds for him the same fate it has laid upon his advisor. He will be a novelist, or at the least, a London correspondent!

If, however, the newspaper man is thus fundamentally a foolish fellow, he is at least one in a more pleasing way than most men of other professions. It is not fiction to say that he is kind to the point of absurdity; not untrue that he will give the proverbial shirt off his back and has actually given hundreds of dollars to those who promised to refund next pay day. He is charitable, no doubt, because he knows that there is little difference between the murderer and the archbishop. This tolerance is hard to resist. It is what makes me believe that journalism as a trade is superior to most others. He who enters it, associates with gentlemen, for tolerance is their mark.

II

A sound method of estimating the value of a profession—permit me, now, to dignify the calling—is to determine what it does to the individuals who enter it—what manner of men it makes them. What does journalism ask of those who are a part of it? What does it give them and what does it take away? I believe my own experiences are fairly typical, and that they answer these questions.

When I first began reporting, life to me was a fascinating maze in which immense importance was attached to the slightest

incident. That made me a better reporter than I have ever been since, and better than I will ever be again. The fleetest of expressions sweeping across the face of the defendant assumed gigantic import to me and I was determined to make my re-write man feel all that it meant to me. The weeping mother whose son was torn from her arms, preliminary to society's exacting its due, tore at my heart. I felt that I was the mother and that my son was being wrenched away, and I tried to make my story reflect that feeling.

I was a sponge. I felt in duty bound to exude in print everything I had absorbed, so that all could feel as I had felt. After my visits to police courts and morgues, pictures of drunken hags and torn bodies haunted my dreams. They were filled with dead faces and naked, still bodies, and there was always the sound of weeping.

I wallowed in life, a bewildered boy. I thought it was my duty to feel every story as if I, myself, had lived its sordid horror, for how else could I make the reader feel it? During those first few months, with their quick succession of murders, rapes, divorces, robberies, and hangings, life seemed almost too terrible to bear. I forgot all about those millions of homes whose occupants were quiet, industrious, decent people. Life, as I saw it, was a sordid mess. It hurt.

Then I passed into a different stage. I found that I could not feel every story if I desired to remain sane. Gradually I noticed that each new story was always the same. The defendant always scowled. The mother always wept. The judge always admonished. The girl was always pretty. And so I found my pattern, and no longer used my eyes or troubled my heart. Every story fitted into its place, and all I needed were names, addresses, dates.

The re-write men and city editors heaved sighs of relief. When on the telephone I no longer sounded to the re-write man like an evangelist trying to beat into his head the sad, tragic beauty of life, something he already knew all about by trying to sup-

port a family on \$50 a week. I said my little piece and hung up. It was much easier. When I wrote I did not attempt to convey life—and achieve only bilge which the city editor had to have rewritten. I wrote according to the neat, little pattern provided for every story. I was learning.

But I was still sure that most men were evil. I was certain that chiefs of police and sheriffs always took money, that cops always beat prisoners, that mayors always gouged the public, that one could buy anything including honor, and that humanity in general had the lamentable character of a Prohibition agent.

I still believe these things to some extent. But I have noticed that the patrolman who bashes in the drunk's head with his night stick has a picture of his baby in his pocket, and aches to show it to you while he imitates the youngster's coo in a bass voice. I have found that the politician may rob the public, but that he will give to the beggar. I have discovered that the tax assessor may be getting his on the side, but that he is perhaps sending the sons of his dead brother through college. I once met a Prohibition agent who had some decent traits and I am prepared to believe there may be another.

What has all this done for me? It has intensified my tolerance. It has given me a reasonably complete picture of the fabric of modern society—of its manner of correlation, of the myriad threads that compose it, and of their dependence and relation to each other. This knowledge may or may not be transformable into money, but it surely is education in its broadest sense, which I understand humanity sets great store by. If my profession has thus taught me more about mankind, and all its curious twists, than other professions could have taught me, then that in itself proves it superior to those others. For the great objective in life, as I see it, is the contemplation, study, and understanding of the animate and inanimate world in all its phases.

Of course there is another side to the

picture. Like most newspaper men, I am sloppy in dress and manner, careless of time, have a hatred of restrictions, a loathing of responsibility, and am in general a shilly-shallying, unreliable fellow, the disappointment of my friends, and the sorrow of my family. I have often been told that I should have gone into some business in which I would have to be punctual, obedient, neat, courteous, industrious. But I went into the newspaper business, and there my deplorable characteristics were encouraged and intensified, and after an impoverished old age I shall no doubt be plunged into flame.

But I have pictures in my mind I would not trade for greenbacks. Of S. Glen Young and Orie Thomas in the Bloody Williamson Klan war and of their friend the debonair Charlie Birger. Of the third degree of Harry Henke, wife murderer, when the storm hit the old court-house while the voices of his accusers beat upon him in blackness punctuated by red dots that were reporters' cigarettes. Of the attempted escape of Beecher Coleman when the lights went out as he was being tried for murder at midnight in a packed courtroom.

III

Thus far I have discussed journalism and journalists in general, but both are conditioned to a great degree by the character of concrete newspapers. There is the journalism and the reporter found in company with aggressive, intelligent, Liberal sheets—and the good Lord knows such newspapers are getting scarcer as the years fly by. There is the journalism and the reporter fostered by the sanctimonious, snivelling sheet that does not believe in the reporting of crime but has a mighty belief in the holiness of its business office. And there is the journalism bred by the tabloid whose mission is to inquire into the intimate details of the movie queen's stomach trouble, and which requires the type of reporter who will crash gate and gateman

that he may ask the queen about her ailment.

The first type of paper is found in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, upon which, I am proud to say, I worked for four years. Its general policy is agin' everything. It is against the Marines in Nicaragua, against this country's Latin-American policies generally, and all forms of imperialism specifically; it is against Prohibition and the consequent nullifying of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments; it is against Andrew Mellon, against Dr. Coolidge in most situations, and always against his silent smugness; it was one of the few papers which in war days did not yield to the hosannahs of the patriots and later demanded and secured the release of the political prisoners under the Espionage Act; it bullied the Ku Klux Klan, convincing even Klansmen that they were poltroons; it fought tooth and toenail the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti while every business man in its area screeched for their blood; it was largely instrumental in breaking up the warfare that had cursed Southern Illinois for years, after that State had confessed itself helpless.

It has done all this in a forthright, rip-snorting manner. It has put the fear of God into local officials and gained the trust of its readers. Through its news-gathering affiliations it covers the world, and it handles both local and foreign news with unflinching good taste.

Upon such a sheet—would there were more of them!—a journalist may keep his self-respect. He knows that he will never be asked to get a story or write an editorial because it will please a prospective advertiser upon which the business office is gazing with hungry eye. He knows he will not be ordered to visit a groaning broker, and ask him why his wife ran off with the chauffeur. He knows he will not come in with a corking story and then see it killed because it concerns a friend of the owner.

His work is graced with dignity. If there is any merit in newspaper work, if journalism performs a necessary and healthy

function, then it is on such a newspaper as this. Here the reporter is not required to write down on the assumption the reader is a moron. He has the satisfaction of knowing he has contributed to some passing good when he helps remove a powerful rascal from office,—as the *Post-Dispatch* forced the resignation of Federal Judge English upon the eve of impeachment proceedings against him. He can see the tangible results of his efforts and remain a gentleman while he does his work. In consequence, the type of men on such papers is far superior to the type found on others, and through the possession of their self-respect they attain to a measure of genuine contentment.

But since there are not enough newspapers of the *Post-Dispatch* type to accommodate all the newspaper men who must work or starve, many of the trade are forced to seek work elsewhere. Perhaps they land on the sort of paper of which the *Dallas News*, the Bible of Texas, is typical. There are many such papers in the country. They are usually found in the smaller cities, of from 100,000 to 400,000 population. Their news columns are clean but surely not exhilarating.

The *Dallas News*, for example, seldom gives more than a paragraph to the most intriguing of murders. It refuses to print any divorce news, even though the mayor's wife should allege he ran off with his stenographer. It once said in an editorial that there were certain evils inherent in mankind, and that, since these evils would always be with us, the *News* would waste no energy in attacking them. It has clung to that oriental policy.

In its columns one is told, day after day, year in and year out, that the manager of the Chamber of Commerce declares that Dallas is growing, that business is good, that Dallas has a great future. One learns that the First Baptist Church is going to have a picnic, in 600 words. One finds an interview on European relations with the Southwestern sales-manager of the Good-year Rubber Company.

Is this pastoral type of news all there is in such cities? Not at all. The people in Texas are precisely like the people in New York. The politicians are just as crooked as anywhere else, but the *News* would think it ungentlemanly to infer as much, and moreover there is always the danger of a libel suit, and what would the business office say? There are just as many murders per capita, but murder is too vulgar for the *News*. The Remus trial was played down, although it offered an extremely pertinent comment on the effects of Prohibition. But the local Baptists, while drinking their bootleg, would not like to read of bootleggers.

The editorial columns of such papers seldom express a forthright opinion. It might antagonize someone and that would never do. Moreover, one is never sure. So editorials are organized in this wise: "Now it seems that this is the case; but on the other hand, this is also true; so perhaps our first assumption was wrong; at any rate, let us not form an opinion too hastily."

To give the *News* its due, it has first-rate drama and literary sections and a first-rate cartoonist in John Knott. It once took a courageous editorial stand in opposing the Ku Klux Klan. And the Texas libel laws are exceedingly stringent. If it presented an isolated example, one might forgive and forget it. But too large a number of newspapers in the smaller cities possess too large a number of its most banal characteristics, without any of its good ones. Working on such sheets tends to kill a newspaper man as a newspaper man. He knows that real news is forbidden because it might hurt someone's feelings, and if now and then he unwittingly relapses into professional industry the story he obtains is killed when the man it concerns calls up the owner. He must accustom himself to seeing news murdered, a practice as revolting to the genuine newspaper man as is malpractice to a physician. To him news seems to be a living thing, above the right of any man to tamper with or suppress it.

If a newspaper man does finally resign

himself to such depressing surroundings it is because he is no longer a newspaper man. He passes real stories, pertinent, vital stories, on his way to get a top head concerning agricultural conditions, similar to the one he wrote a month ago, or to interview the advertising representative of a washing-machine concern. As he gathers in the eulogistic, complimentary mess which such newspapers print to keep on good terms with everybody, he feels that he might as well be a garbage-collector. He does not, in the manner of newspaper men elsewhere, look down on bond salesmen and insurance solicitors. He envies them.

The tabloids, and their mother, the Hearst press, with their insatiable prying into human privacies, should no doubt be held more reprehensible than the class of papers just described. To a portion of the public they no doubt are, but to the newspaper man they are not. I am writing no brief for lingerie journalism, but at least it recognizes that the primary sources of news, news which will be certain to interest all the public, are found in love, money, conflict and death. Since from these four things most of life emanates, and since most newspaper men believe it is the prime function of a newspaper to reflect honestly the life that surrounds it, they know that when working on such a sheet that they are at least approaching journalism, even though through its sewers.

Moreover there is something in every newspaper man which joys in the stench of the stink-bomb, the pop of the flashlight, and the ardor of the chase after a panicky victim. No matter how many times the genuine reporter pushes through the crowd surrounding the body, he receives a subtle thrill. When the maniac barricades himself and begins to shoot it out, the true journalist feels a surge which is a voiceless vote of thanks. When the big butter-and-egg man adopts a chorus girl for the purpose of educating her, the true newsmonger loves to bait him. This is all very shameful, no doubt, but it is rather

stimulating, and it can all be found on the tabloids and their kin.

The menace of such sheets is not directed as much toward the newspaper man as toward the public. They place too much extra-legal authority in the hands of those who have no right to it. During my nineteenth year, with no more sense than most in that year, I had a man and his wife arrested for murder, two brothers arrested for a second murder, went into a number of private homes and questioned their owners as to their sex life, charged a society matron with being a thief, and in every instance I was wrong. But I worked for a powerful yellow, and my victims knew the consequences of doing me bodily harm.

I recall one occasion when I was working on the murder of a prominent doctor. The telephone operator of the apartment in which he had lived told me she had heard a man threaten him a short time before his death. She gave me the telephone number and upon calling Information, I found that it was the home of a well known manufacturer. It was then after midnight. The telephone girl and I jumped into a taxi and rushed to the home. The sleepy capitalist came to the door after my persistent pounding. He was a mild mannered Dutchman. Flashing my press-badge, I pushed in.

"Is that the man?" I asked the girl.

"I can't tell when he's in his pajamas," she answered.

"Put on your clothes," I instructed him.

For some reason he did so, and paraded up and down before the operator, who after squinting at him through half closed eyes as if he were an oil painting, identified him. I called the police and had him and his wife arrested. They were released after it was found that the telephone operator was a bit balmy—and after the story of their arrest was in the newspapers.

I could tell of similar incidents—incidents to me, but tragedies to those they affected. Of how, when a prominent lawyer was trying to put over a fast one on a rich widow to whom he was engaged,

without going through the formality of divorcing his first wife, I pushed into the rich widow's home, where the two were cooing, and my information caused him to confess to his affianced that he was already married. The scene that followed, the tears and recriminations, the son who burst into the room with a revolver to make short shrift of the hapless attorney—all this was described that day in my paper.

Such a life is fascinating in its very unreality, but it is bad for the public and bad for the newspaper man. It works to his detriment because the practices employed are inherently unfair, and make him likewise. The reporter takes heartless advantage of everyone. He victimizes constantly, often pretending to be a sympathetic friend while worming out a story. He becomes a ghoul. He loses his self-respect and ceases to be a newspaper man, or any other kind of man.

IV

But any newspaper man who says that journalism is a nuisance which should be suppressed is indulging in the martyr complex. The surest proof that it is bearable to him is the fact that he is in it.

This proof discredits the whining complaint of poor pay. If there is one thing he who is now a newspaper man knew before he became one, it is the fact that his monetary awards would be small. Knowing this, he entered the business for other reasons. A monk has as much right to complain that he cannot become rich in his calling as a newspaper man. Both knew what they were getting into before they did so. And if they are money hungry both can quit. Perhaps the wives of newspaper men would carry the analogy one step further and advocate celibacy for journalists. It would be a boon to all concerned.

The liabilities connected with the business are mainly not the fault of journalists or of journalism. They are the fault of the business men who buy and operate news-

papers without knowing or caring anything about journalism. But numerous newspaper men work for sheets operated by men of this class, and the kind of journalism they practise is still sufficiently attractive for them to stay in it. If a journalist wants to badly enough, even though such sheets are few, he can always ultimately find employment with a liberal, honest, aggressive newspaper upon which he can come close to realizing his ideal.

To sum up, any profession should be judged by the type of men with whom it forces one to associate, by what it does to and for those who enter it, and by what it teaches them of the world they are in. It seems to me that those with whom one associates in the newspaper business are the peers in temperament and humanity, at

least, of those found in any other trade, business, or profession; that its experience gives a man tolerance, the primary and necessary requisite of a gentleman; that if the most successful life is the one which causes one to absorb and understand the world and all that's in it, then newspaper work offers greater chances to attain that goal than any other profession.

But it is only when one is pleading a special case, with more concern for consistency than for truth, that conclusions are clear cut and definite. When truth is the objective striven for, it arrives in mixed form, with this to be said for the subject and this to be said against it. Yet, if it seems that I have unwittingly become a special pleader, forgive it, for perhaps I feel towards my profession as Stephen Decatur felt towards his country.

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MR. BLEASE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

BY O. L. WARR

WHEN a senatorial filibusterer is in need of assistance, he has only to lift a finger and wink at the Hon. Coleman Livingston Blease, LL.B., his eminent colleague from the sovereign State of South Carolina. Immediately he is afforded an opportunity to shift his weight from his legs to his haunches, and to suck loudly a cough drop or swig surreptitiously from his flask, while the Senator from South Carolina horns in.

The purpose of the filibuster or the personnel of its conductors makes no difference to Coley. He leaps to the assistance of a hoarse and wobbling enemy as quickly as he aids an exhausted friend. When the Hon. David A. Reed, LL.D., of Pennsylvania, set out to talk to death the Vane investigating committee of his cousin from Missouri, Coley performed the duties of a loyal second with all the heartiness of an ally. Indeed, so zealous was his defense of the invaded rights of the great State of Pennsylvania that he refused to heed the stop signal when a compromise was effected between the quarreling relatives. He reminded his fidgeting associates that he held four aces, and he swung to that unbeatable hand until the clock struck the hour that ended the session.

Any mention of a change in the Senate rules, looking to the throttling of filibusters, causes Coley to pound the desk with his fist, and flames his face to a double red. His anger in this direction reached its peak when an unholy combination of Wilson-worshipping Democrats from the South and League-hating Republicans from the North spun reels of parliamentary tape over the mouths of the minority which

opposed entrance to the World Court. In his heated warning to his Southern brethren on that occasion is to be found his reason for his friendliness to the ancient senatorial weapon of hindrance.

Coley, it appears, foresees the day when some wicked Yankee will introduce another anti-lynching bill, and he realizes that in that dire hour the filibuster alone can protect the South from its appalling consequences. Hence his tenacious defense of the only bludgeon with which the threatening hydra can be put to rest whenever it raises its hellish heads.

Since Coley first appeared in the public eye some four decades ago, he has been the most ardent known defender of the divine right of the Caucasian race to dispose of the offending blackamoor without benefit of jury. His numerous disquisitions upon the philosophy of lynching, which he refers to as "a ceremony," have brought him high public office in his native State and periodical publicity in other portions of the nation.

During his four years as Governor of South Carolina, the local mobs of Nordic avengers were not interrupted in the performance of their sacred duties. When a group of them in one small town strung up a trio of Negroes on a single limb, they received a compliment from their chief executive: "You did like men and defended your neighbors and put their black bodies under the ground." A daily newspaper which criticized this attitude was denounced as

an upholder and defender of the Negroes as having rights on an equality with white men, which has on every occasion condemned white men, by

calling them murderers and outlaws and hoodlums, who have dared to stand in the open in the defense of the virtue of the white womanhood of our State—our mothers and sisters.

The Senator is no less of an idealist in his attitude toward the non-criminal Negro. Soon after his arrival in Washington, he introduced a bill prohibiting the intermarriage of whites and blacks, and another requiring separate accommodations for white and colored passengers on all street cars in the District of Columbia. These efforts in behalf of the imperilled whites have thus far been thwarted by antagonistic Senate committees.

That a black man may ride in a Pullman coach—"in the very berth beneath, or above, or next to, the berth occupied by a white lady"—causes Coley to shudder with righteous horror, as does the painful knowledge that there are "Negroes in the mail coaches and Negroes in towns and cities delivering mail to the white ladies at their doors."

When the Hon. Herbert Hoover won the applause of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People with his order prohibiting race segregation in the Department of Commerce, he brought down upon his head impassioned verbal attacks from South Carolina's hero. In a lengthy fulmination, widely circulated in doubtful portions of the Bible Belt, Coley contemptuously referred to Dr. Hoover as "a man who is in favor of making young white girls use the same water-closets as Negro men." The effects of this were shown on November 6, when South Carolina, despite the parsons, rolled up a huge majority for Al.

In a notable explanation of the antipathy of the true Southerner to his dark-skinned brother, Coley made a valuable and hitherto uncredited contribution to the olfactory sciences. He said:

If there was nothing else, a Negro would be offensive because of his natural human smell. You can take a Negro and take a tub of the hottest water you can get him into, and use all the soap you can use, then take him out and cover him with cologne, and in five minutes he will smell just as offensive as he did before you washed him.

After reading into the *Congressional Record* an account of a speech by Dr. Mordecai Johnson, president of Howard University, upon the subject of racial amalgamation, Coley gave the doctor a hint of the fate in store for him should he venture upon Southern soil:

If that Negro ever comes into South Carolina and makes a speech like that, he will come out—oh, yes, he will come out, and he will never bother us any more after he gets out.

The education of the Negroes is another phase of the race question that brings fire from this super-Vardaman. The address he delivered upon the occasion of his first inauguration as Governor of the Palmetto State, almost two decades ago, contained the following:

I am opposed to white people's taxes being used to educate Negroes . . . In my opinion, when the people of this country began to try to educate the Negro they made a serious and grave mistake.

The appalling fact that white persons are teaching in Negro schools and colleges in his own, his native State, has caused Coley to pass many a sleepless night. Upon advocating the passage of a legislative act outlawing this pernicious practice, he held up for the lawmakers' inspection a picture of a mixed faculty in a Negro college, and reminded them that the assembled traitors to the white race were teaching their pupils "that they are as good as white people, instilling into their heads ideas of social equality."

During his gubernatorial reign, the last of the few black officeholders in the State were sent to Davy Jones's locker. When amateur detectives ferreted out a Negro school trustee in a remote corner of the Commonwealth, an extra session of the State Board of Education was immediately called, and out he went. Negro notaries, who could have been counted on the fingers of a one-armed man, were also on the proscribed list. To rid the State of these afflictions, Coley revoked the commission of every notary public within his jurisdiction, and a niveous skin was the one requisite of reappointment.

II

There are those who mistakenly assume that this apostle of white supremacy is interested only in matters of color. But thirty autobiographical lines in the *Congressional Directory*—and only seven men in Congress have longer chapters in that book of horn-tooting—reveal him to be also the Senate's champion joiner.

Therein he is heralded as the grand master, grand patriarch, and grand representative from South Carolina to the grand encampment and grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Palmetto braves of the Improved Order of Red Men claim him not only as their blood brother, but as their great sachem and great representative. Fellow stags in the Loyal Order of Moose once made him their dictator and representative to the supreme lodge. By the Knights of Pythias he was awarded the shield of chancellor commander. From the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks he has received equal honors, and the Woodmen of the World count him as one of their magnificoes. Membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, insures his future bliss.

Unrecorded in the register is the fact that Coley's boyhood days were spent around a small town livery stable, and that at fourteen his ability as a rider won for him a silver cup at the county fair. Horseback riding remains his only interest in the field of sports. Hunting and fishing have never occupied a single moment of his time, and it is only with compunction that he swats a fly. To imagine him wearing plus-fours is simply beyond the powers of the human mind. If he ever reads a book, the fact is carefully concealed from his friends.

As an orator, Coley early won both fame and notoriety. During his junior year at the home town college, a bare majority of the judges declared him the loser of the annual speaking contest, the major event at all Southern institutions before the introduction of the pigskin. Citizens made indignant by the decision raised a fund by

public subscription and presented him a gold watch chain, which remains until today his most highly prized dingus. Thus encouraged, he entered the State University and engaged the spellbinders there. Alas, the results were disastrous! Some snooping student discovered that his oration was sadly lacking in originality. As a result, his name immediately disappeared from the roll, and he concluded his education at the Georgetown University Law School. There he became *Legum baccalaureus*.

Many a visitor to the Senate galleries, confidently expecting to see a ruffian at Coley's desk, is surprised to behold instead a man sprucely and scrupulously, almost dudishly, attired. His carefully selected suits, made in the studios of the best tailors in Charleston, the London of America, never fail to harmonize with his black bow tie. When he goes outside the lobby a broad-brimmed black hat, covering a bristly and frequently brushed pompadour, completes the not displeasing ensemble.

Coley's fastidiousness extends into fields other than dress, for he has often been accused of being over-finicky at barbecues and fish stews, essential features of all public orgies and ceremonials in his diocese. This meticulous neatness also has its effect on the appearance of his desk, upon which no letter lies overnight. The care with which the most insignificant papers are locked up is a result of the snooping of private detectives during his gubernatorial terms, and of Secret Service agents during the late war. For the same reason, the doors of his old law office were triply locked and bolted, and even today his memory of the days when dictographs were freely used causes him to lock every door during all conversations, however trivial the subject.

The dictograph was used against Coley by Detectives Burns and Felder, during the days when he was Governor. They hoped to catch him in the act of selling pardons and commutations, of which 1,743

were delivered during his four years in office. Until this record of amnesty was eclipsed by the Hon. Ma Ferguson in Texas, Coley was accustomed to point to it with pride, and his friends explained it as a natural fruit of the impulsively sympathetic nature which sometimes causes him to hand out unrequested five-dollar bills to old darkies of his acquaintance, and impelled him to grant freedom to chain-gang convicts who were wise enough to greet him on the streets with a worshipful "Good mohnin', suh. You is sho like de Lawd Jesus Chris' to us po' niggus, suh."

By opposition newspapers—and during his first successful campaign for the governorship he was subjected to the barrage of every sheet in the State except two small weeklies—this opening of the penitentiary gates was attributed to a desire for revenge upon the social snubbers of the State capital, as well as to a hankering for additional backers on primary day. Many an editorial "We told you so" was uttered when, shortly before the expiration of his last term, he issued a blanket pardon restoring citizenship to about a thousand convicts to whom paroles had previously been given. Upon his retirement the *Insurance Herald* breathed ink relief, for it had already printed the warning that the insurance companies might stop the writing of policies in South Carolina because of the wholesale loosing of firebrands and felons.

III

If Coley has ever told a joke in public speech or private conversation the occasion has been forgotten. But an unverified story is repeated that a jubilant anti-Bleasite who wired him immediately after one of his defeats, asking "How do you feel this morning?" grinned dryly upon receiving the reply: "Like Lazarus; licked by the dogs."

Coley's similitudes, however, especially those which compare persons with objects, usually bear a racy flavor of the stableyard.

On the day after Frank R. Kent had panned him in an article in the *Baltimore Sunpaper*, Coley informed his assembled colleagues that, although parliamentary rules prevented him from describing Mr. Kent, the nature of the man could be ascertained by a glance at the initials on the keys to rooms in the Senate Office Building, all of which are stamped with the three letters, S. O. B.

The Hon. Charles G. Dawes heard himself compared by Coley to "a June bug on a potato vine, ready to jump on the first potato bug that comes up," and he once informed his hearers that a certain State judge knew "no more about law than a bo'-shoat knows about a psalm-book." During the discussion of the Vare case in the Senate Coley's opinion of one of the actors was delicately illustrated as follows:

So far as Mr. Vare's certificate is concerned, I do not know anything about Mr. Pinchot, but I was told by my daddy when I was a little boy that it was a mighty dirty bird that would befoul its own nest.

This refined allusion is a reminder of the fact that Coley has himself been compared with a bird of prey upon at least three occasions. Shortly before his first election to the Governorship, the *Columbia State* carried a front page cartoon portraying the Commonwealth threatened by a vulture whose head and face were unmistakably similar to his own. Two years later, and upon the eve of another election day, Lawyer Felder tickled an investigating committee from the antagonistic Legislature with a promise to "show by the records that Bleas is not fit to sit in a convention of buzzards. . . . If there is any crime that he has not committed, I think that it can be attributed to lack of opportunity or inadvertence on his part." More recently, after a joint attack upon the stricken Woodrow and the World Court, he was reminded by a brother Democrat that "when Prometheus was bound to the rock, it was a vulture and not an eagle that clawed at his vitals."

The odor of the barnyard also pervades

Coley's occasional witticisms and quaint expressions of opinion. "I hope that when some people eat crow in the morning they will puke until they have to be sent to Dr. Kendall's establishment," was his euphemistic announcement to the press upon the night of his first election to major office. Concerning the wicked theory nullified by law in Tennessee, Coley gave utterance to the following illuminating paragraph:

I have no sympathy with the theory of evolution, although in some respects I have pretty nearly changed my mind since I came to Washington. When I see a man sitting in a restaurant smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke in the face of a perfectly respectable woman, I have my doubts whether God created him in His image or not—serious doubts.

The plight of the buck private during the war led him to compare that unfortunate boy to "a toothless preacher at a chicken dinner," and the Heflinian ravings brought forth this explanation of theological position:

I do not believe in this political fight on religion. . . . All I want to know is if a man is on my side of the house, if he believes in his Creator, and if he endeavors to carry out with some modification the Ten Commandments. I expect him to modify some of them, because I think we all do.

While giving utterance to the above, Coley probably forgot that his seat in the Senate was won for him by a small group of Carolina Catholics who, shortly before the election, publicly promised their support to his opponent. Thrilling to the heart of every loyal Legionnaire and Daughter of the American Revolution was his patriotic declaration that "we can whip any country in the world. . . . I know we can do it, and if we can not, then let us get an army and navy that can."

Coley's county-to-county campaigning in South Carolina is the despair of the "better element," limited chiefly to Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and a few white-collared evangelicals, and the delight of the howling mobs of Holy Rollers and their closely allied sects, the Wesleyan Methodists and the wash-foot Baptists. By the former group he is periodically de-

nounced as a feather-legged demagogue; members of the latter, including thousands of sallow-faced mill workers and half-starved farmers, as regularly hail him as a demigod.

During one of his passionate reassertions of his undying love for the man without wealth, a blue-shirted clodhopper, gazing worshipfully at his idol on the stand, promised in a solemn tone: "Coley, I'd vote fer you even if you was to steal my mule tonight." And an open-mouthed spinner gravely added the declaration that "I'd put my vote in fer Coley if I was a-standin' knee-deep in Hell." No other South Carolinian since the Populist days of Pitchfork Ben Tillman has aroused in his supporters the spirit of song. In the heyday of the fight between the Bleasites and the antis, itinerant beggars with accordions, autoharps and mouth organs built up numerous verses suitable for street-corner singing around the following charming refrain:

Roll up yer sleeves and say whatcha please,
The man fer the office is Cole L. Blease.

Another evidence of the enthusiasm of the South Carolina hero-worshippers is to be found in the result of a pre-convention straw vote for the presidential nomination conducted by the Greenville *Piedmont*, an afternoon paper in a textile town. Coley received twice as many ballots as all the other Democrats combined. In a similar plebiscite conducted by the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, he came fifth upon the list, outranking Walsh, George, Baker, Donahay, and even Heflin.

His unbreakable hold upon about a third of the voters in his principality passes the understanding of his opponents, who repeatedly fail to profit by the explanation of an Aiken groomer of polo ponies that "even though Coley don't ever do a durn thing for us poor fellows, he does at least promise us somethin', and that's more'n any of the others do." A vote for him has come to be the dissatisfied Carolinian's method of protest against the powers that be, and when, as in 1924, the

disgruntled protestants are sufficiently numerous, then is accomplished the miracle of his perennial political resurrection.

Only one of his numerous competitors has possessed the knack of turning the laughter of the Carolina robots upon Coley. When shouting supporters once carried their hero from the speakers' platform on their shoulders, this shaker of the political Attic salt held up his hand for silence. "Gentlemen," he cried, during a lull in the yelling, "I have attended many a funeral in my life, but this is the first at which I have ever seen the pallbearers a-whoopin' and a-hollerin'. And this is truly a political funeral, for I am going to bury Cole Blease so damned deep that when he does dig out, he'll scratch out in Hell face foremost." Ten years, in fact, passed before Coley scratched into the United States Senate.

Upon another occasion this same bant-erer, after jeering at Coley's thoughtfulness in appointing for his protection a personal bodyguard, aroused loud and good-natured cheers with this reference to the early livery stable associations of the hero:

Cole Blease romped over the State two years ago bridleless and riderless. But I'm the man who's taken the "case" out of Blease. I've put a bridle on him. I've got a curb bit in his teeth and I'm popping the spurs into his side, driving him back to the livery stable in Newberry, where he belongs.

At the closing meeting of the same campaign a more seriously disposed opponent, blowing off steam before his own home town folks, shoved his jaw close to Coley's and twice called him "a dirty, contemptible liar." But instead of replying with the traditional biff on the nose, Coley hitched his thumbs beneath his suspenders, stalked to the opposite side of the stage, forced a chuckle, and with befitting dignity asked: "Isn't it funny how big a cock can crow on his own dung-hill?"

In olden days Coley seldom passed a campaign day without also passing the lie, and once a pointed reference to "your nigger sweetheart" was flung into the teeth of an interrupter. After four consecu-

tive defeats, however, he saw the error of his ways, and in his victorious campaign for the Senate he ran upon a platform stressing "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," and occasionally even acted as peacemaker between his snarling opponents. He continued the rôle at the Houston convention, where he was instrumental in saving Bishop James Cannon, Jr., the Prohibition Pope, from a drubbing at the hands of the fiery Senator Tydings of Maryland.

Accustomed to the antagonistic rattle of the press, and with only seven victories to his credit out of seventeen campaigns, Coley can philosophically inform his more fortunate colleagues that "I do not worry about being defeated. I have been beaten a whole lot more than I have been elected."

IV

"I am not running on Mr. Woodrow Wilson's coat-tails," was one of his campaign statements in 1914, prompted by a snub that he had received from the immortal protector of democracy, and by the fact that no Bleasite had been appointed to any Federal office. Thus begun, the enmity between the two grew like Mr. Finney's turnip, and when the Prince of Peace declared himself in favor of war, Coley's line of duty automatically became clear. Even after the Marines were on their way, he gave his followers the low-down on the situation, advising them that "if it hadn't been for money interests in England, we wouldn't be in the war." His prediction of the lighting of fresh fires in Hell as a result of the conflict ran thus:

I believe religiously, as firmly as I believe there is a God in Heaven, that on the final Judgment Day every American citizen who is killed in this war off American soil will be charged against the President of the United States, and the members of Congress who voted for it, as an unwarranted sacrifice, in the sight of Almighty God, of fresh young American manhood. . . . In my opinion, the only way to receive relief is to wipe out of political existence the present powers that be.

When the passage of the Sedition Act and the rising tide of patriotism made the

deliverance of such speeches perilous, Coley became mute. But he was already on the list of suspects, and Secret Service sleuths regularly sought for hints of treason and conspiracy in his incoming and outgoing mail. The bond buyers and sock knitters howled for his blood, and he was sent for a long ride down the political chute in 1918, when Dr. Wilson tersely requested his defeat in the race for a place in the Senate.

His days as a winner within the Democratic party appeared to be over, and in the following year he announced himself as an independent candidate for Congress. The better judgment of his friends caused him to withdraw, but the President and the Cabinet remained the targets of his tongue, and the Hon. William Gibbs McAdoo was derisively described as the man who "came down to our State with two or three holes in the seat of his breeches and walked up Main street at the head of a crowd begging people to buy Liberty bonds." His position was further clarified by a letter to Tieless Joe Tolbert, in which he informed the State boss of the black-and-tans that "I am a Democrat, not a so-called Wilsonian Democrat, but a Jeffersonian Democrat, who rejoiced at Harding's election and the downfall of idealism." During the World Court debate, his colleagues in Washington were afforded a fuller explanation of his attitude. Said he:

I did not vote for Mr. Harding, but I supported him. . . . I told my people on the stump, man to man, that I was for Harding against Cox, because when Cox came to Washington and knelt down at the shrine, and then went to New York and declared for the League of Nations, right then and there he severed me from him politically. I would not vote for any man in the world, Democrat or no Democrat, who would tell me that he was in favor of the League of Nations or the League Court.

When accused of infidelity, however, Coley angrily replied that "any one who says I have done one act of disloyalty to my party is a damned liar." But his arrival at the capital was mysteriously overlooked by the generally genial Joe Robinson, and when he did receive a belated invitation to

the party caucus he returned an uncomplimentary reply.

Early in 1928, Coley suggested the ideal national ticket for the year: the Hon. Lee Slater Overman for President, and the Hon. William Edgar Borah for Vice-President. Apprehending the coldness with which this ticket might be received, he prophetically warned the Democrats that the nomination of Al would be but a waste of time and cash. In spite of this warning, however, his contribution to the party kitty in the campaign was among the largest from South Carolina, and in the holy city of Augusta, Ga., his speech in behalf of the cause brought down eggs from the gallery.

"If we have to buy capital by murdering women and children, for God's sake let it go, let it go!" was Coley's rousing reply to the prediction that a ten-hour law would ruin every cotton mill in South Carolina. Assuredly that statement must have been heartening to the lone dozen Socialists in Charleston. Queerly enough, though, when Coley reached the executive office, the gubernatorial toe separated the factory inspectors from their jobs, and even the regular appropriation for the State Board of Health was vetoed.

Upon all other questions which have confronted the buyers and sellers of ballots, Coley has been equally unhesitant and dignified in making known his opinions. Indeed, his majestic manner of presenting his views once evoked a gibe from the mighty *Wall Street Journal*: "Governor Cole Blease says he is standing on his dignity; he must have a hard time keeping his feet." There was, for instance, the matter of compulsory education. The champion of the poor and oppressed rolled up his sleeves, tightened his suspenders, and waded in:

Of course I am opposed to compulsory education. . . . I have never yet seen or heard a respectable or common sense argument in favor of it. It comes from those who expect to receive higher salaries by it . . . or else from some narrow-minded bigot who has made a failure in raising his own children . . . and now wants to attempt to raise somebody else's.

And there was another occasion upon

which he took time off to pay his respects, in no uncertain terms, to the Extension Service maintained by the Department of Agriculture:

There are now being sent around over the State people called "farm demonstrators" who are being paid large salaries out of the taxpayers' pockets, and who are giving absolutely no return for the money. The very idea of a man being paid a salary and his expenses to go around and tell farmers the necessity for them to plant grain, to raise hogs, to diversify crops!

Coley's attitude toward Prohibition shows him as a chameleon of many changing colors, and his present disposition of the question is both unique and adroit. None of his numerous and various beliefs, however, has acted to prevent his giving constant and careful attention to the advice of the Apostle Paul concerning the salutary effect of wine upon the stomach. One result is that he sometimes finds it necessary to wash down a calomel tablet for the sake of the same organ.

Thirty-six years ago his home county sent him to the Legislature for the second time, and simultaneously voted two to one in favor of bunging up all the cider casks and beer barrels. Eager to please, the young statesman threw into the hopper, upon the first day of the next session, a bill providing for absolute Prohibition, excepting only for the communion service. But he conveniently forgot this hastily conceived crusade after the establishment of the State dispensary system, and a decade and a half later he was being charged with combining his job as agent for a brewer with his duties as a member of the State Senate.

When running for Governor, he informed one audience that "I have never voted for Prohibition and I never expect to. . . . I take a nip when I want it;" and to another group he declared: "I come from a county that claims to be a Prohibition county, God save the mark!" When a heckler in a third crowd yelled, "What about beer?" he was requested by Coley to "bring me a glass of it up here, and I can talk about it better." That this *laissez faire* attitude did not extend to other and newer forms of sin,

however, is evidenced by the following from his inaugural address:

I beg leave to call your attention to the evil of the habitual drinking of Coca-Cola, Pepsi-Cola, and such like mixtures, as I fully believe they are injurious. It would be better for our people if they had nice, respectable places where they could go and buy a good, pure glass of cold beer than to drink such concoctions. I recommend that you pass an act prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes by boys under the age of sixteen years, and prohibiting the sale of cigarettes and cigarette papers in this State.

Having delivered himself of this preaching, Coley thereafter remained publicly silent upon the troublesome subject until he was comfortably seated in the Senate. Then he made a solemn pronouncement: "Any man who thinks this country has Prohibition is an ignorant fool. . . . Yes, we have it; we have it for the poor devil who has not the money to buy, and that is all." He went even further, and exposed a few of the iniquitous practices of the righteous enforcers of the Volstead Act. "They," he asserted,

seize a man's automobile, take the best parts of it off, and put them on their own automobile, take the old wornout car into town, and sell it; they seize his liquor, take it to their rooms, and sell it instead of turning it in as they ought to do.

These and similar remarks from a hero of the dry-voting and corn-guzzling South put new hope into the despondent members of the beer bloc. Alas, when voting time comes, the name of their supposed recruit appears upon the dry side of the legislative ledger. "I'm for Prohibition because my State wants it, but personally I'm against it," he once explained.

In this manner does he continue to walk, with one foot upon the Sahara and the other touching the brass rail. His words of wetness win the support of conscientious objectors to the Amendment, and the casting of his vote according to Anti-Saloon League prescription insures the votes of the professional abstainers. However numerous the other Congressional amphibians, Coley alone possesses the recipe for a successful blending of humid speeches and arid votes.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

LEADING editorial in the celebrated Fayetteville *Democrat*:

If you can see "The King of Kings" and remain unmoved, you already have lost your soul and there is no use endeavoring to save it.

If you can sit through the portrayal of the Greatest Story in the World and not leave the theatre without feeling at least a slight desire to live better, you already are too hard-boiled ever to be better.

For "The King of Kings" is the acme of excellence in the things of the cinema.

"Immortal, emotional, reverent drama of the Life of Christ," this picture, in the opinion of the writer, is preëminently the greatest production of all the great productions so far shown on the screen. To even imagine a greater seems impossible.

THE eminent *Pike County Tribune* offers its apologies to a solid citizen whom it has unwittingly hurt:

We wish to call the attention of our readers to an error that appeared in the September court docket as published in the *Tribune* two weeks ago. We reported "State of Arkansas vs. Will Smalling," selling liquor; when it should have read "State of Arkansas vs. Will Smalling," for making liquor. We are very sorry that the error occurred, as Mr. Smalling is regarded by all who know him as among one of the best law-abiding citizens in the Kirby community, and is always on the right side of all moral issues.

EDITOR BEN M. BOGARD, of the *Baptist & Commoner*, illuminates a difficult text:

What is the mark of the beast (Rev. xiii, 17)? The mark of the beast can best be determined if we first find for sure what the beast is. All Baptist commentators that I know of agree that Romanism is the beast and its mark would be the ONE THING that distinguishes it from all other organizations. That one thing is the Latin language. No matter what country they are in the LATIN language is used in their services. Everything else they have or do is had or done by some one else. But LATIN is the one thing that differentiates them from all other organizations.

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F-O-M-E carlines, Los Angeles

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the eminent *Times* of the same great town:

REJUVENATION through use of tonsils, will give party same for an education. Am demonstrating in my physical makeup. Lectured before Stanford University. Box 85443. Exam.

THE Santa Barbara *Daily News* rises to protest:

Although the Elks convention took official cognizance of the fact that indecent circulars have been distributed among women and girls in this city and at least a gesture toward a cleanup was made, conditions in Santa Barbara last night were worse than on the previous night.

Life was made miserable for decent guests in the hotels by the action of groups of drunken men wearing Elks' badges. Some of the permanent guests in the hotels left their rooms to find peace and quiet in the homes of friends.

Because of the indecent behavior of countless men wearing regalia of the Elks, the streets were made unsafe for women. By reckless driving of scores of automobiles loaded with men in the regalia or uniforms of the Elks, the lives of those on the streets were endangered.

The convention of the Elks has come to an end. The *News* is glad that it is over. In the light of the experience of the past three days the *News* devoutly hopes that the lodge of Elks will never again ask to be entertained in Santa Barbara.

There is an apparent attempt on the part of those in charge of the convention to place upon strangers the blame for the publication and distribution of the obscene circular of which the *News* has complained.

Responsibility for this infamous production lies squarely at the door of the lodge itself. These circulars were distributed in official rooms of the Elks building. They were there in considerable number the day after they first made their appearance.

They could not have been there without the knowledge of the members of the organization. In fact it is difficult to see how they could have escaped official notice.

SPIRITUAL news from the Gerber correspondent of the Sacramento *Bea*:

Another original event was featured in Gerber when the Community Church led by the Rev. C. W. Cutler, conducted a cooking demonstration to provide a foundation for the evening sermon. The choir of twenty girls appeared in white aprons and caps, while the Rev. Cutler took off his coat and vest, and put on a cook's apron and a cap before the congregation. An electric range was brought to the pulpit. Batter was mixed and the pastor started cooking flap-jacks. Then the choir members took the cakes around among the congregation, but no one would volunteer to eat them, because the cooking was but half done. The sermon, the Rev. Cutler said, was an original one based on a phrase in the Bible taken from Hosea vii, 8, "Ephraim is a cake not turned." From this theme he based a sermon on the faults of leading what was termed a half-baked life. He pointed out the dangers of being half baked educationally, politically, and religiously, concluding by saying that the solution was to be found in being prepared.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

NEWS item in the celebrated Washington *News*:

If Christ were here today he might be attending the car-fare conference of the Public Utilities Commission, in the opinion of Dr. Chesteen Smith, pastor of Hamline Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixteenth and Allison streets, nw.

GEORGIA

THE trials and tribulations of life in Dahlonga, as reported by the illustrious *Nugget*:

Reports from accidents caused by the late freeze still keep coming in. The last one is from Crumby's District but nothing serious. Being a lady in that section who went out to chop wood enough for a fire one of those cold days when a chew of tobacco froze in her mouth and began swelling. An effort was made to spit it out, but failed. So the lady caught hold of a dog-

wood bush with one hand, using the other to get relief. By putting one finger behind the frozen chew of tobacco for a pry, out popped the cud of tobacco and killed a snow bird.

MARYLAND

THE REV. DR. ROBERT E. BROWNING, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, of Baltimore, as reported by the *Evening Sun*:

Unless men and women keep the Prohibition Amendment they should not be permitted to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

MASSACHUSETTS

ANNOUNCEMENT of the history department of Atlantic Union College, South Lancaster:

The moral and ethical sciences find their greatest commentary in history. We may indeed say "history is philosophy teaching by example," or, in the words of Froude, "history is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong." In history as well as in the Word of God, do we "behold behind, above and through all the play and counterplay of human interests and power and passions, the agencies of the all-merciful One silently, patiently working out the counsels of His Own will."

It is the aim of the history department to familiarize the student, not merely with the facts of history, but particularly to enable him to trace the hand of God in the affairs of nations and individuals, and to portray before him the unfolding of God's plan as foretold in the prophecies of the Bible, to strengthen faith in God's word through the study of prophecy, to train in the use of evidence, and to give the student an understanding of the responsibilities of life, thus enabling him to develop his own character up to the highest standard and do all in his power for the uplift of his fellowmen.

CONTRIBUTION to theological science by the Rev. M. S. Buckingham of Edgartown, as reported by the *Vineyard Gazette*:

The Neighborhood Convention met at the Lambert's Cove Church. . . . The Rev. M. S. Buckingham had the sermon, "Eternal Life." He held that eternal life was more than eternal existence. It is not moral life, nor intellectual life, nor æsthetic life, nor social life, nor all combined. It is real biological union with God.

MICHIGAN

THE illustrious *Record* of Wyandotte does its bit for local culture:

Owing to the fact that Wyandotte, Grosse Ile, and one or two other communities among

the fifteen covered in their entirety by the *Record*, are located in Detroit's largest, most thickly settled and most influential district, this paper is particularly anxious to review all the latest books as fast as issued.

No other district, either inside the Detroit city limits, or outside, can boast of so much culture as can Grosse Ile, the Beautiful. Upon this charming island are located some of the most magnificent homes, finest golf courses, and beautiful waterways in America. Detroit's most exclusive and expensive organization of aviation men, known as the Chateau Voyageurs, have their club-house, airport and mammoth hangar on Grosse Ile. The club-house, one of the finest in America—bar none—was formerly the home of R. E. Olds, of auto fame, and cost, it is said, \$5,000,000. The membership of the club comprises such men as Edwin Denby, former Secretary of the Navy; Edsel Ford, president of the Ford Motor Co.; Henry Ford; Senator James Couzens, and hundreds of other leading business and professional men.

We will appreciate it, our readers will appreciate it, and you will reap a proportionate reward, if you will forward such books as you think will appeal to the better class of Detroiters and suburbanites, when issued, without a request from us. Such books will be reviewed and a copy of the review promptly sent you.

The Record,
Wyandotte, Michigan.
Detroit's Greatest Suburban Paper.

WHAT a distinguished firm of Kalamazoo has printed on its wrapping paper:

CODE OF ETHICS

THE PRINCIPLES THAT GOVERN MEMBERSHIP IN THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

1. I reaffirm my allegiance to my Country and its Constitution, and I believe in its everlasting endurance through law and order.

2. I believe in the Laundry Industry, its future, and its obligation to the American Home.

3. I believe that these three have their distinct right in our Industry: First, the Public; second, the Employé; and third, the Employer, and that the rights of each must be protected by the other two.

4. *TO THE PUBLIC:* I respect the confidence placed in me by entrusting to my care property which it is my duty to treat with due regard for its preservation, hygiene and sanitation, as developed by the research work of our Service Bureau, and to return this property to its rightful owner. If I fail in any of these, it is then my duty to the Public, to my fellow craftsmen and to this, my Association, to make just restitution.

5. *TO MY EMPLOYÉS:* I demand for them the same respectful treatment from my Supervisors that they may justly expect from me and

I dedicate myself to the task of so conducting my business that they shall receive fair return for their labor and be enabled to enjoy healthful surroundings both physical and moral.

I also acknowledge my duty to consider their individual abilities, that he or she may be placed to advantage and justly promoted when possible. I believe that man's right to work without reference to his membership, or non-membership in any organization is as sacred as his right to religious worship and should be equally free.

6. *AS EMPLOYER:* I believe fair reward is due me if I meet these obligations to the Public and the Employé, and that my compensation from the Public should be based upon accurately determined costs.

7. I believe the dignity and character of the Industry can be sustained and improved through our parent organization, the Laundryowners National Association, to which I pledge my support; and I further agree so to administer my affairs as to reflect credit upon my Association and my Industry.

If it is to be cleaned—Try the Laundry First

Call 4161

THE KALAMAZOO LAUNDRY COMPANY

"THE LAUNDRY OF KALAMAZOO"

MISSISSIPPI

HEADLINE and notice in the *Commercial Dispatch* of the grand old town of Columbus:

SOCIAL NOTE

Mrs. Sarah Allen is seriously sick at her home in Bayly's Neck and all persons are requested by her sons to stop coming to see the big hog until she improves.

NEW YORK

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS records the state of civilization in the rising town of Massena:

The mayor of Massena is called upon by Louis Marshall, president of the American Jewish Committee, either to resign or apologize publicly for what he terms an "unspeakable calumny" against the Jewish race.

Mr. Marshall, through the Jewish Telegraph Agency, made public a letter to Mayor W. Gilbert Hawes in which he charged that two days before Yom Kippur, the mayor "arranged" for the interrogation of a rabbi in Massena by a State trooper after the disappearance of four-year-old Barbara Griffith, "on the intolerable assumption that the Jews required the blood of Christian children for their holy days."

The child later was found unharmed in a woods near her home where she explained she had strayed.

THE REV. J. J. KELLEY, first assistant to that noble man, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, pastor of the celebrated Calvary Baptist Church, as reported by the *Times*:

With the exception of Christ, Prohibition is the greatest gift of God to mankind.

OHIO

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Cincinnati:

There will be a course in mopology offered at the University of Cincinnati if the recommendations of Dr. Harry S. Ganders, professor of education, are followed. He proposes a training class for school janitors and engineers, which, if begun, would be the first in this section of the country. Dr. Ganders maintains that no one except the principal has more influence over the physical well-being of the school children than the janitor, which he gives as a reason for the desirability of establishing such a training course.

OKLAHOMA

THE Noble Experiment in Oklahoma City, as reported by the *Daily Oklahoman*:

Prices on the Oklahoma City bootleg market were fluctuating only slightly at midnight Wednesday, after a furious six-hour surge of buying that started soon after the sun went down. Some brokers were worried but the nervousness was not displayed in the market quotations, which remained between \$2 and \$2.50 a pint all during the night. Cause of the worry seemed to be reports of bad weather in the producing area, with the result that much of the crop already produced cannot be brought to market in time to fill contracts. Apparently fortified by private reports from Norman, in the storm of buying that started soon after old grads and university students arrived in the city on their way to Stillwater, the market remained firm. In spite of heavy buying there was little gouging reporting, and no wars were on between rival concerns. The catching of a large quantity of aged-in-wood stuff by county officers early in the week affected the supplies of only a few brokers. By Wednesday night, these had restocked their supplies and were doing a fast business.

A READER of the *News* of the same lively town makes the *amende honorable*:

Editor of The News:

Please publish this for me as soon as convenient. It seems like from a private letter from Mr. T. A. Hurst of Pauls Valley that I have written something that criticized something that he had written. He did not say what it was. Everything I have written has been read by the public and if I have unjustly criticized anything Mr. Hurst has written it was just

through ignorance and this shall be an apology to Mr. Hurst before the reading public and if I have criticized a lot of bunk he has put out I have no apology to make and the public can be the judge.

E. L. M'GEORGE,

408 E. Main-st, Norman, Okla.

OREGON

LATE doings of the Portland visionaries, as reported by the eminent *Oregon Journal*:

While the one woman present kept her face sedulously averted and Rotarians by applause tried to stop him, W. C. Schuppel, superintendent of agencies for the Oregon Life Insurance Company, standing on a table in the presence of the Rotary Club at the Benson Hotel Tuesday afternoon stripped to his knee-length, armless underwear.

Not until the affair was finished and Schuppel was busy reassuming his garments did an explanation from A. M. Work, president of the club, make it clear that the disrobing was part of a stunt planned by Fred Spoeri, manager of the telephone company, to attract the attention of Rotarians to suits, neckties, suspenders, shirts and shoes purveyed by merchants who are members of the club.

As a programme the club hung upon exhibitions of Bohemian glass blowing by H. C. Howell and his wife. That glass blowers are short-lived is a fiction, Howell said.

PENNSYLVANIA

LETTER received by a Pennsylvania physician, as thrown to the world by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter saying that I was in debt to you to the am't of \$1.50. I cannot quite recall when you did any services to me calling for such a sum. If I can refresh your mind with the time I came to see you about my leg. I went to your office and you told me all your jobs were appointment. I told you I didn't want anything done but that I wasn't just sure whether I had a broken blood vessel or not. I went into your office, pulled up my pants leg & you told me what was the matter. I wasn't in their more than 2 or 3 minutes and you wrote me out a prescription for some salve that didn't amount to a thing. I always pay my bills but I sure hate to pay for something that I didn't get done. If you had of done anything for me I wouldn't have said a thing. All that I asked you was, what was wrong with my leg. I didn't ask for anything for on it as I knew that a broken blood vessel doesn't require any thing only time. If I had known you were going to soak me for not doing anything I would have said nix. Hoping this letter will show you a little about the matter as I fear you don't understand it.

Respectfully

WM. WILT

TENNESSEE

CONTRIBUTION to political science by the Rev. H. E. Henning, of Bristol, writing in the Knoxville News-Sentinel:

Governments, we must remember, are ordained of God, their supreme and ultimate object being the promotion of the prosperity of the church.

THE troubles of a Bible-searcher in the Hills of Zion, as revealed by a letter to Elder Claud H. Cayce, editor of the *Primitive Baptist*:

Dear Brother Cayce:

I feel unworthy to call you brother in the name of the Lord, though I feel like I can go to you in the name of the blessed Saviour for help in time of sorrow, in the spirit of love. Brother Claud, I am going to ask you to give me your views on some dreams I have had. About three weeks ago I dreamed of a snake. He started at my feet and came up around me and was whirling all around me. He was so black and slick that he glittered. His tail was so sharp that it looked like an arrow. He wrapped all around me. His tongue was lolled way out and had spears all over it and he was trying to bite me. It scared me so that I jumped clear out of bed. My wife called me and said, "What is the matter with you?" I said "nothing," and went back to bed and went to sleep and was not bothered over it. Next morning my daughter asked, "What was the matter with you last night?" I told her about the snake and she said it was a sign of enemies, but said, "You know you have not got them." I said, "Yes, I have." I would not let her know what I meant.

In about a week, another snake came in a dream. He started just like the other one, coming right across my legs. He came toward my head. He was larger than the other one and shorter, and was as red-spotted as he could be. He was so slick he glittered and was so pretty he did not scare me very much. He went on off and I told nobody about it. Then in about a week another snake came. He started just like the others. He crawled up my legs and stopped quietly and I looked at him. He was a black snake and smaller than the other one and did not glitter. His tail was blunt and the end of his tail, for about ten inches, looked like it had ashes on it. Then he started on to my body, quietly, and lay down with me as though he would do me no harm. I was not afraid of him at all. I lay there with him for some time and it seemed like I was awake when he was with me. Then I turned over and he left me.

I have written this in fear and trembling, trusting that if there is anything to it, I might have some relief to my poor soul. Brother Claud, if you can give any views on it, I want you to, or any one else who may read it. Writ-

ten in love. Pray for me and mine when at a throne of grace. Your brother in hope,

D. W. HARRISON.

Greenfield, Tenn.

REMARKS

We do not feel to have any views as to the interpretation of these dreams. If any of the readers have, please write Brother Harrison.

C. H. C.

CIRCULAR of a candidate for Congress from the first district of this immortal State:

William Isaac Giles candidate for the United States Congress, from the first district of Tenn., a man that stands square behind the working people and all American Soldiers & a man that stands for personal rights, personal liberty & personal appetite, the unity of both Church and Nation perfect privileges of the people by the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead act, of the Constitution of the United States of America. The remedy for this abominable liquor curse that has caused the broken unity of both church nation cannot be remedied until the Government manufactures and sells liquor at actual cost, in a limited amt. that will cut off all profit and a greater part of crimes will cease, and both church & nation will be at a unity.

Giles is a man of great foresight, and if elected will interpret to bring about great measures in Congress.

All campaign funds will be accepted in care of Windsor Hotel, Johnson City, Tenn.

WISCONSIN

ADVERTISEMENT in the Milwaukee telephone directory:

JOHN W. RADKE

Incorporated

DISTINCTIVE FUNERAL SERVICE

COMFORTING

*When the Angel of Death deals a blow,
It is a comfort to know you can go
To a place where quieting environment and superb
appointments,
Combined with a service
That leaves no disappointments,
Gives the departed a laying to rest
At a moderate cost, yet by far the best*

Burial of the Poor Free

Exclusive Service Features:

Slumber Rooms, Private Family Rooms,

Chapel, Licensed Lady Attendants,

Pipe Organ Service

Telephones: KILBOURN 926 and 927

Corner Sherman Blvd., Lloyd & Lisbon Aves.

Opposite Washington Park

HOUSEKEEPING FACES THE STARS

BY ARTURO F. RATTI

THERE was a time, as everyone knows, when housekeeping was a simple and modest art. Like the old style American drug-store it concerned itself only with actual necessities, and wasted little energy on fads and fancies. Under such primitive conditions, naturally, its *modus operandi* was perforce simple—so simple, indeed, that even the gals with the low I. Q.'s, once they had snared husbands, were able to become mistresses of it. If ever any female didn't hanker for its processes she could always get help by hiring as many trained domestics as she wanted. Those happy days, alas, have now faded. Not only has the bottom dropped out of the servant market, but housekeeping itself has risen from its ancient elementary state to the ranks of a first-grade science, and now stands on a full level with arctic exploring, vocational guidance, and osteopathy.

True to the spirit of the day the new science has already acquired many new and lofty names. Most commonly served to its customers in the halls of learning as domestic science, it is also dished up as household economics, home economics, home management, home administration, home economics administration, and household engineering. For the most up-to-date label, one must wander to Vassar, where scientific housekeeping is referred to as euthenics. Like all the other up-to-date sciences, it is of course thoroughly organized for Service. Thus, at Washington, D. C., there is the well known U. S. Bureau of Home Economics. This citadel of wisdom, like the U. S. Bureau of Education, specializes in "research and bulletins." In the same

town the Department of Agriculture is also doing its share for home administration by broadcasting the secrets of the new science over the radio. Thus the Department's Chief of Radio Service:

The subject matter must have teeth in it—real punch in the form of fresh, new, helpful information. . . . Every fact must be dramatized to the fullest extent—be prepared with a friendly tone and ring true when spoken. All scientific terms must be carefully and accurately explained. . . . There must be dignity to the programme. Cleverness must be genuine.

Working hand in hand with the Bureau of Home Economics and the Department of Agriculture is the American Home Economics Association (A. H. E. A.). With its national headquarters at Baltimore, the A. H. E. A. is sub-divided into State Associations with a chapter or section in every up-and-coming American town. The activities of the A. H. E. A. correspond closely to those of the eminent N. E. A. It has a gaudy annual convention with scintillating talks on Service, Leadership, and Research. Also, it has an official organ, the well known *Journal of Home Economics*, a sort of scientific version of the more popular and frivolous *Good Housekeeping* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. Here is a list of research subjects plucked from this official organ:

A study of the style cycle for women's underwear
Publicity in home economics
The determination of washing efficiency
College clothing work on the problem basis
Hosiery in relation to the costume
Teaching food management
Objective examinations to determine required foods work
Home economics at Yenching
Internationalism in home economics
Home economics in Cobb, Ky.
Digestibility of potatoes

Recent progress in vitamin research
 Management's part in maintaining prosperity
 The effects of the tariff on the ingredients of the menu
 A bacterial study of undergarments

For really scientific contributions to home engineering, however, one must as usual turn to the great American universities. The new science is still in the cradle stage, yet at most of the bigger and better rolling-mills of the higher learning it is already pushing such money-getters as psychoanalysis, salesmanship, and scientific traffic management. Academic degrees reward those who excel in its discipline. Unfortunately, these are not yet as numerous or as varied as those offered in the science of business; in fact, the scientific housekeeper must usually be satisfied with a straight B. S., though at a few plants she can obtain an A. B. in Home Engineering. At a few of the more up-and-going institutions, such as Chicago, Columbia and New York, scientific home administration has already been thrust upon a graduate-research basis, with the Ph.D. as the *grand prix*. The most sparkling academic crown, however, is handed out at the great Boston University. It is the B.S. in P. A. L.—Bachelor of Science in Practical Arts and Letters.

What the new science lacks in degrees, however, it more than makes up in other ways. For one thing, it has on tap an almost unlimited supply of Trained Specialists. Thus, the University of Maine keeps a Clothing Specialist, Boston lists a Specialist in Income Management, Kansas displays a Food Economics Specialist, and Ohio State advertises a Meat-Cooking Demonstration Specialist. The greatest variety, however, is to be found at the University of Illinois, which in its catalogue announces the engagement of a Clothing Specialist, a Nutrition Specialist, a Home Management Specialist, a Home Furnishings Specialist, and two Junior Club Specialists. In addition, there are rafts of Home Engineers, Food Engineers, Institution Management Specialists, Household Economists, and Food Demonstration Agents.

II

Almost as many courses are offered in the new science as in commercial engineering. Here again the high-powered University of Illinois is among the top-notchers, as witness the following abbreviated checklist of its current offerings:

- Selection and Preparation of Food
- Home Architecture
- Home Decoration
- Dietetics
- Community Recreation
- Textiles
- Home-making Activities and Organization of Women
- Organization and Management of the Household
- Cafeteria Management—Lectures
- Cafeteria Management—Laboratory
- Costume Design
- Clothing—Selection and Construction
- Clothing—Design and Construction
- Clothing—Modelling on the Dress Form
- Experimental Cookery
- Millinery
- Nutrition
- Problems in Nutrition
- History of Costume—From the Early Egyptian
- Problems in Clothing
- Economic Relationships of the Household
- Research in Food
- Nutrition Seminar

In addition, there are electives for the nascent home engineer in First Aid, Health, Gymnastic Stunts, Boxing, Football Theory, Baseball Discussion, and Track and Field Practice. All this work, of course, is strictly scientific. The laboratory research in Cafeteria Management, for example, includes not only "practice in food preparation" and "experience in serving," but also a "three-day inspection trip" to the most up-to-date Chicago cafeterias. This is followed by scientific reports, discussions, and the payment of a special fee of twenty-five dollars.

Of course, not all the great universities are as up-to-date and scientific as Illinois. Indeed, there are still a few flung through the Republic which apparently cling to the ancient idea that housekeeping is a simple business, with only a practical reason for being. Such a reactionary institution is the University of Alabama. Here there are only a half-dozen offerings in home economics, and these are all elementary. All that they

aim to do is to help a co-ed to become a good *Hausfrau*. Practical Cooking, Elementary Nutrition and Elementary Sewing are the main stock in trade at Alabama. There is also a special course in silk blouse-making, and one which explains all about the formal dinner, but even these are still taught in the old, modest way. Signs of change, however, are not lacking. Thus, there is now a course in house-planning which, though advertised as non-technical, considers such intricate things as interior decoration and plumbing. There is also a rising Home Economics Club, which recently entertained the students and faculty with a swell buffet supper.

But with the exception of Alabama and a few isolated one-building shacks of learning, most of the Southern universities carry the complete Illinois stock. And more. The University of Texas, for example, conducts what it calls a Monthly Dinner Seminar. Like all American seminars, this is a practical research course. One of the requirements imposed upon the seminarist is a dinner and entertainment to be given in honor of the Texas president, the Hon. Harry Yandell Benedict, B.S., M.A., Ph.D., LL.D. The College of Industrial Arts of Denton, Texas, is also a real devotee of the seminar. For its work it has a Demonstration Cottage. Here there is pleasing laboratory work in buffet suppers and formal dinners for the faculty. Now and then, "informal teas are served for the members of the Home Management course." But most important of all is the work in Clothing Research. Here, it appears, Clothing Construction is only a side issue; Denton studies "the *economics* of clothing . . . as a foundation for budget work." At West Virginia the research spirit is also active, though in a different way, as the following statistics will prove:

Charles Lindbergh, alias Jack, came to the Home Management House the first of October. He was then $3\frac{1}{2}$ months old and weighed $10\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Two months later his weight increased to $12\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Each senior who lives in the Home Management House is responsible for his care for a week.

Though an exact science, Home Engineering, curiously enough is not yet held suspect in Holy Tennessee. On the contrary, the University of Tennessee is one of the new science's lustiest boosters. Its stock is virtually as large and assorted as that of Illinois, with one or two specialties of its own. Thus, the nascent specialist is given a thorough grounding in Microscope Technique, and from it jumps to more advanced work in Millinery Technique:

453. *Millinery*. Study of hats. . . . Drafting patterns for hats, making and covering frames. Renovating fabrics and trimmings; remaking old hats. Making and placing trimmings. L. A. Lecture and laboratory. Three periods. (Miss Allen).

There is also a course in Practice House Technique. Here the *studiosi* "assume all responsibilities" and "pay their own expenses." Tennessee is one of the few shrines of learning where children are still considered a part of the home. Thus the Department of Home Economics has for sale a course in Child Care and Training. The idea here, it appears, is the "improvement of technique in training of children in the home, with the idea of securing mental stability." The most important course of all, however, is that in Table Service. This deals with "the application of cookery processes to meal preparation and a study of various forms of table service." There is also a laboratory practice course in Quantity Cooking and one in Institutional Management. In the latter "observations are made in restaurants, tea rooms, and hotels." All matriculants in Institutional Management must be privy to the science of accounting.

Tennessee's true greatness, however, lies not in its scientific offerings, marvelous as these may be, but rather in its brand-new Home Economics Building:

Built of polychrome brick with cast stone trimmings, it has beauty of color as well as structure. . . . The total length is one hundred and sixty feet and the total cost was about two hundred thousand dollars without equipment. One of the outstanding features is the almost noiseless rubber stone tiling used in all the halls and in the food

laboratories. In the basement is a laundry. . . . The food laboratory, a small dining-room, the research food chemistry laboratory, and a lecture room . . . are on the third floor. . . . Up in the attic is a well equipped laboratory for animal experiments.

Naturally enough, Tennessee is "justly proud of this, its first university building for Home Economics."

In the matter of equipment Tennessee has no rival below the Potomac. Indeed, to find even an equal one has to trek way up to Chicago, and here, of course, Tennessee is overcome only by the help of Mr. Rockefeller's pocketbook. In the new science of Euthenics Chicago is almost without a peer. Decked out with "laboratories for clothing, related art, and textiles, for household equipment, . . . and for the science of cooking," Chicago is concerned mainly with research. The following are two of its specials:

276. *Catering*.—Deals with the special problems connected with the preparation of food and service for luncheons, teas, dinners, receptions, and banquets. Prerequisite: Institution Economics 272. Mj. Spring, lectures, F., 3:30-5:30; laboratory W., Thu., 4:30-7:30. (Assistant Professor Smith)

285. *Practice in Institution Management*.—So conducted as to give the student first-hand experience with the problems of institution management. Practice is had . . . at the various centers of the University Commons. Primarily for students preparing for administrative positions . . . (Miss Farquar)

In addition to the foregoing Chicago also has on tap courses in Sympathetic Family Relationships, the Chemistry of Fats, Urine Analysis, Field Trips to City Supply Houses, Blood Analysis, Garment Construction, Hosiery, Leather Goods, Domestic Carpets, the History of Furniture, Dough Manipulation, Basal Metabolism, Candies and Ice Creams, Electrometric Methods of Jelly Making, Simple Millinery, Baking Powder Reaction, Canning, Animal Feeding, Period Furniture, Home Management Research, and Glove Silk Testing. Not all this teaching is carried on by regular members of the university. Indeed, some of the most remarkable contributions to the new science come through outside helpers, such as the Evaporated and Condensed Milk Association, the Testing

Laboratories of Sears-Roebuck, and the National Livestock and Meat Board. On rare occasions research contributions even come from outside pedagogues. Such was the case only recently, when Benjamin R. Andrews, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., associate professor of Household Economic Science at Columbia, spoke to the Chicago students of home engineering on "How Much Should a Wife Know About Her Husband's Business?"

III

In the West Chicago's only formidable rival is Nebraska, but here, it must be admitted, competition is hot. The entire standard Illinois stock is to be had, but more important than even that are the numerous Nebraska special offerings. For one thing, the university is a pioneer in throwing overboard all sex inequality in household engineering. At Nebraska the male is as good as the female, and is equally expected to do his bit for the new science. Here are a few of the arts that the male domestic engineer should master, according to Miss Jane Hinckley, a *savante* of the university:

Selection and Preparation of Foods for Dinners
Selection and Care of Clothing for Men
Budgets for Boys and Men
Duties of a Host
First Aid
Camp Cookery

The Nebraska influence is already spreading, as witness the following in the *Journal of Home Economics*:

Alice Crenshaw, College of the Ozarks, Clarksville, has a class of twenty-one college men enrolled in a course on food, care and repair of clothing, budgets and family relationships.

Beside clearing the way for the male human engineer, Nebraska is performing marvelously in other ways. Thus, it is the only major rolling-mill of learning in the Republic that boasts of a regular meat-judging team. Ready for all comers, this meat-judging team recently hauled in glory for *alma mater* by its triumphs at the American Livestock Show at Kansas City.

But it mustn't be thought for a moment that at Nebraska all is outdoor work, and that the laboratory is overlooked. No, indeed. Only a short time ago Dr. Gladys P. Winegar, another Nebraska *savante*, tossed off her findings on "The Bacterial Content of Undershirts."

At Utah there is a special study of menu-making and of etiquette "for various occasions." Standards of Living, however, is the prize research course. It is wholly objective and coolly analytical:

Analysis of family budgets according to various incomes; comparative value of the estimate and account-book methods of budgeting; distinction between plane of living and standard of living; ways and means of controlling poverty. . . . Practical experience in budget making for a specific group. . . . (Associate Professor Widdtsoe).

The same professor also professes Time and Energy Studies, Normal Nutrition, and Efficiency.

At Southern California Euthenics, comparatively speaking, is still in its swaddling period. As might be expected, however, in this paradise with the marvelous sunshine things grow fast. Thus, the university is already examining under its microscope what it officially labels as Home Laundering Problems. This includes the "processes involved in general laundering." Its university value is two credits, but to get them, the California *Kandidat* must pass off "two laboratory periods per week." Southern California doesn't restrict itself to scientific laundering. Here are some of the doings it reports:

The clothing and textile groups have made two excursions of unusual educational value, one to the Zukin Dress Factory and the other to the wardrobes of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios at Culver City.

In no other State are clothing problems so appreciated as here, as is revealed by Benn Northcott Help's monograph on "The Effect of the Correctly Dressed Teacher Upon the School Child." At the University of Montana clothing is also important, though in a different way:

The girls taking costume design under the direction of Edith Rhyne designed by futuristic meth-

ods this year, receiving their inspiration for certain types of clothing by listening to music, studying historic prints, and working with flowers.

The only real competitor in the clothing field is Louisiana State Normal College. Here the idea is mainly appreciation, as witness the following:

A Home Economics Club was organized in November with thirty-five members. The faculty adviser is Grace Dexter. Meetings are held every other Friday night in the Home Economics Cottage. In December the club held a fashion show and tea for 250 guests. School, street, and afternoon dresses made in the clothing classes were shown on living models. . . . Freshmen are not eligible to the club, but they are frequent guests at teas and informal affairs.

At Iowa State scientific interests are focussed more upon quantitative than upon qualitative research. Its most recent *chef d'oeuvre* is a Home Score Card. Its purpose is to "enable the family members themselves to check on their own home." There are ten points for sleeping, ten for bathing, ten for working, and ten for living. To hit the bull's-eye in management, the household administrator must ring up 100. Naturally, no score-card would be *au juste* without a questionnaire:

Is the family living within its income?
Is there hot and cold running water?
Do the home associations and opportunities stimulate each member mentally, morally, aesthetically and spiritually?
Is there proper sewage disposal?
Do all family members have meals regularly?
Does the family celebrate birthdays . . . as a group?

Working eastward again, we come to the great State of Ohio, mother of Presidents and rolling-mills. In the field of Euthenics at least two Ohio temples of learning touch the heights. One is the University of Cincinnati, which now has a full-fledged School of Household Administration on an equal footing with all its other degree-conferring schools. The emphasis of course is truly scientific. Thus the rising home engineer is made privy to the secrets of bio-chemistry, bacteriology, organization, art, and institution management. The most important work of all, however,

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is in the hands of Dean Josephine Price Simrall, B.S. This is known as Woman in Society. To enable its message to reach all corners of the realm, Cincinnati has now installed a Radio College which will soon be sending its inspiration over Station WLW.

But when compared with Ohio State even Cincinnati must take a back seat. Not only has Ohio the biggest and heaviest catalogue in the Union, but it also has many interesting and unique features. It was one of the first houses of learning to emphasize the cash value of charm in the undergraduate. It has a pair of Meat-Cooking Demonstration Specialists. And finally, it was one of the first universities to put euthenic exhibits on a scientific basis:

The class in home economics is learning to make exhibits. Two girls prepare an exhibit which is criticised by the rest of the class. A successful one during the football season showed a score card on which were listed players for the team of Happiness, including Milk, Spinach, Fruit and others, and the rival team, Disease, come of whose players were Coffee, Sodas and Cigarettes.

The regular classroom offerings in scientific housewifery aren't so very different from the usual standard stock. Only two eminent specialties stand out. One of these is Course 415 in Minimal Family Expenditures, and the other is Course 633 in School Lunchroom Management. Restricted to advanced undergraduates and graduates, Course 633 consists of "one lecture and two two-hour laboratory periods each week."

IV

In the field of euthenic exhibits Ohio State has been widely imitated. Michigan State College at East Lansing, flashes its stuff on a special day known academically as Achievement Day. The idea here is for the housekeeping students "to show what they have learned during the year." The results, of course, are always stirring:

The following exhibits attracted much attention: Mrs. Everwell's and Mrs. Neverwell's refrigerators; the Health House on Safety Hill; the House

of the Bad Fairies in Danger Valley; the Ark of Health (with the animals made from fruit and vegetables going into the ark two by two), and Are your teeth starving for lime?

The champion of all modern euthenic exhibits, however, comes modest Rhode Island:

Two miniature houses of attractive design, displayed in a show-case, were labelled the House of Health and the House of Ill Health. Desirable foods were assembled as building materials for the House of Health. Figs covered the walls and served as an attractive background for the orange awnings which shaded the open windows. Graham crackers tiled the roof, through which a date chimney showed. A shredded wheat biscuit formed the doormat directing one down the milky way between carrot door posts to the woods and lake, where the date man angled for almond fish and watched a prune turtle climb over the bank which a raisin hunter approached on his steed. Shrubs of lettuce, spinach, and parsley surrounded the house, in the rear of which grew celery trees among tomato rocks.

The House of Ill Health was also instructive:

Coffee covered the roof and sandy yard, which was walled in by loaf sugar. Not a green thing showed in this desert waste, but the rich pastry doormat, sugar walk, and heavily frosted cake door posts easily explained the anemic appearance of the candy boy who was intent upon rolling a doughnut hoop and encouraging the gumdrop cat in his pursuit of a marshmallow mouse.

Rhode Island, however, isn't the only contributor to the new science in New England. At Connecticut College the nascent household economist may learn all about the "planning and serving of meals in the latter part of the year," besides being enlightened in the History of the Family, the planning of Dietaries, Family Accounting, and the Art of Living. The purpose of the latter is

to help the student to form an intelligent estimate of the practical and spiritual values of human experience, and thus to plan for herself a purposeful, distinctive life.

In the former Athens of America the new science is under the capable guidance of Boston University. As has been said, B. U. is the only rolling-mill so far to hand out a special academic bay to its graduating household scientists in the form of the B. S. in P. A. L. But this degree, naturally

enough, isn't Boston's only claim to fame. All the usual stock is on sale, with these important additions: the Social Science of Consumption, Intermediate Accounting, Household Problems, College Life and Problems, and the Use of the Library. The latter counts two points for the B.S. in P.A.L. and includes laboratory work. The real scientific work, however, comes in Household Physics:

The fundamentals of sound are illustrated by various musical instruments. . . . Attention is given to pumps of various kinds . . . and the vacuum-cleaner. The phenomena of electric charges at rest, in steady motion, and in accelerated motion lead the student to the theory and operation of the electric telegraph, the telephone, the transformer, dynamos, and motors. The ever-widening scope of the radio makes it desirable that a student should know at least the main facts. . . . The photographic camera, microscope, telescope, and spectroscope are treated in detail. The course is illustrated with lantern slides and lecture table demonstrations. (Professor Kent)

In the same course the scientific house-keeper learns all about the fireless cooker, the automobile, and mercury and aneroid barometers. Unlike Illinois, Boston does not train the housewife in Boxing, Baseball Theory, and Football Discussion. Instead, however, it offers courses in Music Appreciation, College Orchestra, and Mandolin Orchestra. In all of these the laboratory method is employed, and all, except the Mandolin Orchestra course, count towards the B.S. in P.A.L.

In Pennsylvania the new science is also budding. Temple University, as might be expected, is among the local top-notchers. Its stock is one of the largest in the Republic. There are at least seven distinct courses in clothing alone. Course 63 is Housewifery. This is mostly laboratory experimentation and considers such problems as "the location of the house, plumbing, and furnishings." Temple also specializes in Household Administration, Practise House Administration, Lunchroom Administration, and Institutional Administration. The real king-pin in Pennsylvania is Supervisor of Home Economics Edith Davison. With the help of Miss Norma Davis, county demonstration agent, Super-

visor Davison recently went on the air over Station KDKA with a string of scientific conferences on the following euthenic topics:

Two Neighbors
Making Work Popular
Edible Egg Dishes
Classy Cheese Dishes

But for the really scientific thrills one has to come to the State of New York. Vassar, as I have said, was the first to give the new science a decent name by inventing the cognomen Euthenics. The former Director of Euthenics, Miss Annie L. Macleod, Ph.D. is now working as Dean of the College of Home Economics at the famous Syracuse University. As a result, Syracuse is now on the way to the top in Home Engineering. Here are a few of its specials:

Afternoon and Evening Gowns
Plumbing and Sewage Disposal
Simple Tub Dresses
Methods of Housekeeping
Household Administration and Accounting
Tissue Paper Modeling
Decoration of Undergarments
Manifold Activities of Bacteria
Technique in Use of Nainsook
Architectural Appreciation
Relation of Plants to Health, Recreation, and Enjoyment
Jelly Making
Teas, Dinners, Receptions and Banquets
Skirts and Blouses

For senior euthenists Syracuse has on draught a research Clothing Seminar and a Foods Seminar. All of this work, of course, counts for the regular academic crown, which in Syracuse is the B.S.

V

In Manhattan Home Engineering has for a long time been taught at Columbia. Here, curiously enough, the new science is in the hands of the masters of pedagogy of Teachers' College. Stranger yet is the fact that Columbia prefers to call the new science Household Arts rather than Household Science. But this, of course, doesn't affect its scientific content. Handled as it is by Teachers' College, Household Arts naturally may be had in greater quantity

than anywhere else, even Illinois. Indeed, the Columbia offerings are so vast that they have to be tagged with file numbers to keep track of them, thus:

Cookery AL—Fundamental processes
Cookery Aa-Abl
Cookery 2L—Elements of cookery
Cookery 101—Modern scientific cookery
Cookery 103—Fundamental topics
Cookery 131—Introduction to investigation
Cookery 134—Food marketing and purchasing
Cookery 161—Lecture demonstrations
Cookery 161a—Lecture demonstrations in cookery
Cookery 171L—Quantity cooking
Cookery 231-2—Research
Cookery 181—Practice demonstrations
Cookery 185—Catering
Cookery 190—History of cookery
Cookery 234—Publicity and food education

There are, of course, numerous other eutheic offerings, as witness: Critique in Elementary Clothing, Household Values, House Organization, Housewifery, Income and Thrift, Institution Management Field Work, Household Engineering, Millinery Design, Clothing Decoration, and Tailored Costumes. All of this scientific work counts for the B.S., the M.S., and the Ph.D. For the latter, the standard up-to-date, eight-cylinder thesis must be tossed off. Most of this work is under the guidance of the Associate Professor of Household Economic Science, Benjamin R. Andrews, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., who like all the great leaders in Household Engineering, is very partial to the questionnaire. Here are a few samples of his more lively inquiries:

If children were all brought up in institutions (as many orphans are) would it affect industrial efficiency?

Do some kinds of housework produce more wealth than others?

Does it pay to mend? To make bread? To mind a child?

Discuss the results of the husband's participation in housework.

Which family do you think would have the most trouble living on their income, one with one thousand dollars a year or one with three thousand dollars?

Would you take a domestic service position? If not, why not?

Can I afford a maid? Analyze the controlling factors.

Can I afford a car? Analyze controlling conditions.

The grandmother in the home. Outline the services rendered.

Make out a programme for coöperation between church and home, supposing yourself an officer in a church interested in home betterment.

"I do not approve of self-service or cafeteria in a home for working girls." Justify or attack the statement.

Draw up a set of criteria for testing the managerial ability of a housewife, assuming the questions are to be answered by members of women's clubs. . . .

Oddly enough, New York University is barely beginning to wake up to the fact that housekeeping is now a science. Indeed, it is only this year that an effort is to be made to attract some of the Columbia clientèle to the N. Y. U. sheds. That N. Y. U. will succeed goes without saying. For one thing, it has already started out on the right track by putting scientific housekeeping in charge of Dean Withers and the School of Education. A whole supply of new and original courses has been con-fected, and all of them are under the guidance of nationally known experts. Health, for example, is under no less a person than First Assistant Dean Enoch George Payne, A.B., A.M., Ph.D. Though not as abundant as at Columbia Heights, the N. Y. U. courses are still plentiful enough to require the special attention of a secretary. This is Ralph Edgar Pickett, B.S., Ph.D., licensed engineer and former Y. M. C. A. secretary. The courses themselves are up to the usual N. Y. U. standard:

133.7 *Advanced Food Preparation*. The meal . . . Training in table service, formal and informal, will be emphasized, and the duties of the hostess . . . will be considered. (Miss Heinrich).

133.9 *Principles and Problems of Homemaking*. . . . This course will deal with the philosophy underlying homemaking. . . . (Mrs. Winning).

133.10 *Personal and Home Hygiene*. This course is intended as an aid in daily living to girls, whether living at home or away from home. Consideration will be given to such factors as personal appearances, good manners, personal habits, and social attitudes. An attempt will be made to teach each student to capitalize her personality. . . . (Miss Heinrich).

133.23 *Costume Design*. This course includes a study of art structure. . . . Studies of personalities and types . . . (Mrs. Winning).

All of these courses are accepted for the N. Y. U. doctorate.

IS AMERICAN CAPITAL INTELLIGENT?

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

PERHAPS nothing better illustrates the purely aimless, will-o'-the-wisp drift of the new American Industrialism than its religion of mass production. For it is a religion. The idol of production is worshipped blindly, sometimes in defiance of the plain facts. An examination of the benefits alleged to flow out of the new creed fails to show the slightest truly directive insight behind it. Indeed, some of the more intelligent business leaders are openly questioning the wisdom of a policy which has already lured many enterprises to self-destruction. Said a banker lately:

Unrestrained mass production will continue to build its enemies until disaster overtakes them all, or else a new era of American business calls forth a new philosophy of business, a new god of industry. . . . In the parading of volume . . . the economies of mass production are being offset by the increased cost of sales. . . . An uninterrupted programme of such a development will guarantee the speedy arrival of "profitless prosperity" if not "darned deficits."

"By and large," says an expert in the automotive field, "if you pay \$3,000 for a car, about \$180 goes to direct labor in the automobile factory . . . and \$1,200 goes to pay someone—or many people—for selling it to you. . . . Somewhere between the maker and your checkbook \$1,200 has disappeared. Advertising, showrooms, salesrooms, salesmen, expensive rugs, potted plants, demonstrations, all and sundry have cost you 40% of the list price."

The same writer mentions an automobile accessory of which the actual labor cost is less than 35 cents. The manufacturer sells it for \$5, yet the retail list price is \$25. The difference, we are told, is due entirely to the expense involved in selling the article. The belief that competition reduces the

price to the consumer, according to this authority, is only a "popular fallacy." The fierce struggle to sell the surplus of cars, he says, "is very expensive. There is little doubt that if the output were cut 20%, the price could be reduced without lowering the profits."

A recent Federal commission on agriculture showed that 63 cents of every dollar spent by the consumer for corn flakes goes into the cost of distribution. Of each dollar spent on bread, 54 cents goes into marketing, and in the case of rolled oats the consumer pays 69 cents of each dollar for distribution. In order to maintain volume production, a well known brush company employs over 2,000 canvassers, directed from one hundred branch offices, while a silk hosiery manufacturing company employs 10,000 canvassers operating from 250 offices for the purpose of making its "hosiery service almost indispensable to the efficient conduct of the American Home."

While some business leaders complain that the very economy of mass production has been jeopardized by the constant pressure for rapid and costly changes in style—which are as necessary to quantity sales as a drug to a drug-fiend—, others deplore the contradictory tendency in large scale manufacturing of delaying or failing to take advantage of new inventions. The claim is advanced that American inventors are often forced to take their discoveries abroad, because any improvement in automatic machinery involves burdensome costs, stops production, and temporarily at least cuts off the incomes not only of the company, but also of the workers, the distributors, and those depending upon them, thus cre-

ating poverty and insecurity and reducing the purchasing power of all concerned. When Ford gave up the faithful Model T, it was estimated that, beside the scrapping of millions of dollars worth of machinery, about 60,000 people in Detroit lost their jobs. At \$6 a day, this meant a loss of \$9,000,000 a month to the wage-earners and those catering to them. The effects were immediately noticeable. During that period the Community Fund in Detroit had to ask \$600,000 more for additional relief. In 1927, the amount of relief disbursed exceeded that of the two preceding years combined.

The contradictory trends in business development are plainly putting the analysts and forecasters in a quandary. In the words of a leading expounder of the new faith, they are baffled by "the coincidence of most satisfactory earnings of many corporations, particularly the larger ones, with the existence of a relatively high and at present increasing percentage of business failures. The total amount of dividends declared last August exceeded that of August a year ago by about 24%. There were nearly double the number of extra dividends and three times as many initial dividends than a year ago. Yet failures during the same month were more numerous and represented greater liabilities than a year ago." Though 1926 and 1927 were the years of our greatest prosperity, there were 21,773 failures in 1926, 500 more than in 1925, and almost 13,000 more than in 1920. In 1927 they rose to 23,146.

If mass production is not bringing real prosperity to the rank and file of industrialists, then the New Industrialism is obviously worshipping a false god. The forces of production and distribution have been found to be traveling on a mutually destructive road. Mass production without regard to the limits of elasticity in the market has become a serious menace to industry. We are already equipped to produce more than the normal requirements of the market. Our steel plants, shoe factories, copper smelters, automobile plants and lum-

ber mills have capacities of from 70 to over 300% above what the market can absorb.

Another of our most fundamental new credos is the doctrine that high wages make for high purchasing power. Disclaiming any sudden flow in the milk of human kindness, American capital accepts this theory on the grounds that it is good business. Superficially, the doctrine seems attractive, in spite of its Marxian tendencies. The only trouble with it is the simple fact that industry still exists for profits. No matter how worthy the laborer, the employer is notoriously not in business for his health. Thus profits still tend to consume much of the wages that might be used for the purchase of goods. Which brings us face to face with another dilemma.

For as this more-wages-more-buying theory is being developed, it is pushing American industry into production *ad absurdum*. Take the automobile industry as an example. High wages have burned up a lot of cars, but obviously not enough. So General Motors has for some time been carrying on a campaign to make the American people two-car conscious. Don't sell your old car! Just get another! Say it with a Buick! Suppose this policy succeeds? Obviously, after an orgy of devastating sales resistance, following a brief two-car era, General Motors will have to go after every kiddie with a Chevrolet, and so bring in three-car consciousness. Regardless of the social value of a car for the husband, wife and baby, can this continue indefinitely?

II

An abiding trust in bigger and better and more improved machinery is another integral concept of modern American Industrialism. In theory at least, no matter how expensive and valuable the plant equipment may be, it should be ruthlessly scrapped and discarded with every new invention. But new inventions and improved machinery mean the permanent displacement of thousands of workers. The theory of industrial students that improved ma-

chinery creates unemployment in the short run, but stimulates more wants and hence more work in the long run, does not happen to be true. In the six years between 1919 and 1925, the quantity output in manufacturing industries increased by over 28%, but there were almost a million fewer workers employed. Many such rejected workers, especially the older ones, are never able to find other jobs, or, if they find them, it is generally at a lower wage. The recent declaration by a Presidential candidate that "by the hundreds of thousands" these scrapped workers "are being transferred to our expanding insurance and banking offices" may be dismissed as political hokum.

Only a rather superficial economy can fail to appreciate the implicit danger of such a policy. It cuts off the very purchasing power which would have helped to absorb the increased production. While the New Industrialism is smugly elated by its new conquests, it is slowly but surely sowing discontent and disaffection in these very days of prosperity. Indeed, the radical critics pin their revolutionary hopes on this very dilemma of increasing unemployment and accelerated work-speed.

American capital is also placing much faith in the invention of new luxuries. Secretary of Labor James J. Davis recently appealed to the national inventive genius to get busy and invent new wants and more novelties in order to find employment for the men and women who have become displaced by labor-saving devices. Unfortunately, new luxuries cannot help much in the solution of the problem. Wants have their limits.

In spite of increased purchasing power there comes a saturation point. Should the airplane, television and the movie-tone spread to the same extent as did the automobile and radio, it is not likely that the average city dweller will stock up his two or three room apartment with all of them, along with telephones, victrolas, radios, televoces and pianos. More instrumentalities for living are apt to defeat life, even

with us. A man who buys an airplane is very likely to dispense with his car. At bottom there can occur only a transfer of the workers from one luxury industry to another. As productivity per man increases, more and more workers will be displaced. In so far as one can foresee the future, there is nothing in such a policy to promise sound permanent prosperity.

Another basic principle of the New Industrialism is its unalterable opposition to state or social insurance. Private industrial welfare schemes, it believes, will wear out whatever labor discontent still remains. Even as their elders opposed workmen's compensation laws and child labor legislation, so the employers of today fight against the introduction of social insurance against sickness, unemployment and old age. The men of the old school fought compensation laws, not only because compensation would cost money, but because they professed to fear that to compensate for the loss of an arm, a leg or an eye would encourage numerous workers to cut off their extremities and gouge out their eyes, thus reducing us to a nation of cripples and blind.

They opposed the granting of pensions to widowed mothers on the ground that such compensation would encourage wives to poison their husbands. The new school is championing compensation and believes in pensions for widowed mothers because years of practice have shown that the nation continued to prosper despite these "Socialistic" measures; neither did the uxoricide rate increase. But they are still bitter against general social insurance on pretty much the same "idealistic" grounds. One of the outstanding, if not the foremost, spokesmen of the New Industrialism is opposed to it because his company already promises to protect workers who stay with it "the major part of their working years." Those who spend only a minor part of their lives in his service, it seems, are "lacking in either capacity or willingness to work." At best, he thinks, pensions or insurance "would be a great enervating

influence, and young men in contemplation of relief will be less than ever willing to make provisions for themselves."

But by the inauguration of private welfare schemes, such as group insurance, health insurance and old age annuities for workers, now spreading widely over the land, American industry does not at all take advantage of the benefits inherently embodied in social insurance. The employers must not only pay higher rates because of a limited and narrow distribution of risks, but must bear the full cost of unnecessary and costly overhead expenditures for the benefit of a host of insurance solicitors, brokers, and high-salaried officials. As a rule, workers are suspicious of sudden affection on the part of the boss and the premiums cannot be easily shared with them or with the public, as is done under public social insurance systems. Rival industries which have not inaugurated these voluntary and expensive benefits are facilitated in their competition against the "enlightened" ones.

Furthermore, as these schemes are operated today, they are generally not guaranteed, are financially unsound, and may be revoked at any time at the will of the corporation. If a man has been with the same company ten years and dies while still in its employ, his widow may get \$1,000 in group insurance. But if he had stayed with the same corporation for twenty years, then changed his job and died soon after, his widow is not entitled to a cent. If a worker has been continuously with a corporation for from twenty to thirty years, and if, during this entire period, he has remained "loyal," he may get a pension, after reaching the age of 65 or 70, provided the company is still in business, and is willing and able to pay him. But if for any reason he is either discharged or leaves the company, regardless of even the most loyal service, his old age is completely unprovided for. And the same is true of sickness benefits.

Thus while private welfare schemes, in their very nature, contain the seeds of

bitterness and discontent, social insurance really attempts to solve the problems facing the wage-earner under present industrial conditions, helps to allay revolutionary unrest, and heals some of the maladjustments of industrialism. When the worker is really and soundly protected against unemployment, when he is scientifically and adequately guaranteed against poverty caused by sickness and old age, when he knows that after his death his widow and orphans will not be destitute, he is not apt to be influenced by dissident doctrines. Bismarck saw this long ago and his policy proved successful. When the war ended, Germany did not follow Russia.

While American industry thus continues to oppose all attempts at social insurance, it has definitely given its blessings to the rapid development of private charitable relief agencies, which have spread more widely in this country than anywhere else. Prominent industrialists grace the banquet tables during welfare federation drives, while there is hardly a charitable institution that does not list some of the new American business leaders among its board members. At a recent conference in Washington the representatives of big business spoke golden words on why large business concerns should contribute generously to community chests. Only the ex-Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, disturbed the harmony of the gathering by questioning the policy of the industrial captains in first instituting forces which lead to insecurity and distress, and then adopting the uneconomic and unsocial practice of relieving part of this evil through charity. That such a policy can hardly be described as intelligent is patent. When pitted against comprehensive social insurance systems, the work of all these agencies is negligible, for all their multiplicity and fantastic costs. The relief given is rarely sufficient and always degrading. To oppose social insurance as paternalistic and favor private charity as in perfect accord with the American spirit of independence is just plain stupid.

III

Coupled with the belief in industrial welfare schemes goes an increasing opposition to collective bargaining and trade unionism. The open shop movement, as an organized force, and the growth of company unionism are the twin-progeny of the New Industrialism. That with all its defects American trade unionism has made a real contribution to social welfare no one can question. No one can deny to it its share of credit in the elevation of the American standard of life. The new capitalism, however, eschews all dealings with organized labor. It believes firmly that it can be wiped off the map, and that this would prove a great boon to industry.

Is this policy intelligent? Temporary success is no proof of permanent victory. The diminution of industrial strife may be only the calm of the sea before a storm. We are not yet warranted in concluding that American labor, in view of the constant increase in production and concentration of wealth, will be forever content with a bone thrown from Dives' table. Nor is it fair for American capital to blame the calibre of the current leadership in American labor without reflecting upon its own share in the molding of that leadership. Where employers have dealt with organized labor they have, as a matter of fact, found considerable advantage in collective bargaining. In the men's clothing industry the employers prefer to deal with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, directed by an alert and intelligent leadership. Even from the industrial point of view the trade unions can be of benefit, since they function as standardizing elements, as bulwarks against the unscrupulous competition of low-standard firms. To the extent that a union compels all competitors in an industry to pay the same wages and to provide the same conditions of labor, industry is more stabilized, more humane and freer from cut-throat competition. A powerful trade union adds invaluable good-will to an industry and becomes an ally of the fair em-

ployer. And it is the strongest force against the lowering of wages and the reduction of purchasing power.

Also, the development of company unionism is no guarantee against labor solidarity. In the long run it may spell a more aggressive and trained unionism than can be found in the present movement. As a matter of fact, the company union—really the syndicalist factory council—is far nearer the Soviet conception than pure and simple trade unionism. It is very doubtful whether the bulk of American wage-earners can be prevented forever from forming and controlling their own economic associations, free from the employer's patronage and guidance. Students of American labor are beginning to feel that one of the best training schools for a more militant trade-unionism is the company union. Instances of these unions calling strikes and seeking affiliation with the regular labor movement have already occurred. The well known company union of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company went out on strike in sympathy with the national strikes of the steel workers and miners. Last Spring, the workers' representatives of the work's council of the Tidewater Oil Company of Bayonne, N. J., called out the 2,200 employes on a strike, got the promise of other company union heads that they would not handle Tidewater oil, picketed the plants as aggressively as any regular union, won five of their seven demands, and compelled the company to promise in writing that no one would be dismissed for striking. Some months ago the company union of a Canadian plant applied in a body to the American Federation of Labor for a charter.

Even the scheme of selling stock to employes, heralded as bringing about a new economic revolution, is questionable on the score of genuine foresight. Already many employers are abandoning it because they have found it unprofitable to encourage the gambling instinct in workers. They have found that many employes buying stock, supposed to give them an interest

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in the company, really play the market at lunch time. The denial of voting privileges to employé stock owners in many of these stock-selling schemes automatically precludes their directive participation. At best, the acquisition of a few shares of stock in the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, for example, where no man owns as much as 1%, can hardly be expected to create a feeling of partnership. The practice of encouraging wage-earners to invest their meagre savings in undiversified, speculative stock is, in fact, a serious social menace.

The entire industrial welfare programme is sponsored largely by a new group of university trained industrial "engineers" who have sold it to the New Capitalism as the newest in up-to-date business methods. These men have been reared on the classical economics. To them the individual worker is a unit in the process of production. Few of them think of the labor movement in terms of an authentic social movement. Both the industrial welfare programme and the company union spring not so much from a profound social philosophy as from the desire for increased and cheaper production. To assume, however, that the American labor movement is inherently different from all the social democratic movements is not particularly shrewd, because it is not so. Even in the American Federation of Labor there still exists a minority which as yet has not surrendered its birthright.

The economic myth of a new intelligence has its political counterpart, and there the lack of a sound philosophy is even more obvious. Although in no period of American history has capital been so completely the master of the government, it has never been so devoid of leadership, or so lacking in a clearly defined policy in domestic and international affairs. It has, in fact, given us the most corrupt and sterile eight years in our political history. Instead of developing a sound social philosophy it has merely taken it easy with Harding and silent with Cal. Now comes Hoover. Its only answer

to critics is, "Don't rock the boat!" To the millions of jobless and thousands of business men who are increasingly going on the rocks, it merely chants, "Prosperity!" It flouts all the known economic and social facts. It continues to waste our natural resources. Its real contribution can be measured only in its production of hokum, of which we have a greater supply today than we have ever had before in our history. It depends for its success largely upon drugging the American people with propaganda and making them unconscious of what is really going on.

Internationally, American capital has succeeded mainly in making itself cordially hated. With the gain of world power we have got little or no new world understanding. We declare our export trade to be indispensable for both our manufacturers and farmers. We pride ourselves upon the fact that "more than 2,000,000 families in the United States earn their living today producing goods for export." Yet we insist upon stricter and tighter tariff walls, paying no heed to the admonition that "if we will not buy, we cannot sell."

Thus whether one examines the positive creed of modern capitalism, with its championship of mass production, new luxuries and high purchasing power, or its negative programme of opposition to social insurance and collective bargaining, or its static political attitude, one fails to discover in it any fundamental appreciation of the world we live in. It is all weighted with contradictions and dilemmas. It is getting more confusing every day. The truth is, American capital is top dog, not because it is so awfully bright, but for reasons beyond its control. With the inexhaustible natural resources of the country and the constant refinement of the machine process, some of us could not help prospering. A devastating war weakened Europe as an effective competitor and turned over to us the financial control of the world. We are rich because we have riches. And were we more truly intelligent, we might also be happy, in fact as well as in myth.

PENNSYLVANIA IDYL

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST & JOHN HERRMANN

LYDIA and Karl jumped into their Ford and drove over to the Hendersons' as soon as they heard that two big beer trucks had broken through the bridge over the canal at two that morning. It was nine when Karl found out about it and there was a big crowd standing around already. Karl had one look and saw that he needed another man to help haul out a keg. There was a good deal of hauling out already going on, and Karl stepped on the gas so that they could get Steve before the beer was gone. The Hendersons were sitting outside in the sun; Steve was cleaning an old lantern and Rose was shelling some beans.

"Two big beer trucks broke through the bridge at Lower Blue Eddy; come on and bring some rope," Karl said.

"We can take the clothes-line," Steve said.

He got up, knocking the lantern over, and started toward the apple-trees where the clothes line hung. Rose rushed into the house. She remembered seeing some old line in the attic. Her head knocked against the beams and the line was covered with a pile of old shoes. She ran downstairs, turning out the fire under the oil-stove as she ran. When they saw her coming with the rope, the three under the apple-trees stopped wrestling with the clothes-line and hurried toward the Ford. The Ford had a tire with a slow leak, and now there was a little argument as to whether Steve should pump it up or ride on in Karl's car with Lydia and get things started. Everyone looked to Steve to get things started when they got to where the beer was.

Andrew, the brother-in-law of Steve,

now came on the scene and offered to pump the tire. All three men took a hand at pumping, each one yelling at the others to hurry and to let Steve go ahead and get things started with the beer. Karl finally led off with Lydia and Rose in his car and Steve and Andrew came behind with old '97.

Both cars steamed over the roads. The roads were very bad and the cars jolted and lurched. When they got along the Delaware they were on a county road and it was better. Karl stepped on it and Lydia said she hoped they would get there before all those Hoover cars had swiped the beer. She said that there was a crowd of cars with Hoover labels gathered around the bridge and that the owners were rolling home the booze.

When they got near to Lower Blue Eddy they had to slow down because the road was lined on both sides with cars. Some of them were swell. There were some New York licenses and a few from New Jersey, but most of the cars were from Pennsylvania. The road turned just where the bridge had been and there was a fairly steep rise. A car would have to slow down a little to make the turn, whether it was coming from Easton or headed that way. The trucks had been going toward Philadelphia.

The five young people parked the two Fords, and, carrying the coiled rope, headed toward the canal. There was a big crowd on each bank, staring at the trucks in the water. Both trucks had fallen on the side and stood a third out of the water. The water in the canal was about eight feet deep and the trucks lay jammed in the

wrecked timbers of the bridge. They were painted a nice blue with large lettering, "Puritan Fruit and Produce Co." They looked as if they had just fallen in without smashing anything.

Steve and Karl pushed toward the front carrying the rope. Rose and Lydia stood on the bank trying to hear if anyone had been killed. Some said two men were pinned under the trucks, some said only one. Some newspaper fellow from Easton said it wasn't much of a story unless one of the guys had been killed. A kid piped up and said his brother had been out on the truck and had just about stepped on the dead guy's face. The women all shivered and pressed closer to the canal. They wanted a good view of whatever was going to happen. Steve was already balancing on the timbers of the bridge and edging toward the truck that was farthest out of water.

A group of fellows was working at this truck. They had knocked a hole in the side and one of the men was inside, heaving out the kegs. They fastened a rope to a keg and pulled, and then the guys outside took hold of it and rolled it along a couple of planks from the wrecked bridge to the shore. A number of kegs had been taken out already. Cars with kegs tied up in gunny-sacks on the running boards shot off down the highway. The three newcomers went right out on the big blue truck. Steve knew one of the guys working with the kegs.

"Hello Bud," he said. He stood smiling at Bud, who smiled back. Bud was the son of the lock-keeper and he was always in on everything. Luke was there too.

Luke said, "Hello Steve, you got yours?"

"Not yet," Steve said.

He was glad he hadn't shaved for several days and that he had his old clothes on too. Then the fellows called him Steve. He liked that, and it made it easier to get a hand with the beer. Bud and Luke and a couple of other guys heaved out another keg and rolled it ashore. They let Andrew

and Karl get at the truck. Karl got right inside. The water came up above his knees as he stood on one row of beer kegs and reached toward another row. There were about forty kegs inside the truck. The kegs were heavy, and bound with three thick iron bands. The men got a rope looped around a keg and pulled. It bulged out of the truck and Steve and Andrew rolled it toward shore. Everyone was pretty quiet. The people on shore were quiet and the fellows hauling out the booze were quiet. There was a good view of the road to Easton and a lot of people kept looking up to see if the State troopers were coming. Someone said the troopers were coming now any minute.

"Funny thing why they ain't here yet. Been 'phoned for early this morning and it's going on eleven."

"Guess there's a good reason for that, if you ask me. They're paid, those fellows are, to keep away. When the evidence is all taken out, you'll see them fellows, not before."

"Ready to talk politics tonight, Elmer?"

"It's the poor man I'm thinking of, down under the water and not a soul has told his folks—"

"Hey—you out there—is a man under the truck?"

"My brother says he seen a man staring up at him —"

"Well, I don't keep up on politics, but Alma does and she argued until she was all a-shaking—"

"It ain't right to do that. Look at them fellows with cars. Now call it what you like, it's private property. Ought to be protected."

"What I want to know is, where's the sheriff?"

II

Those that stood on the banks kept up a steady line of talk. There were a lot of women. Old women and a lot of young mothers with kids. Some of the kids had been hauled from their naps and their

bottles and were yelling. Nobody paid any attention to them. Two fancy women from a road-house up the Delaware joined the crowd. One of them had big earrings and black Summer furs and the other one was decked out in a red coat and white flannel skirt. You could tell what they were, all right, but everyone was so excited that even the decent town women didn't seem to care. The sun was hot and the old people got tired and red in the face. Steve and Karl got out a keg apiece and then Steve decided to get another. They went right ahead and the crowd kept getting bigger.

One of the canal barges was tied up, waiting for the wreck to be cleared. It was painted a bright orange color, and the bargeman got down and he and some farmers got a big rope and tackled the second truck. They began to get hold and they worked fast. They knocked a hole clean through the roof of the second truck. It was as good as new too. It was a Mack truck and the lamp that was half out of water was still burning. Folks said the dead man was right under that lamp.

The fellow from the barge was a big Swede and he got into the water with his shoes off. He climbed on top the wheel and looked down where they said the dead man was.

"Can you see him?"

"Ain't there now. Must have floated," the big Swede said.

"Is there a man under there?"

"Two, some say."

"Some guy saw his hand floating and another nearly stepped on his fingers."

"Funny where the troopers are—"

"Paid not to hurry, if you ask me."

"Nobody can touch anything until the coroner gets here. It's the law. I knew of a case. A boy drowned and they couldn't take him out until the coroner come. It's against the law to do anything without the coroner."

"Better hurry, you guys. Troopers may come any minute."

"Hey Joe, roll out a couple more and then beat it."

The big Swede's wife had come off the barge and called to Joe, who was swimming around getting kegs started toward the shore. She was big and strong and took a hand and helped heave the kegs up the bank. Then she rolled them herself along the tow-path to the barge. The town people and the Summer people and the crowd that got out of cars passing by looked on. They were all good-natured and having a swell time. Nothing so good had happened in a long while. A lot of fellows wanted to get a keg but didn't have the crust.

Steve and Andrew and Karl rolled their three kegs up the bank and Steve drove old '97 down to the edge of the canal and they hoisted the three kegs in. Then they drove to Karl's house. They decided the kegs were safer there. Some snooty person might have been spying and taken down all the numbers on the cars. Bud had whispered to Steve that he had heard there was a fellow spying and taking down numbers and they might all get arrested.

Bud and the big Swede and a couple of farmers and some painters at work on a house nearby all kept on getting out the beer. Now and then a couple of white-collar guys sneaked in and hauled out a keg. Everybody else stood on the banks and didn't seem to mind sun or heat. They didn't intend to budge until something happened. A serious looking man in good city clothes came up and offered the Swede five dollars to go down and haul up the body.

"Think I'm a sucker?" said the Swede. "I'm here for beer. What's five dollars?"

A lot of talk went around that the Big Boss himself had shown up and had offered five to have the dead man hauled out. They said it just showed how little those fellows valued human life. It went around that the trucks belonged to Boo Boo Hoff and that his man had been the one offering the five dollars. The fellows went right on hauling out the kegs and rolling them away, into the fields and back of a big barn down the canal.

As they worked a wrecking crew came up. They were from Easton. They got busy with ropes and got out on the wreckage and everybody thought that now there would be some action. Karl and Andrew and Steve came back and stood around waiting to see the dead man hauled up. The crew got busy, but instead of trying to hoist the trucks they went right after the beer. They had good stout ropes and as there were five of them, they were able to get a lot of good beer out of the water and rolled down the road. Some said they were selling this stuff at five dollars a keg to city guys in cars who didn't have the nerve to step in and get it for themselves. All the people on shore kept a sharp lookout on the road toward Easton and someone yelled,

"Beat it! The cops are coming!"

An old woman leaned down over the broken off bridge and shouted, "Hey, get your beer rolled out! The cops!"

The wrecking crew, Bud, the farmers and the painters, and the big Swede and his wife all fished out the kegs in sight and scrambled up the tow-path with them. Two State troopers came on leisurely. By the time they reached the bridge, the wreckers were fixing chains around the truck farthest down stream and the foreman was yelling orders.

"Where's the body?" the foreman asked, very businesslike.

"Down there," yelled everyone along the bank, pointing in a dozen different places.

"Well, we got to get him out before we haul up the truck," the foreman decided.

Those on shore were full of advice. Some thought the truck could be lifted with blocks, and a rope tied to the body to keep it from floating away. Others said the body would be cut to pieces if the truck was touched. The wrecking crew played at the job, throwing water at one another and now and then one guy would punch another with a timber. They acted like kids showing off.

Someone had told the news to the steam

canal-dredging crew working several miles away and the dredge now came puffing along toward the wreck. When the Easton wreckers saw it they quit fooling and began to work fast. It looked as if the canal-dredger would take the business away from them. People on shore began to bet the Easton crew wouldn't be able to do any hoisting without the powerful machinery on the dredge. It came puffing along and the Easton crew got a line on the truck farthest out of water and hauled away. Just as the big dredger got up to them, they righted the big truck and pulled it toward the left bank.

III

It was almost noon. The men on the dredge, for all their hurry, got off their barge leisurely and didn't make a move to do anything toward hoisting the trucks in the water. They went along the tow-path to the meadow. A lot of fellows had been going over there. One of the troopers had gone over and when the crowd saw him coming they ducked and scattered through the tall grass. But he didn't do anything. He just grinned and walked back to the wreckage.

The twelve o'clock whistle blew. The sheriff hadn't shown up yet, nor the coroner. Crowds now came thick along the canal from the big crockery factories on the other side of the river. Workmen streamed across the canal, grinning and calling out to one another, "Got yours?" The Easton wrecking crew quit on the job and went down the tow path. Steve saw Bud and Luke trot along the other side of the canal toward the deep weeds. Plenty of beer kegs had been going in that direction all morning. He hustled up the embankment and called to Karl and Andrew,

"They're tapping the kegs, sure as the devil! Let's go over."

Steve and Karl hurried across the canal, walked a plank out to a coal barge moored alongside, and then went down another plank to the shore. Andrew hung back. He

figured the beer would be warm in the sun and he wanted to be on hand if they fished the body out. Steve and Karl ran into the field and found Bud. There were about thirty men around two kegs, one of which was already empty. One man had a hammer in his hand to knock the bungs in. There were only two glasses in the crowd and one small quart bucket. The men got as close to the kegs as they could and said, "I'm next! Gimme the glass! Say, hand me the can, will you? Let me have it next, will you?" Steve and Karl stood in the background.

Bud saw them and yelled out, "Hello Steve, got yours yet?"

"No," said Steve.

"Step right up," Bud said. He knew all the men and pushed his way to the keg. He took a glass out of one of the men's hands without saying a word. Then he said, "Lay over," to a guy hogging the keg. The fellow stood back and Bud filled the glass twice for Steve and Karl. The fellows crowded up and the glass was filled and refilled. Finally the second keg was empty. The party moved on its way to another keg in the tall grass. Karl went back to the wreck and Steve moved on with the crowd of boisterous and beery gent's. The fellow with the hammer knocked in the bung and the glasses and can started doing service. With each glass poured, a glass or more went into the ground. The farmer who owned the land kept moving around with the gang of men, drinking his share, but he didn't like the way the ground soaked up the beer.

"Gosh, no corn won't grow there next year. That ground ain't no good no more," he said.

No one paid any attention to him. There were about six other keg parties going around in the big weedy field. Everybody was happy.

"Well, here's to Prohibition—"

"Good joke, ain't it?"

"Let's have some more beer."

"Drink her down, boys. It ain't going to last forever."

"Them Federal men will be along here. Keep your eyes peeled."

"They can't do nothing."

"Gimme more beer."

Bill Jackson passed, walking by in a wide circle and followed by about ten men from Jersey.

"Where you going, Bill?" Steve said.

"Have you got yours, Steve?" Bill said.

"Sure have. Have a drink," Steve said.

"We got a keg out here," Bill said,

"Come on over."

Steve stayed there and took another swig out of the can. The beer was good and still cool from being so long in the canal. It was a rich heavy brew, good and heady like the Munich October brew or Pilsner, but nowhere near so smooth or easy on the palate. The kegs were charred and pieces of charcoal went into the glasses as they were filled up. This didn't bother the drinkers; beer and charcoal went down together. One fellow stumbled and fell backwards. This got a big laugh.

"Have some more," somebody said.

"Here come the Federals—"

"Where?"

"Right here!"

IV

"Stand still, you fellows! Everybody stand right where you are," shouted out the taller of the two Federal men. They looked like a couple of Kuppenheimer kids with their collegiate cut clothes, one with a cap and the other with a grey felt hat, bell bottom trousers and an Arrow collar mug. Their faces were set looking and serious and there was a frown on each of them. Two fellows in the party ducked low and started to run out of the circle into the weeds.

"Get them two guys!" said the tall agent.

"Pull your gun on 'em if they run like that. Give it to 'em."

One of the fellows in the circle spoke up, "Not in Pennsylvania, you birds. Not in Pennsylvania you don't go pulling no guns."

The two fellows who had tried to run away came walking back looking sheepish and stood in the circle.

"Take that smart fellow into custody," said the tall agent. "We'll take him along with us. You stand there where you are, you fellows."

The little agent who looked cocky went up to the fellow who had talked up when they threatened to pull their guns.

"You're under arrest," he said.

"What fer? All right, try it, only you don't go pulling no guns in this State. You must be a couple of Jersey guys. You can't pull that stuff here. You'll find there're other people as quick on the trigger as you are."

"You're under arrest. Shut your mouth. Nobody said they was pulling the guns, did they?" the big fellow said. He walked up close to the farmer who had spoken up. He doubled his fist. "You bastard, did anyone say they was pulling their guns? Did they? Speak up, damn you. Say they didn't or I'll sock you."

The farmer got a little scared. He didn't want to be socked.

"No, you didn't say it," he lied.

"You hear that, men?" the agent said. "Nothing was said about guns and we got these witnesses. Nobody said nothing about pulling a gun. You go along with us, buddy. Take down their names, Sam," he said to the little agent.

"Stay where you are, all of you. Your name?"

The first fellow said his name in a low voice. He was scared and thought he might disgrace his family. The next one felt the same and hesitated. Steve was third and he was a little nervous himself, but he spoke up with his name and smiled and turned to the farmer beside him.

"Doesn't mean anything. They won't do a thing," he said.

The next farmer spoke his name out loud when the agent asked him, and smiled, and everybody felt easier. Steve was a city fellow and if he wasn't scared they weren't going to be either. They all

looked at him and smiled and he had to carry it off that he didn't mind it. He walked over to the tall agent.

"Are you State or Federal men?"

The tall guy looked at him and wasn't going to answer. Then he figured he might as well. "Federal," he said.

"Federal, are you? Are you out of Doylestown? I'm covering this for one of the papers."

The agent looked at Steve quickly. He was impressed but a little doubtful. "What paper?"

"New York paper."

"Got your card?"

"No, it's across the canal."

"We'll go over there and take a look at it."

"All right," Steve said.

He didn't have a card and was no longer a newspaper man, but he knew reporters got some attention in a case like this. He didn't know why he pulled the newspaper line, but he felt good about it.

Some stragglers walked up and the little agent asked if he had all the names. One fellow said he didn't have his. He had just come up to the crowd and had had no beer. The agent took his name and the fellow smiled and felt that he was in on things.

"Have we got all the names?"

"You ain't got mine," said the farmer under arrest.

"Never mind, buddy, we got *you*," one agent said.

A State cop walked up and the agents turned the farmer boy over to him.

"Can we go now?" somebody piped up.

"All right. You can go now."

"What's the charge against these men?" Steve asked.

"Larceny and contempt of court. That beer was seized by the sheriff and it's State property."

"Oh, I see," Steve said. He smiled and walked away. Nobody had seen anything of the sheriff.

"Wait a minute. I'll take a look at that card," the agent said.

"All right," Steve said. "Come along."

Just then the little agent thought he saw someone moving in the bushes by the canal.

"Come on, Bill," he said and they crouched down like Nick Carter detectives and left Steve standing there. They sneaked through the weeds toward the canal. A fellow crouched down there on his heels and was just tearing a piece of newspaper into six inch squares. The agents stood up and walked back toward the scene of the accident. They forgot Steve and he went back to the other side of the canal where his friends were. He was excited now and felt pretty good about being in the raid.

V

Lydia and Rose were waiting patiently by the canal to see the poor dead man hauled up. The coroner had arrived. He was a snappy little fellow in white-and-tan sport shoes and he was smoking a cigar. He kept grinning and wise cracking. He said he had a birth to attend to and couldn't waste time here. If they hauled up the corpse he would come back later; he might come back anyhow. News that the Federals had come and had taken names was going around and everybody felt excited. Those who had not been in the meadow were sore that they had not got in on it. Those that had their names taken went around grinning and saying that nothing would come of it. The road supervisor had had his name taken too. He lived a couple of hundred feet from the bridge and said he was the first to get to the scene of the accident.

"If it hadn't been for me another car with a man and woman and a kid would have gone down too. My son heard it. He yelled to me, 'Pop, there goes the bridge!' and I got up and put on some pants and I just got the red lantern fixed when along come a car full of people. If it hadn't been for me more lives would have been lost and I say I earned that beer. They took my name, but I say I earned it."

Even those who had done no drinking seemed to think the beer had been earned. But some of the older men said it was wrong to take something that didn't belong to you. Karl and Andrew and Steve and the girls decided to go home for a bite to eat and then come back. Nothing was happening to the wreckage and they wanted to see some action.

It was almost five o'clock when they came back. The big trucks were righted, by the aid of the Easton crew and the big dredge. There was no sign of a dead man. The coroner had come back, grinning. The place was full of Federal men, highway commissioners, bridge inspectors and officials of all kinds. The sheriff had at last put in an appearance. He was now doing his duty by a couple of kegs stranded near the canal. As he hammered in the bungs he groaned.

"Hurts me same as you," he said to a couple of fellows waiting for the beer to gush forth. As it rushed in a foam on the ground some of the fellows got right down and scooped it with their hands, guzzling it. Where it lay in little pools some lapped it up, right from the ground.

There seemed to be as many people standing around as earlier in the day. Everybody was taking a holiday. They were happy and grinning and some of the men were pretty tight. One of the Federals said there never had been a body under the truck, but he guessed everybody was so crooked they thought they had seen one. The men whose names had been taken stood around, grinning at one another and feeling as if they belonged to a club. The coroner joked and the crowd joked with him. Someone said they guessed that baby had been born without much of doc's help.

The doc was feeling good-natured and the Federals important. The stream was now getting clear of timbers and the trucks were hauled almost out of water, enough to allow the waiting barges to go by. A lot of people felt sorry for the fellow on the orange-colored barge. When the Federals came, he got scared and threw

his kegs overboard. Then the men in the meadow found them and drank up the beer. He had worked hard for nothing. Those who had watched the kegs go overboard thought he had lost every keg. As the canal got clear the big Swede bargeman got his mules harnessed and started along the tow-path. The mules wore jaunty red hats and their bright brass bells tinkled. As they pulled, the orange barge swung into the middle of the canal. Slowly it came up to the scene of the wreck. A big crowd lined each bank. The bargeman

steered with care past the wrecked trucks. As the barge sailed by the crowd, two beer kegs were seen bobbing along, tied firmly to the rudder. The crowd pointed and began clapping. They clapped and cheered and laughed and everybody craned to see the kegs bumping along behind the barge.

But the bargeman pretended he didn't know what they were laughing and clapping about. He looked straight ahead very businesslike, and bore hard on the tiller, keeping the barge headed straight up stream.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT EVE

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

A SOUTHERNER is very often, and quite easily, shocked, especially in any matter which concerns chivalry. I, thus, am frequently upset to an unbelievable degree when people tell me, as they do over and over again with rather maddening unanimity, that women have not been fairly dealt with in that collection of my books which make up the *Biography of Dom Manuel's* perpetuated life upon earth. . . . Yet other persons, to be sure, profess that women are introduced into the *Biography* solely in order that men may deal fairly with them in *Jurgen's* personal application of this phrase. Either way, there seems a general feeling—peculiarly awkward for a Southern author to be encountering,—that, throughout my books, this half of the world's population has been neglected if not actually slandered.

After due confession that this is quite possibly true, I confess that I do not think it is true. I must point out that women, in common with all other non-human creatures such as gods and fiends and ghosts, appear in the *Biography* only as this one or the other of them seems to this or that human, and therefore, of course, to this or that very easily deceived, male person. I must point out that the point of view of the *Biography* is always masculine. I must remind you, in brief, that I have attempted no actual or complete portrait of any woman, but only a depiction of some man's notions about one or another woman.

To this rule there are but two exceptions, I believe, throughout the entire *Biography*,—in "*Sweet Adelais*" and "*Porcelain Cups*,"—wherein for technical reasons all is necessarily seen through a young

girl's lustrous and youth-blinded eyes. Elsewhere I have self-confessedly rendered the man's notion of the woman, whether the man's own all-tincturing nature be a medium so heavily or so slightly encoloring whatever it transmits as I have variously employed in *Nicolas de Caen* and in *Richard Harrowby* and in *Gottfried Johannes Bülg* and in *Robert Etheridge Townsend* and in *Captain Francis Audaine* and in the anonymous redactors of the legends of *Poitcisme*. Everywhere I have but recorded one or another more or less individualized male's notion about an especial woman, as a notion for the correctness of which I could assume no responsibility.

I have preferred to err, where error appeared inevitable, upon the safer side. Reading any printed narrative by a woman wherein the authoress—for at this precise point all female writers become mildly quaint authoresses,—purports to render for you the interior being of any male character, then the male reader becomes, at happiest, puzzled and just vaguely perturbed. The teddied creatures are clever. They, whose empirical knowledge is complete, do understand us—almost. But, after all, nothing in the picture is really quite right. The most gifted woman writer, at her most excellent, seems but to give, in dealing with her ostensibly male characters from the inside, one of those "artistic" photographs in which not any especial feature but merely everything is slightly out of focus. I can recall no instance in which a woman writer has depicted a man even fairly credible, to any of her male readers, when once she had

reversed the intentions of nature by trying to penetrate the man's exterior.

Since, heaven knows, they understand us far better than we do them, I can but deduce that when a male writer attempts to depict a woman from within, he also, with an even heavier emphasis, does but make a fool of himself. And I refrain from at least that single form of folly as far as may be possible. I present frankly, throughout the whole Biography, all women and gods and fiends and ghosts and fabulous monsters which enter thereinto, only as they appear to some especial male, because that, after all, is the sole point of view from which I or any other man can ever regard any of these myth-enveloped beings.

II

Which reminds me, through no instantly apparent connection, of my daily correspondence. There are, I now and then hopefully imagine, no more persons remaining anywhere in the United States of America sufficiently interested in the correct pronunciation of my surname to write and ask me about it: then the postman comes, to confute optimism, and upon the following Saturday I must type off two or three more statements that Cabell rhymes with rabble. But almost if not quite so often does the postman bring an inquiry as to what was the really fundamental explanation of one or another phenomenon witnessed by Manuel, or by Jurgen or Florian or Gerald, or by some other of my leading male Manuelides; if the symbolism were such and such; if the person encountered is to be interpreted as so and so; if one or another word should be regarded as an anagram; and, in brief—through that sempiternal assumption that all art is a branch of pedagogy,—what allegorical teaching did I intend by this or that passage? What, in the usual phrase, does this or that passage "mean?"

Then, on the following Saturday, I must type off a confession of more or less humiliating ignorance. I must explain that I

have but recorded from the point of view of one or another especial male that which he witnessed. I have told the reader, for example, what Manuel saw and heard, or I have set down all that Florian or Jurgen or Gerald ever knew about some particular matter: and concerning this same matter that is all which I myself can pretend to know. Certainly no reader has any call to know more. The reader should respect the book's point of view as zealously as does the author.

After that, I try to fold my note so as to fit it neatly into the stamped and self-addressed envelope which was thoughtfully enclosed by my correspondent, and I find that never by any chance is the achievement possible. For it appears that, through a truly remarkable coincidence, the more inquisitive of American novel readers, in common with most collectors of autographs, all deal with the same stationer, who purveys a very special sort of envelope so abbreviated lengthwise as to accommodate not any known size of writing paper.

Well, but my point is, that just so do women rank in the Biography. I can but tell you all that my protagonist, in each especial volume, ever knew about them, and as a rule that is not much.

III

Yet it may be that there is a second reason for this gingerly handling of women, as concerns at least their unphysical aspects. It may be that I remain too much the romantic, even before the rising phantom of a fiftieth birthday, ever quite to regard women as human beings. . . . For one has the assurance of the very best-thought-of critics that "the author of 'Jurgen'"—whom I privately tend to disesteem as a semifabulous creature,—is "an embittered romantic."

He began, it seems, by writing the most philanthropic, if somewhat overblown and cloying tales, in his faraway youth: but, with advancing age, he found the world not altogether that which he had expected

it to be, and so lost his temper, and began to be dreadfully peevish about affairs in general. He seems to have been completely upset by the shock. He has never got over it. Every week the returns from the clipping bureau bring me the most authoritative information as to this embittered romantic existing in a never-lifting atmosphere of despair and frustration. . . . And one resignedly accepts the label, because, after all, every writer of some years' standing has to be classified, by those who are both younger and more certain about everything than he can ever hope to be again.

The only trouble is that this labeling does a bit complicate private life. Nobody can, with any real comfort to himself, go on being an embittered romantic twenty-four hours to the day when so many pleasant things are continually happening. It would call for more self-control than seems reasonable. Besides, if I dared to try out the rôle of an embittered romantic in the home circle, and among those surroundings in which the major part of my life is passed, everyone would be surprised and upset. The family physician would be sent for. So upon the very rare occasions that I provisionally attempt to live up to the standards of the best-thought-of critics, by behaving as becomes an embittered romantic, it has to be done when the presence of company has temporarily stilled the frankness of connubial comment.

Even so, when you first meet strangers, and particularly interviewers, the situation is now and then faintly embarrassing. You feel the weight of social obligations, you feel that these aliens at least may expect you to behave as an embittered romantic, and that they may even have some assured information, denied to you, as to how an embittered romantic does behave: and in consequence you do not at all know what to say or do. You can but desperately attempt to hide behind a look of friendly but cynical amusement, and to assume an air of thinking superior thoughts well suited to publication in the *Dial*, which you are

leaving unworded. And you feel too that you are bungling the whole affair. . . . For no embittered romantic, I repeat, can maintain the appropriate atmosphere of despair and frustration in his private and social affairs with any real comfort to himself.

—All which is a bit afield. I had meant only to say that a romantic, even when of the embittered variety, perhaps cannot ever, quite, regard women as human beings.

IV

Now to do this is, of course, the signal attempt of the Twentieth Century,—to regard women as human beings. I am not sure the experiment will succeed: but the outcome, after all, I take to be no concern of mine, whereas I am certain I find it drolly interesting to observe the progress of Eve's daughters. . . . For so great a while they were but conveniences, equally for housework and copulation. Then, as the more talented courtesans were evolved, women here and there began to be ranked among the luxuries and adornments of life, exactly as we of late have seen yet other bedchamber and kitchen furnishings, under the name of Early Americana, turned into prized ornaments of the drawing-room.

But the apex was reached in the medieval notion of *domnei*,—perhaps the most aspiring, and very certainly the most unpredictable, of all the inventions of romanticists,—whereby women became goddesses, or, at least, Heaven's bright and lovely symbols upon earth. Of this *domnei* I have written sufficiently in another place. Yet I must here point out that *domnei* was always a cult limited in its membership to the upper classes, and limited too, as though instinctively, in any recordance of its tenets, to the golden and pleasantly befogging haziness of verse. Side by side with *domnei*, as the main trend of medieval prose literature shows very plainly, persisted always the monkish notion of woman as a snare of the Devil, and the bourgeois notion of woman as a false and

lustful animal. The romanticist, that is, tended, as he still does, howsoever timidly, to be a gentleman. Domnei prevailed only among the gentry, among those who had the leisure, and the good taste, to play with what Gerald Musgrave calls a rather beautiful idea.

Well, and now—as a part perhaps of the very general discrediting of all gentle notions everywhere as a bit overflavored with fudge,—now this ends. To every side of us, the lady—a word which is so significant that to record the four letters of it here must permeate this whole page with old-fashionedness,—the lady, I observe, is triumphantly climbing down to full equality with the butler and the Congressman. I daresay—and at least I have Madame Melior de Puyange to back me,—that the pedestal upon which domnei exalted every gentlewoman had its discomforts. The lady, in any event, grows nowadays as rare as the horse; these two, who were formerly the dearest prized chattels of every wellbred male, now race neck and neck into extinction: and the progress of woman's evolution toward that day, now so clearly to be foreseen, when women will at last have become human beings, appears edifying. Yet I watch it with auctorial disinterest, for with that day my books have no concern. My books, throughout, treat of an older day when this surprising metamorphosis had hardly, if at all, begun.

I confess, in brief, that the male inheritors of Manuel's life—from whose point of

view I have written all that which makes me an embittered romantic every Thursday, when the envelope from the clipping bureau comes in,—that these Manuelides have, throughout the Biography, approached the daughters of Eve with that underlying feeling of untimidity which one perforce harbors toward all gods and fiends and other non-human creatures. And now a third reason for this confessed fact occurs to me.

I would suggest that the inheritors of Manuel's life were perhaps the victims of heredity. For it was Manuel, as you may remember, who remarked upon Upper Morven, at the height of his love-affair with Queen Freydis: "What can I ever be to you except flesh and a voice? I know that my distrust of all living creatures—oh, even of you, dear Freydis, when I draw you closest,—must always be as a wall between us, a low, lasting, firm-set wall which we can never pull down. There is no way in which two persons may meet in this world of men: we can but exchange, from afar, despairing friendly signals in the sure knowledge they will be misinterpreted. No soul may travel upon a bridge of words."

Well, and I suspect that in this particular no one of Manuel's race has ever greatly differed from their great progenitor. For it was then that Manuel, after all, spoke the final and all-comprehending words that any man may say to or about any woman. Or, for that matter, about any other man.

THE NORTHWEST TAKES TO POESY

BY JAMES STEVENS

IN THE hardy old times of the great Northwest the sweet art of poetry was for ladies only. In those days the logger, the silver-lead miner, the cowpuncher, the jerkline freighter or the bartender caught in the act of composing verses was regarded with something of the hostility accorded mine-salters and horse-lifters. Whenever a Northwestern male of that lusty era felt the urge to twitter and sigh in print he fled to more congenial regions. Thus Edwin Markham and Joaquin Miller deserted Oregon.

Today, however, the situation is entirely changed. The poetry landslide of the last decade smote the Northwest with a tumult of song that still reverberates. In the deep and dark stopes of mines lyrics were murmured to the accompaniment of silver-lead ore clinking from steel shovels. Above the drone of saws and the ring of axes in the Douglas fir forests rose the sound of bully logger voices chanting sonnets. On the cattle ranges east of the Cascades cowboys no longer shrilled the ribald rhymes of "The Chisholm Trail" as they rode for the towns, and the Rabelaisian lines of "Mother Kelley" no longer boomed above the feed-yards; in their place correct ballads from the poetry books were sighed out in the most genteel tones, and the herds at night were lulled to rest by the recitation of soothing odes.

At last poetry had ravished the males of the He-Man Country. The Northwest was ripe for literary leadership. Hordes of poets were wasting their sweetness on the desert air. They yearned, of course, to perform in public. The urgent need for an impresario was proclaimed. The call sounded in vain

until 1923. Then Col. E. Hofer, one of Oregon's grand old men, offered his services. In January, 1923, the first issue of his famous magazine of poetry, the *Lariat*, appeared. It flew this banner, in colors of cream, black and red:

Western Poetry Magazine
THE LARIAT

A Monthly Roundup of Western Discussion and Criticism Devoted to Higher Standards of Literature on Broad Cultural Lines of Expression.

Later on the following was added:

The *Lariat* is a voice crying out in the wilderness, warning the reading world that Our Country has standards and ideals in national literary affairs that are well established in poetry, fiction and drama, and should not be crowded off the map by the slum products of Europe or even Our Own Country.

Still later this boast and appeal were flown:

Educators, Libraries, Club Women, Brain workers and Professional men and women—

Are Roped by the *Lariat* and like it—

Join in the Gang for the open air spaces who are strong for clean Western American standards—
Help keep Our Country sane, sound and sweet.

Here was the stuff. Soon the *Lariat* had penetrated to the remotest regions of the Northwest. It was read over branding fires; cowboys held it in their left hands and perused it ardently, while their right hands pressed hot irons into the flanks of bawling slickears. No longer were choker-setters and bull-cooks forlorn in their desire to see their lays in print; they now sat in their underclothes and read the *Lariat* all through the eventide, and proudly hoped. Lumber-pilers paused in their labors to haul the *Lariat* from their hip pockets and to derive from its pages a momentary inspiration be-

fore heaving up another two by twelve. It was in such a moment, no doubt, that P. E. Chance was first thrilled by the idea for his ode on the restriction of immigration:

Now our mothers and wives can go
And get themselves a seat
In our moving picture show
Without sitting next to a Greek.

A city has grown up from a few small shacks
Since the departure of that foreign band.
For they sent their money back
To their native land.

This sawmill has prospered beyond a doubt,
As can be plainly seen.
And if we can keep the foreigner out
We can keep the village clean.

II

Ere long the hopes kindled by Colonel Hofer in the hearts of the poetry-sick hemen began to be fulfilled. With such poseys as these the cream-colored pages of the *Lariat* smelled and shone:

OLD HORSE

Yes, I've seen the East in its glory,
And Broadway's twinkling lights,
But they can't compare in a single way
With our Western starlit nights. . . .

So here I am and here I'll stay.
Are you glad to see me, old horse?
If you answer with a rub of your nose,
I'll know you mean "of course."

Meanwhile, the *Lariat* rose steadily to loftier levels; the thunder of the poetry movement, striking at first among the hardy men of the woods, mines and cow camps, soon roared past the portals of high-toned Northwest homes. Daughters and wives of loggers and lumbermen welcomed the chance to horn in:

A PLACE TO SHARE

Brave *Lariat*—who doth aspire
To meet our wants and wishes too,
Who fain would have us all admire
Your worthiness in every hue;
We welcome you to our hearthstone rare,
We bespeak for you a hearty greeting.
We have found a place for you to share
Where "good fellows" are meeting.

Ere long the editor was modestly printing this lilting tribute from Ellen Irene Lang:

TOAST TO THE LARIAT

Hail! Hail! oh *Lariat*!
Your length unfurl
With dashing twirl,
With snappy curl,
And lo! Off comes our hat!
Sing! Sing! oh *Lariat*!
Now here, now there,
Humming in air
A song so fair,
A song so rare
That lo! Heart follows hat!

The colonel, being conveniently a millionaire, began shipping bales of his magazine to all parts of the country. Editors of Eastern magazines devoted to the new poetry sniffed solemnly and at length in paragraphs designed to set the upstart in its place. True Westerners never turn the other cheek. Soon such counter blasts as these began to boom and smoke from the pages of the *Lariat*:

BLURBS

Anybody can make rhymes; but if they're easily understood
And have a meaning, why, they're no good.

To be a poet, you must write sonnets to ashcans
and to bricks
Like Sandburg and Lindsay; those are their tricks. . . .

Critics will hail you as a genius and marvel at your imagery.
But somehow, I don't know why, it's all bunk to me.

Even the colonel himself, usually the most genial and benign of men, lost his temper:

It is considered *de trop* for a Westerner to ever pose as a literary critic, and he is supposed to be a better judge of jerked beef and kippered salmon than he is of masterpieces in art. Let me say this for the West: when they do a thing *it has some bigness about it*. The poetry may not be masterpiecing, but it is given with a whole heart and not by mere pen-shysters who follow the camp and pick up the bits. The Eastern market is crowded with verse-smiths. In the West—well, they can just go out into the spaces and pick up the stuff dreams and songs are made of, so why agonize at effects—just revelling in the great nature magazine of verse.

But the colonel, alas, eventually surrendered. Perhaps it was from his greatest weakness, his tender heart. The logging camp waitresses and sawmill stenographers, among other business girls of independent

mind, were reading the Eastern poetry magazines. And they were succumbing. The proof of it was in the free verse which began to flood the editorial desk of the *Lariat*. At last, reluctantly, the colonel started to print poems with lines such as this one:

You

There is something about you
Like a caterpillar.
A soft, woosy little caterpillar.
You cling to my hand and refuse
To go where I will you to.
If you should spit on me
I should throw you against that tree,
Then watch you curl and uncurl,
Curl and uncurl, and die.

The colonel's belated hospitality to the new poetry was a great step forward. The *Lariat* continued to flourish. Hard-headed captains of industry were drawn, blushing, into its singing company. In 1924 the colonel triumphantly published the following poem, composed by Claudius Thayer, a leading banker of Tillamook, capital of the Oregon cheese industry:

THE LITTLE SPIDER

He puzzles me, that little mite,
That from the ceiling often drifts
And with my breath swings back and forth
Between me and the window-light.
He must, I think, have some intent,
This rover from his lofty home,
Some purpose in his tiny brain,
He's not on merely swinging bent.

III

His triumph only urged Colonel Hofer on to loftier goals. There were still three groups in the Northwest who either ignored the *Lariat*, or sneered. One of these groups was composed of the literary professors in the State universities. The second was made up of the hard-boiled fictioneers, the free lances who thought of literature only in terms of cents per word. The third group bristled with those cynical, cold-eyed folk, the newspaper boys and girls. The professors and the fictioneers, once the colonel went after them, were roped and led into his corral with no more difficulty than had been experienced in gathering up

poetic loggers, cowpunchers, salmon fishermen, steamboat firemen, silver-lead miners, homestead wives, logging camp waitresses, sawmill stenographers, bankers and lumber salesmen.

The professors, indeed, were easy. They had only to read through a file of the *Lariat*, and they were lost. That reading was certain to inflame their instinct to instruct, uplift and reform, and the colonel had only to wait for them. In time the pages of the *Lariat* were dignified with poems from their hands, designed to serve as models to the plain poets.

Thus Professor Glenn Hughes, instructor of bardlings at the University of Washington, contributor to the *Bookman*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and other illustrious Eastern magazines, editor of those productions so typical of the Northwest, the University of Washington Chapbooks, in covers of pink, lemon, mauve and apple-leaf green—Professor Hughes appeared in the *Lariat* with "Arizona Night," a sonnet wherein the sun "flaunted its crimson banners" and was succeeded by "the thrill of vibrant night." It was accompanied by a sonnet on the city, which inexorably specified the following items: traffic roar, raucous blare, turmoil, throbs, and symphony cacophonous. Thus the professors were fetched.

The fetching of the fictioneers at first seemed hopeless. One and all, they failed to respond in 1924 to the following appeal, calling for the amalgamation of all the literary organizations of the Northwest into one gigantic and powerful league:

It is not inconceivable that such a worthy movement may spread ultimately until each State has its Writers' League, Poet Laureate and Annual Week in honor of literary work. . . . Perhaps a star will come out of the West reversing things and lead us to some creative source, some manger clothed in the vestments that might be lifted and proved the sacred spark. Are we willing to rest in the foothills forever and never see the super-planes where the peaks throw their challenge to the sun?

But where eloquence failed, filthy lucre and gaudy flattery succeeded. The colonel traveled and gave banquets. The wood pulp

lads were invited to sit at his right hand. They were permitted to stand up in their dress suits and tell how they had attained a position which permitted them to join expensive bridge and golf clubs, the Shriners, the Elks, and the Republican party. Thus the hard-boiled contributors to the popular magazines were herded into the colonel's League of Western Writers, and roped, and branded.

In his seventy-fifth year the colonel achieved the greatest triumph of his life. For in August, 1928, the League of Western Writers held a convention at Portland, Ore. All of the writers' organizations of the West were at last banded together in an amalgamation ruled by an executive board glittering with eminent names. Under Col. E. Hofer, president, was listed this blinding galaxy of educational and literary stars:

Canada: Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.C.

Alaska: Barrett Willoughby

Mexico: Dr. Levi B. Salmans

Arizona: Dr. D. Maitland Bushby

California: Kathleen Norris

Colorado: Katherine L. Craig, State Superintendent of Public Instruction

Idaho: Reginald C. Barker

Montana: Howard S. Tool

New Mexico: Witter Bynner

Oregon: Anne Shannon Monroe

Utah: T. Earl Pardoe, M.D.L.A.

Washington: Vernon McKenzie, Dean of Journalism, University of Washington

Wyoming: Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, University of Wyoming

Even the Free Lances of Seattle, an organization of strictly professional writers including a former exalted cyclops of the Klan, had its dress-suited representatives at the board. As the colonel arose to address the seething assemblage of literary and university grandees there was no doubt a moment when he remembered his old battle-calls in the heat of the fray. He might have reminded his lordly listeners that there was a time when he was supported in his ceaseless warfare only by poets from the logging and cow camps, when only coarse ears heard and heeded such a plea as this one:

The *Lariat* might well be called a volunteer captain in the lists of literary militancy. . . .

The weary world is looking to America to replenish its lost idealism. Let it know that in the West are the prophets and leaders and the following millions who still have this vision and this aim and this goal. Be one of them, you reader of the *Lariat*, you in your circle out in Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, and out in the more favored circles where the ripple has already grown to its stream. Be a Literary Scout and throw out some blazing line today, get your local paper warmed up to the torch-bearing job. . . .

Let such a group brush aside the trash that is swamping the West from the East. . . . Ask all your churches and editors to talk on the idea, and make a jolly plan to carry out together.

Till each circle does this the insidious printed word of the syndicated slush factories has a wide market and the harvest we already rue.

Be a *Lariat* yourself and go out and rope your neck of the woods for militant literature reform.

The clarion call had been answered. At last the West's best in literature, in convention assembled, was the colonel's to command. Small wonder that his smile was triumphant as well as benign when he arose from his president's chair to face salutes and cheers.

IV

Like all great human leaders, the colonel began life in poverty. His father, a refugee from the German revolution of 1848, was a pioneer manufacturer of vinegar in Iowa. The son, the future dictator of Western letters, was forced into hard labor at an early age. His first job was piling barrel staves. Next he peeled poplar poles for fence building. At the age of fourteen he cut cordwood at fifty cents a cord. Later on he shaved barrel hoops, built flour barrels, and hauled flour. For a time he was a blacksmith's apprentice; then he served in a surveying gang. Eventually he became a country printer and editor. Moving to Oregon at the height of his powers, his shrewd understanding of the bucolic mind soon made him a strong political influence in the State. He became the most successful lobbyist in Salem, the State capital, and a colonel.

In those days his main concern was with material things. He was one of the first men in America to realize the potentialities of the backdoor publicity which has of

late become a scandal through the revelations of its services to the public utilities corporations. The colonel's experience as a country editor had given him an acute knowledge of the wants of his overworked tribe. He established a news service designed to minister to its chief wants. The canned editorials that he sent out each week were received with gratitude by country editors all over the Northwest. Each one contained propaganda for one of the corporations subscribing to the service. It was the only means by which big business could answer the demagogic attacks of Bryan, Roosevelt, Wilson and LaFollette in the rural press. In 1927, according to testimony before the Federal Trade Commission, American gas and electric companies alone paid \$84,820.80 to the E. Hofer & Sons' News Service.

The colonel prospered. But material success did not satisfy him. He devoted himself to humanitarian labors and in time became president of the Oregon Humane Society. Yet his spirit soared on. Age only added new pinions to its wings. In 1915, when he was approaching seventy, he published a novel, "Jack Norton." Of crabbed and passionless age the pages of this confection reveal nothing. The lines surge with rapture and fury. Certain paragraphs might have been written by Ben Hecht; others are charged with a pale fire of idealism as luminous and hot as that in the works of Upton Sinclair and Harold Bell Wright; again, the reader encounters passages which anticipated the sly, feline naughtiness of Carl Van Vechten; in short, the work has everything.

But the life of a literary creator is necessarily a cloistered one. For a man habituated to the gregarious existence of a lobbyist, novel writing could not suffice. The colonel's countenance is best described as rubicund and smiling. It is the outward sign of his yearning to serve his fellow men and women. When the poetry movement struck the Northwest and the plaintive voices of leaderless bards began to sound from its wilderness, he was inspired. He

abandoned the cloister, strode forth with his gilded staff, smote the rock, and the *Lariat* gushed forth.

I myself must confess that the new Western Poetry Magazine provided me with much refreshment, if not nourishment. In 1923 I was among the vast company of loggers, cow hands, silver-lead miners, salmon fishermen, sheep-herders and lumber-pilers who were experiencing the delicious tremors of a literary awakening.

My first encounter with the *Lariat* occurred when I was laboring on the green chain of the sawmill at Westport, Ore. I was on the night shift, which ended at three in the morning. At the end of one night of labor, when a wet wind hammering up from the Columbia river bar had made work under the open shed of the green chain an infernal misery, I discovered a copy of the *Lariat* in a chair of the hotel lobby, where I had paused to rest. The magazine looked too pretty to sit on or to throw on the floor, so I held it in my lap when I sank wearily down. As I gnawed my plug for a heartening chew I idly turned the pages of the pretty publication. At that perilous moment the following lines, composed by Col. E. Hofer himself, gripped my attention:

MADONNA OF THE POOR

(Dedicated to Social Settlement Workers)

"She never heard the song of love . . ."

*Oh, woman, I would woo thee
And cause thy life to bloom,
As some rank rose in season
Sends forth its rare perfume.*

*She ne'er beheld the birth of day,
Or saw the infant morn born softly forth
On noiseless pinions of the air,
Laid in the pearly shell of dawn
And carried joyous on the shoulders of the sun.
She ne'er lived through a radiant day,
When all the earth with feeling thrills
Beneath caresses of her lover bold. . . .*

I quit there, partly because I felt myself blushing, but mainly because I had swallowed my chew. Staggering in a half-swoon up to my room, it was not until the next day that I discovered I had brought the *Lariat* along. Irresistibly it drew me to its pages. I had taken the first drink.

For hours I was immersed in the froth and sparkle of its poetry and in the soldier liquids of the colonel's editorial prose. Such lines as these caused the first ferment of discontent with a lumber hand's life in my heart:

How little of genuine genius fire there seems nowadays to flicker through the waste spaces of literature! . . . Like a group of wandering bees with latent honey-gathering power possessing a gaping, yawning, hollow tree, so the wild germs of genius rush into the waiting burnished vault of the ready heart.

The colonel's definite critical judgements also impressed me mightily. My pitch-stained fingers trembled when they turned to this treasure:

He [Emerson Hough] was one of a small group who had decided that as for themselves they would not descend into the murky regions of sex psychology, nor add to the stream of fiction revolving around social experiments in jazz, neurotics, or the *laissez faire* of more or less degenerate adolescent psychopathy.

Never to be forgotten is the awe with which I regarded a man who could launch upon the reading of a dictionary with such gay abandon as this:

The editor of the *Lariat* has so far disdained to wear any kind of goggles, green, blue, or other color or colorless. He has said that when deprived of vision he would employ a reader, blonde or brunette (no preference expressed), and he has set for himself the task (in this delightful way) of reading through the new Webster's International Dictionary (7½ pages per day).

Then the burning lines of a truly virile Northwestern poem smote my already throbbing eyes:

WANT ADS

By Earl MacTowner, Portlatch, Washington

To read the ads,
However simple they may be,
They are the source of boundless joy to me.
I delve into each compact, cryptic line,
And probe the hidden mystery to find.

"Lost, strayed or stole, pure white collie,
That answers to the name of Mollie,
A good reward for her return."
They might have added:
"Sad hearts yearn."

Like hundreds of other laborers in the Northwest, I ended my first reading of the

Lariat with the conviction that I could write poetry as good as that myself. So it wasn't long until I was sweating out a few lines at odd times. But I was too shy to submit them to the colonel. My writing was unmistakably coarse and plain. No matter how I tried, I could not make it glad and fine. Beside, certain of Colonel Hofer's admonitions were discouraging. For example:

The industrious versifier who bombards the Eastern magazines continually is finally admitted to the class of well-paid poets. It takes about two years. But it takes that long to establish a grocery business.

I did not care, however, about taking two years to establish either a poetry or a grocery business. The itch to write which I had caught from the *Lariat* demanded immediate satisfaction. So, like Albert Richard Wetjen, the hop yards laborer, Victor Shawe, the silver-lead miner, Stewart Holbrook, the logger, and others who were inspired by the colonel but could not stand the wear and tear of poetry writing, I took the easiest way and began writing coarse prose for the Eastern magazines.

V

The most popular department in the *Lariat* in the colonel's hey-day was its column of personals. The talent which he had developed for writing homey items in his practice as a country editor was on display in every issue of the magazine. Loggers and cow hands might scratch their heads in vain over his more erudite editorials, but such items as these reached their hearts:

The noted writer and illustrator, Wallace Smith and wife, are enjoying life at Cannon Beach. Mr. Smith's story, "Love or Hate," appeared in a recent number of *Collier's* and is said to be one of the strongest of the year.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is another thrifty Englishman who has been overworked in Our Country—a case of too much Johnson.

Helen Way Crawford, well-known and loved Oregon poet, has become a resident of Berkeley. The Poison Gas Squad are trying to pump oxygen into James Joyce. No use.

In 1843 Virginia put a tax of thirty dollars a

year on bath tubs, and in 1845 a Boston municipal ordinance made such bathing unlawful except on medical advice.

Miss Sheila Kay-Smith, known in the literary world as a popular novelist, was married recently to Rev. Theodore Fry, eldest son of Sir John and Lady Fry, Sussex, England.

We search the Winter magazines in vain for any lines of good verse. Is there no Winter literary cauliflower? It is a Pacific Coast crop.

There is really nothing the matter with Western literature. To begin with, there is very little.

Give the West time and it will be the hub of the literary world, what with its silver drama.

Wilodyne D. Hack has sold an article to *Western Spatologue* and a story to *Girls' Weekly*.

Chas. F. Lummis has made musical history in his "Spanish Songs of Old California."

Alas, *Dial*, I loved thee once, long ago.—Ed. *Lariat*.

Gilbert K. Chesterton seems to keep up his lick.

With his brigades of poets and his glittering staff of professors the colonel had an easy march to literary leadership in the Northwest. In the end he had opposition from only two sources. The newspaper folk of Portland and Seattle would yield to neither threats or blandishments. And H. L. Davis, named by Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Robinson Jeffers and Harriet Monroe as the chief poet of the Northwest, went his way among the Slickear Bills, Appetite Toms and John Silvertooths of the Antelope cattle country in Eastern Oregon, with no more than a casual sneer for the loyal *Lariat* band. In so far as Davis is concerned the colonel no doubt consoles himself with the reflection that since 1918 this poet's work has been identified with that of the Chicago school. Once, in defense of a poem on desert rats, the colonel plainly expressed his opinion of the Chicago poets:

The Chicago School of Poetry does not hesitate to give us poems about slaughter houses, tanneries and soap factories. . . . We should be thankful for poems about clean, sweet-smelling desert rats.

But all this opposition became feeble or passive, and by means of banquets, radio addresses, conventions and the expenditure of sums estimated at from ten to twenty thousand a year, the colonel reached his

goal in 1927. Delegates from all the writers' organizations in the West met in a Parliament of Western Letters in that year, formed the League of Western Writers, and elected the grand old man president. The second convention of 1928 in Portland made him president emeritus.

His great work is now accomplished. He can rest on his laurels and enjoy his honors. And that is exactly what he is doing. The *Lariat* has been turned over to younger hands. The colonel's literary activities are now confined to speech-making at writers' banquets, which have succeeded all over the Northwest the roundups of the cattle ranges and the blow-ins of the lumber towns. His orations still ring with challenges to those who decry clean Western stories. He still shouts his winning slogan:

The veribest in the West
Shall be the test for the rest.

By veribest the colonel means literary works which surpass those of New England in the avoidance of raw sex. With the help of his henchmen, and under God, he vows that Western literature shall never be polluted by writings like those of Dreiser, Cabell, Anderson and Lewis. The professors bow their heads in agreement. The Free Lances shake the Fiery Cross.

And while murmurs arise from the ranks of the plain poets who were the colonel's first faithful followers, the murmurs are faint. The glittering eminence of the peerage that now surrounds the throne astounds the *skalds* from the woods, the bards from the camps and the lady lyricists from humble homes. They meekly gather at the banquet board and sit below the salt. And even as the liege lord and the peerage blanched with horror, so did the yeomanry blanch during an autumnal literary love feast in 1928, when a leather-lunged bellhop, hired by some ribald scornor of authority, bellowed through the banquet hall:

"Call for Maxwell Bodenheim! Call for Maxwell Bodenheim!"

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Journalism

MOVIE CRITICS

BY LEDA V. BAUER

I WAS having dinner with a young woman movie critic in a restaurant some time ago when one of her middle-aged confrères entered and seated herself at a nearby table. The newcomer seemed to me to be rather festively arrayed for the hour and the occasion and I called my companion's attention to her.

"Yes," said she, enviously. "It's a little young for her, but isn't it lovely? It is one of Dolores Costello's prettiest evening dresses. Miss X. admired it so much that Dolores just had to take it off and give it to her."

And when I wondered why my companion had been so remiss in her own behalf, "Oh, I could never have got into it," she explained. "It is much too small for me."

Evening dresses, it appears, are only one of the perquisites of lady movie critics. Breakfasts, luncheons, teas and dinners, cigarettes and taxi-rides, Christmas presents and birthday presents, and souvenirs on the opening night of a new picture and on the star's return from Paris with the news that she is going to divorce her new husband—all these things are hers. Last Christmas, one reviewer went from the office of picture company to picture company in a taxi, calmly collecting her loot. Unfortunately for this Lorelei, when the chauffeur considered enough had been gathered together for one year, he took the opportunity, at one of the stops, to drive off with the collection and was never seen again. The lady was loud in her lamentations for some time, but it is not on record that the gifts were duplicated. The gentlemen of the craft are perhaps more

subtly rewarded—but many of them just as surely.

Screen criticism in the daily press and in the magazines is, approximately, where theatrical criticism was twenty years ago, except, of course, from the point of view of good writing. The screen has never produced any William Winters or Percival Pollards—certainly no Hunekers or Shaws. It attracts neither the cynical, clever young fellows who, according to fable, form a waiting-list of thirty thousand to display themselves in the theatrical columns of the *New York Times*, nor the earnest, scholarly young men who want, through the medium of the Little Theatre, to shed the light of truth in shadowed corners.

Twenty years ago, perhaps not so long ago as that, a dramatic critic regarded an invitation to lunch with David Belasco either as an enormous honor or as a bribe to be accepted or resented. A great number always accepted. Today, the integrity of the average dramatic critic is taken for granted, though of course his intelligence may yet be questioned. But, so far, the intelligence of the motion-picture critic has not entered into the question, and the dinner with the picture counterpart of Belasco is neither an honor nor a bribe: it is a perquisite and, without it, the picture is apt to suffer.

There are, to be sure, exceptions. I speak of the average. The occasional impeccable critic is usually of the slanderer type. A handsome liaison officer, employed by a picture company for just such work, once tackled one of these incorruptible reviewers in his own subtle fashion. He invited her to have luncheon with him to discuss the motion-picture art. The lady cannily chose the Colony Club, ordered champagne with her meal, and listened carefully to all

the reasons why her escort believed it her duty to be friendlier to his company. The next day her paper printed the interview in full, including even the price of the meal. But such instances are few.

The reason seems to be that very few movie reviewers have any intention of dying movie reviewers. The work does not breed respect for itself. Young men with the critical urge have only contempt for the screen. The nascent Paul Rosenfelds do not find it a spring-board for their fine writing. The typical picture critic wants, not to be a good picture critic, but to be a scenario writer, or a continuity writer, or even a director. He sees reviewing as the opening wedge to a career in the more lucrative branches of the industry. Through the columns of his newspaper, he can attract attention to himself—not the attention of the public to his erudition or style, but the inflamed notice of a producer or his general manager. His daily comment on the films is thus primarily intended, not as a guide for the picture-going public, but as an exhibition in the face of certain self-conscious plutocrats, sadly aware of their own general ineptness.

It is common knowledge that the average moving-picture producer distrusts himself as artist and is easily psychologised into respecting anyone who despises him. Above all other men, he is impressed by the printed word. When this printed word occurs in his morning paper and refers to his own output, the pressure on his nerves is communicated to his pocket-book. He will buy the services of any newspaper man or woman who, by shouting his pictures down, purports to have a handy solution to the problem. He will buy his (or her) original story, or his adaptation of someone else's story, or anything else he has to sell.

Even such producers as are not convinced that running a movie column in a daily paper automatically gives the writer omniscience are nevertheless of the notion that such a column exerts great influence on the public. Destructive critics must be

appeased. Their scenarios must be paid for even if they are totally unfit for production. An *entente cordiale* must be established between the company and the paper. And it is undoubtedly true that, their efforts to uplift the screen at a tremendous price rejected, several reviewers have retaliated with a wholesale condemnation of the offending company's entire product. On the other hand, a sale has made the company's entire product acceptable. So the producer, considering it the cheapest way out of the matter, buys the story, idea or services offered and thus convinces the critic of his genius. Of course, there is the reverse of the medal—the consistent and honeyed praising by certain critics of everything a company turns out, no matter how lacking in all merit, in the dream that unpaid publicity in the critical columns will meet with its just reward. This, however, is not so generally successful.

One of the big companies, deciding finally to blow up this critical racket, conceived the idea of giving a job to any newspaper man or woman sufficiently vicious on the subject of its pictures. The critic is offered a salary, to him enormous, free transportation to Hollywood, and much handshaking by a producer tearfully grateful to have him give up art for money. While the critic is at the studios, vainly trying to get the doormen to believe he is a member of the organization, his position on the newspaper is filled by someone else—someone who, the producer hopes, will be less inimicable to the company. And, at exactly the same time, the producer finds that he was mistaken about the abilities of the critic. The vitriolic one is out of a job and there is always the chance that his place may be filled by a sister of the young lady on the New York tabloid, who remarked that she took the job only because she "just adored meeting the stars."

This meeting the stars, a national pastime which has taken on fantastic proportions, is another perquisite whose pull cannot be ignored by any save the chastest of critics. In the days when the theatre

was still to be reckoned with, a dramatic critic who took himself seriously could allow himself to be seen in public with no actress under forty years or six feet. But today the ladies who write about the movies use the male stars as their escorts to the theatre or parties and count each other's popularity by the speed of rotation of the pretty fellows. Screen actresses are their pals. They ride in their cars, borrow their underwear, advise them in their love-affairs. A movie actor, on his arrival from Hollywood, is expected to call up the local newspaper girls, assure them of his undying love, and take them to dinner. If the star ignores or is unaware of the custom, he is considered haughty and forthwith attacked as a ham.

This demand for intimacy with the elect is probably the fault of the movie press agents who originated the system of parties to get publicity at the openings of big films. Today it is a social error to say that Susie Blatz is inferior to Sarah Bernhardt, since Susie has just spent a small fortune to amuse her good friends of the press, thoroughly and *en masse*, and Sarah is dead. Unlike the economical theatrical press agents, the picture publicity people have established a routine of entertainment calculated to convince the ladies and gentlemen of the press of their enormous personal charm as well as of their dreadful power.

So lavish have they been with champagne and caviare that the fraternity, thanks to them, has become learnedly critical of food, drink and hotels and may be expected to leave the party in disgust if the refreshments do not approach the standard that this hobnobbing with movie millionaires has erected. Aware of the influence of their journals, which enables them to sit comfortably in half-empty press boxes at the picture cathedrals while hordes of the public mill at the doors for entrance, the critics are fanned by these social activities into a feeling of importance which almost matches that of the stars themselves.

It is a curious commentary on the films

that the lower the newspaper in the literary scale the greater the importance attached by picture producers to its opinions, on the theory, no doubt—and a plausible one—that only the clients of such papers peruse or are influenced by moving-picture columns. For such newspapers, critics are hired whose reactions to the screen will approximate those of their readers and whose style will not confound the most inhibited mentalities. Rhymed reviews are considered very elegant in these circles and the cheapest of wise-cracks pass for wit. Save for pictures unendurable even to the lowest intelligence, praise is spread in superlatives. The worst are passed over noncommittally, the critics filling their space largely with the plot of the story, for the most part in unconscious colloquialisms, though several have created an entirely new vocabulary for the subject, unintelligible save to addicts of this special literature.

The better type of newspaper usually contents itself with a picture reviewer who can be inoffensive and meaningless in words of two or more syllables. Such gifts as are deemed necessary in a dramatic critic—intelligence, style, a point of view—are felt to be superfluous for a study of the drama's illegitimate brother. Even the obvious qualification of a slight technical knowledge of the preparation of scripts, the limitations and possibilities of the camera, the difficulties and opportunities of direction never seems to be of any moment to the editors who engage writers on the subject. The personal idiosyncrasies of certain commonplace young men and women are alone the criteria of the press's taste in motion-pictures. The acting of a Jannings, the direction of an Eisenstein, the camera-work of a Karl Freund, the settings of a Paul Leni are considered, and as a rule dismissed by reviewers who, in many cases, would not be permitted by their own newspapers to write, anonymously, in the news columns.

What exceptions there are seem to be mainly in the weekly, humorous field. An

occasional Robert Sherwood or Charles Brackett here relieves himself of certain keen, if facetious, observations on the current screen fare. But save in the instance of two well-known sheets, the trade and fan magazines, naturally enough, expend themselves in indiscriminate admiration

of their advertisers, or print verbatim the material sent them by the publicity men of the picture companies. And the journals of opinion, only now beginning to exhibit an interest in the vulgarest of the arts, have as yet no departments committed to screen criticism.

Ethnology

TOBACCO AMONG THE INDIANS

BY CORNELIA H. DAM

The people take the smoke both by the mouth and by the nose for pleasure when they desire to see the future in their dreams. For just as the devil is an impostor and knows the virtue of herbs, he has posted them on the power of this plant, for by the illusion of their dreams he deceives the people miserably.

—*Monardes*

THAT tobacco, unknown outside of America before the voyage of Columbus, had been widely used by the Indians from time immemorial is evidenced by the frequent discovery of pipes in very ancient graves, and by the apparent antiquity of many of the myths, beliefs and ceremonies connected with its use which prevailed throughout the continent at the time of the discovery.

For the Indian everywhere it had a sacred and highly mystical character, and in the many myths about its origin it was invariably represented to be divinely created and revealed to man, or first obtained through some miraculous adventure of a legendary hero of the tribe. The Red man's conception of its power is well illustrated in the following Winnebago myth:

After Earthmaker created all things he created man. Man was the last of the created objects. Those created before were spirits, and He put them all in charge of something. Even the smallest insects are able to foresee things four days ahead. The human beings were the least of all Earthmaker's creations. They were put in charge of nothing, and they could not even foresee one day ahead. They were the last created and they were the poorest. Then Earthmaker created a weed with a pleasant odor and all the spirits wanted it. They would each think to themselves, "I am going to be put in charge of that, for I am

one of the greatest spirits in the world." Then the Creator said, "To all of you spirits I have given something valuable. Now you all like this weed and I myself like it. Now this is the way it is going to be used." Then he took one of the leaves and mashed it up. Then, making a pipe, he smoked it, and the odor was pleasant to smell. All of the spirits longed for it. Then he gave each one of them a puff. "Now, whatever the human beings ask from Me, and for which they offer tobacco, I will not be able to refuse it. I Myself will not be in control of this weed. If they give Me a pipeful of this and make a request I will not be able to refuse it. This weed will be called tobacco. The human beings are the only ones of My creation who are poor. I did not give them anything, so therefore this will be their foremost possession and from them we will have to obtain it. If a human being gives a pipeful and makes a request We will always grant it." Thus spoke Earthmaker.¹

The Indian, psychically sensitive, ever conscious of the mysteries of the physical world in which he moved, felt the presence of unseen powers everywhere about him, in animals, the wind, the water, and in the multitudinous operations of nature which he realized himself so pitifully unable to influence or control. He imagined himself in the midst of a vast spirit world, in which "even the smallest insect could see four days ahead," and in which he alone was powerless. But under the narcotic effect of inhaling deep draughts of tobacco smoke, he felt, in the pleasant dizziness that overcame him, a sense of supernatural power, a magic means of entering that spirit world, and a feeling of gentle exaltation and well-being that even the spirits themselves must covet. He came to regard tobacco as a bridge to the spirit world, and the plant itself as a magic weed that in its death, by burning, released a spirit, the smoke, which carried his prayers to the unseen world above.

¹ Radin: "The Winnebago Tribe"; 1923.

No wonder, then, that tobacco came to be his most precious possession; he used it daily in his private prayers, and no ceremony was conducted without it. Regularly he offered it to the sun, to bless him with long life and prosperity. At the end of his life, so he believed, it would be impossible, without abundant offerings of tobacco and ceremonial smoking at his funeral, for his spirit to leave the lodge and start out on the long road that all ghosts must travel before they at last reach the land where there is rest.

Before starting on a hunt, the Indian offered tobacco to the spirits of the animals he wished to kill, and it was said among the Plains Tribes that the spirits of the buffaloes warned the young ones among them against the power of the Indian's tobacco smoke, lest they be compelled, having smelled it, to go down to earth in carnal form and be killed as the Indian willed. Similarly, the Indian offered tobacco to the spirits of the animals whose aid he wished in making medicine, and among the magic medicine bundles, each under the patronage of a spirit animal, of the Sac and Fox and kindred tribes, tobacco was an invariable ingredient. If fetishes seemed sluggish in performing their magic functions they were refreshed by smoke or tobacco powder blown over them, and the magic bundles themselves were solemnly revived and stimulated by ceremonial smoking at stated intervals during the year.

No medicine-man went out to practice without his pipe and tobacco. With it he was able to summon beneficent spirits to his aid, and to purify his patient from the charms of bad ones. The Pima, I think, above all other tribes, recognize the inspirational power of tobacco smoke, for the Pima doctor begins his treatment by puffing thick clouds of smoke over the patient, in which he soon "sees" the nature of the disease. The Pima also say that they can see the position and condition of the enemy in clouds of tobacco smoke if they blow them toward the east.

As the ceremonies and taboos surrounding the innumerable magic uses of tobacco grew with time, it became increasingly important to distinguish between the properties of sacred and profane plants, and the power of the various species. Needless to say, after the coming of the white man his trade tobacco was considered worthless for ceremonial purposes, and most tribes continued to grow their own according to tribal ritual. The Yuki used wild tobacco, but their neighbors the Yurok would not, for fear that it might be from a graveyard, or from seed produced on a graveyard. The Southwestern and some California Indians valued plants or seeds in proportion to the distance they had been brought, saying that those which came from farthest away were most powerful.

Among the Crow the ceremony of growing tobacco reached its most elaborate form in the development of a Tobacco Society with a most elaborate organization and no end of rules and regulations. Visions or dreams in which spirit animals imparted secrets for successful mixing or planting the seeds gave a Crow man or woman the necessary authority for starting a chapter, and candidates for membership, after a long term of probation, were adopted in ceremonies that lasted several days. In the early days of the society only old men and women could join, but later it became the custom to pledge oneself to membership in acknowledgment of a recovery from illness, or any other benefit obtained from Above, just as white men and women pledge themselves to religious orders, so that eventually the majority of the tribe belonged to one chapter or another.

At the time of planting, the official mixers of the various chapters met to discuss the site for planting and the formulæ for mixing the seed, which had been revealed to them in visions during the year. The recipes usually included various flowers and roots, wild onions and specially prepared manure. Every member paid a fee to the mixer for his share of seed. On the day chosen for planting, a procession of

the officials and members of the society proceeded to the chosen site and planted the seed with great ceremony and elaborate ritual. Periodic inspection of the field, according to formula, and more ceremonies at the harvest, assured the maximum quantity and magic quality of the crop.

The use of tobacco among the Indians was by no means confined to ritual and ceremony, as every self-respecting Indian possessed his well-made pipe and often elegantly worked pouch, and relied upon the precious weed to refresh him after labor, and to ameliorate the pangs of hunger or thirst. According to Calvigero, the Mexican Indians always "used to compose themselves to sleep with smoke," and Montezuma smoked tobacco perfumed with liquid-amber in cigarettes which must have closely resembled the noxious "amber" cigarettes manufactured today.

But in spite of its universal use tobacco never lost its mystical and supernatural character in the Indian's mind. The Yuki believed that if a man smoked while earnestly pondering a question, and at the same time entertained malice in his heart, he would die. On one occasion they say, a famous chief had to entertain a certain man who he had reason to believe was a murderer and a liar, so the wise old chief blew a cloud of his sacred tobacco into his visitor's face, and the culprit immediately died.

The sacred character of tobacco made the act of smoking, even on ordinary occasions, a pledge of mutual confidence among the Indians, as taking salt together is among the Arabs, and the pledge of the peace pipe was seldom broken by individuals or tribes until the white man came to teach the Indian the material advantages of perfidy. This stranger profited no end from the exploitation of the Indian's most valued possession, and in a short time the cultiva-

tion and use of tobacco had spread around the world.

Spanish, French and English all claimed to have been the first to introduce it into Europe. Jean Nicot, French ambassador to the Portuguese court, sent seeds to Catherine de Medici, in acknowledgment of which the plant was named *Nicotiana*. The French called it *herbe sainte*, and the Spanish *yerba sancta*, influenced no doubt by the sacred and medicinal character ascribed to it by the Indians. No Indian, however, ever claimed more extraordinary properties for tobacco than those ascribed to it by the first Europeans who became addicted to its use, as is illustrated by this eloquent exposition of its quality by Hariot, in 1585:

They [the Indians] vse to take the fume or smoke thereof by sucking it through pipes made of claie into their stomacke and heade; from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame & other grosse humors, openeth all the pores & passages of the body: by which meanes the vse thereof not only preserueth the body from obstructions; but also if any be, so that they have not bene of too long continuance, in short time breaketh them; wherby their bodies are notably preserued in health, know not many greuous diseases wherewithall wee in England are oftentimes afflicted.

These supposed medicinal properties contributed largely to the popularity which the plant immediately attained in Europe, and physicians commonly prescribed it for almost every known complaint. By 1682, however, it had been well tried as a medicine and found wanting, and Peter Heylyn wrote that "tobacco is by few now taken as a medicine, and it is of late times grown a good fellow, and fallen from a physician to a complaint." But its value as a good fellow was by that time too widely appreciated to allow its general use to decline and men continued to succumb willingly to the complaint, agreeing with the wise old Seneca chief who said, "Good thoughts come with smoking."

I INVESTIGATE LYNCHINGS

BY WALTER WHITE

NOTHING contributes so much to the continued life of an investigator of lynchings and his tranquil possession of all his limbs as the obtuseness of the lynchers themselves. Like most boastful people who practice direct action when it involves no personal risk, they just can't help talk about their deeds to any person who manifests even the slightest interest in them.

Most lynchings take place in small towns and rural regions where the natives know practically nothing of what is going on outside their own immediate neighborhoods. Newspapers, books, magazines, theatres, visitors and other vehicles for the transmission of information and ideas are usually as strange among them as dry-point etchings. But those who live in so sterile an atmosphere usually esteem their own perspicacity in about the same degree as they are isolated from the world of ideas. They gabble on *ad infinitum*, apparently unable to keep from talking.

In any American village, North or South, East or West, there is no problem which cannot be solved in half an hour by the morons who lounge about the village store. World peace, or the lack of it, the tariff, sex, religion, the settlement of the war debts, short skirts, Prohibition, the carryings-on of the younger generation, the superior moral rectitude of country people over city dwellers (with a wistful eye on urban sins)—all these controversial subjects are disposed of quickly and finally by the bucolic wise men. When to their isolation is added an emotional fixation such as the rural South has on the Negro, one can sense the atmosphere from which

spring the Heflins, the Ku Kluxers, the two-gun Bible-beaters, the lynchers and the anti-evolutionists. And one can see why no great amount of cleverness or courage is needed to acquire information in such a forlorn place about the latest lynching.

Professor Earle Fiske Young of the University of Southern California recently analyzed the lynching returns from fourteen Southern States for thirty years. He found that in counties of less than 10,000 people there was a lynching rate of 3.2 per 100,000 of population; that in those of from 10,000 to 20,000 the rate dropped to 2.4; that in those of from 20,000 to 30,000, it was 2.1 per cent; that in those of from 30,000 to 40,000, it was 1.7, and that thereafter it kept on going down until in counties with from 300,000 to 800,000 population it was only 0.05.

Of the forty-one lynchings and eight race riots I have investigated for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People during the past ten years all of the lynchings and seven of the riots occurred in rural or semi-rural communities. The towns ranged in population from around one hundred to ten thousand or so. The lynchings were not difficult to inquire into because of the fact already noted that those who perpetrated them were in nearly every instance simple-minded and easily fooled individuals. On but three occasions were suspicions aroused by my too definite questions or by informers who had seen me in other places. These three times I found it rather desirable to disappear slightly in advance of reception committees imbued with the desire to make an

addition to the lynching record. One other time the possession of a light skin and blue eyes (though I consider myself a colored man) almost cost me my life when (it was during the Chicago race riots in 1919) a Negro shot at me thinking me to be a white man.

II

In 1918 a Negro woman, about to give birth to a child, was lynched with almost unmentionable brutality along with ten men in Georgia. I reached the scene shortly after the butchery and while excitement yet ran high. It was a prosperous community. Forests of pine trees gave rich returns in turpentine, tar and pitch. The small towns where the farmers and turpentine hands traded were fat and rich. The main streets of the largest of these towns were well paved and lighted. The stores were well stocked. The white inhabitants belonged to the class of Georgia crackers—lanky, slow of movement and of speech, long-necked, with small eyes set close together, and skin tanned by the hot sun to a reddish-yellow hue.

As I was born in Georgia and spent twenty years of my life there, my accent is sufficiently Southern to enable me to talk with Southerners and not arouse their suspicion that I am an outsider. (In the rural South hatred of Yankees is not much less than hatred of Negroes.) On the morning of my arrival in the town I casually dropped into the store of one of the general merchants who, I had been informed, had been one of the leaders of the mob. After making a small purchase I engaged the merchant in conversation. There was, at the time, no other customer in the store. We spoke of the weather, the possibility of good crops in the Fall, the political situation, the latest news from the war in Europe. As his manner became more and more friendly I ventured to mention guardedly the recent lynchings.

Instantly he became cautious—until I hinted that I had great admiration for the manly spirit the men of the town had

exhibited. I mentioned the newspaper accounts I had read and confessed that I had never been so fortunate as to see a lynching. My words or tone seemed to disarm his suspicions. He offered me a box on which to sit, drew up another one for himself, and gave me a bottle of Coca-Cola.

"You'll pardon me, Mister," he began, "for seeming suspicious but we have to be careful. In ordinary times we wouldn't have anything to worry about, but with the war there's been some talk of the Federal government looking into lynchings. It seems there's some sort of law during wartime making it treason to lower the man power of the country."

"In that case I don't blame you for being careful," I assured him. "But couldn't the Federal government do something if it wanted to when a lynching takes place, even if no war is going on at the moment?"

"Naw," he said, confidently, obviously proud of the opportunity of displaying his store of information to one whom he assumed knew nothing whatever about the subject. "There's no such law, in spite of all the agitation by a lot of fools who don't know the niggers as we do. States' rights won't permit Congress to meddle in lynching in peace time."

"But what about your State government—your Governor, your sheriff, your police officers?"

"Humph! Them? We elected them to office, didn't we? And the niggers, we've got them disfranchised, ain't we? Sheriffs and police and Governors and prosecuting attorneys have got too much sense to mix in lynching-bees. If they do they know they might as well give up all idea of running for office any more—if something worse don't happen to them—" This last with a tightening of the lips and a hard look in the eyes.

I sought to lead the conversation into less dangerous channels. "Who was the white man who was killed—whose killing caused the lynchings?" I asked.

"Oh, he was a hard one, all right. Never paid his debts to white men or niggers and

wasn't liked much around here. He was a mean 'un, all right, all right."

"Why, then, did you lynch the niggers for killing such a man?"

"It's a matter of safety—we gotta show niggers that they mustn't touch a white man, no matter how low-down and ornery he is."

Little by little he revealed the whole story. When he told of the manner in which the pregnant woman had been killed he chuckled and slapped his thigh and declared it to be "the best show, Mister, I ever did see. You ought to have heard the wench howl when we strung her up."

Covering the nausea the story caused me as best I could, I slowly gained the whole story, with the names of the other participants. Among them were prosperous farmers, business men, bankers, newspaper reporters and editors, and several law enforcement officers.

My several days of discreet inquiry began to arouse suspicions in the town. On the third day of my stay I went once more into the store of the man with whom I had first talked. He asked me to wait until he had finished serving the sole customer. When she had gone he came from behind the counter and with secretive manner and lowered voice he asked, "You're a government man, ain't you?" (An agent of the Federal Department of Justice was what he meant.)

"Who said so?" I countered.

"Never mind who told me; I know one when I see him," he replied, with a shrewd harshness in his face and voice.

Ignorant of what might have taken place since last I had talked with him, I thought it wise to learn all I could and say nothing which might commit me. "Don't you tell anyone I am a government man; if I *am* one, you're the only one in town who knows it," I told him cryptically. I knew that within an hour everybody in town would share his "information."

An hour or so later I went at nightfall to the little but not uncomfortable hotel

where I was staying. As I was about to enter a Negro approached me and, with an air of great mystery, told me that he had just heard a group of white men discussing me and declaring that if I remained in the town overnight "something would happen" to me.

The thought raced through my mind before I replied that it was hardly likely that, following so terrible a series of lynchings, a Negro would voluntarily approach a supposedly white man whom he did not know and deliver such a message. He had been sent, and no doubt the persons who sent him were white and for some reason did not dare tackle me themselves. Had they dared there would have been no warning in advance—simply an attack. Though I had no weapon with me, it occurred to me that there was no reason why two should not play at the game of bluffing. I looked straight into my informant's eyes and said, in as convincing a tone as I could muster: "You go back to the ones who sent you and tell them this: that I have a damned good automatic and I know how to use it. If anybody attempts to molest me tonight or any other time, somebody is going to get hurt."

That night I did not take off my clothes nor did I sleep. Ordinarily in such small Southern towns everyone is snoring by nine o'clock. That night, however, there was much passing and re-passing of the hotel. I learned afterward that the merchant had, as I expected, told generally that I was an agent of the Department of Justice, and my empty threat had served to reinforce his assertion. The Negro had been sent to me in the hope that I might be frightened enough to leave before I had secured evidence against the members of the mob. I remained in the town two more days. My every movement was watched, but I was not molested. But when, later, it became known that not only was I not an agent of the Department of Justice but a Negro, the fury of the inhabitants of the region was unlimited—particularly when it was found that evidence I gathered had

been placed in the hands of the Governor of Georgia. It happened that he was a man genuinely eager to stop lynching—but restrictive laws against which he had appealed in vain effectively prevented him from acting upon the evidence. And the Federal government declared itself unable to proceed against the lynchers.

III

In 1926 I went to a Southern State for a New York newspaper to inquire into the lynching of two colored boys and a colored woman. Shortly after reaching the town I learned that a certain lawyer knew something about the lynchers. He proved to be the only specimen I have ever encountered in much travelling in the South of the Southern gentleman so beloved by fiction writers of the older school. He had heard of the lynching before it occurred and, fruitlessly, had warned the judge and the prosecutor. He talked frankly about the affair and gave me the names of certain men who knew more about it than he did. Several of them lived in a small town nearby where the only industry was a large cotton mill. When I asked him if he would go with me to call on these people he peered out of the window at the descending sun and said, somewhat anxiously, I thought, "I will go with you if you will promise to get back to town before sundown."

I asked why there was need of such haste. "No one would harm a respectable and well-known person like yourself, would they?" I asked him.

"Those mill hands out there would harm anybody," he answered.

I promised him we would be back before sundown—a promise that was not hard to make, for if they would harm this man I could imagine what they would do to a stranger!

When we reached the little mill town we passed through it and, ascending a steep hill, our car stopped in front of a house perched perilously on the side of the hill. In the yard stood a man with iron gray

hair and eyes which seemed strong enough to bore through concrete. The old lawyer introduced me and we were invited into the house. As it was a cold afternoon in late Autumn the gray-haired man called a boy to build a fire.

I told him frankly I was seeking information about the lynching. He said nothing but left the room. Perhaps two minutes later, hearing a sound at the door through which he had gone, I looked up and there stood a figure clad in the full regalia of the Ku Klux Klan. I looked at the figure and the figure looked at me. The hood was then removed and, as I suspected, it was the owner of the house.

"I show you this," he told me, "so you will know that what I tell you is true."

This man, I learned, had been the organizer and kleagle of the local Klan. He had been quite honest in his activities as a Kluxer, for corrupt officials and widespread criminal activities had caused him and other local men to believe that the only cure rested in a secret extra-legal organization. But he had not long been engaged in promoting the plan before he had the experience of other believers in Klan methods. The very people whose misdeeds the organization was designed to correct gained control of it. This man then resigned and ever since had been living in fear of his life. He took me into an adjoining room after removing his Klan robe and there showed me a considerable collection of revolvers, shot guns, rifles and ammunition.

We then sat down and I listened to a hair-raising tale of Nordic moral endeavor as it has ever been my lot to hear. Among the choice bits were stories such as this: The sheriff of an adjoining county the year before had been a candidate for reelection. A certain man of considerable wealth had contributed largely to his campaign fund, providing the margin by which he was reelected. Shortly afterwards a married woman with whom the sheriff's supporter had been intimate quarreled one night with her husband. When the cuckold

charged his wife with infidelity, the gentle creature waited until he was asleep, got a large butcher knife, and then artistically carved him up. Bleeding more profusely than a pig in the stock yards, the man dragged himself to the home of a neighbor several hundred yards distant and there died on the door-step. The facts were notorious, but the sheriff effectively blocked even interrogation of the widow!

I spent some days in the region and found that the three Negroes who had been lynched were about as guilty of the murder of which they were charged as I was. Convicted in a court thronged with armed Klansmen and sentenced to death, their case had been appealed to the State Supreme Court, which promptly reversed the conviction, remanded the appellants for new trials, and severely criticized the judge before whom they had been tried. At the new trial the evidence against one of the defendants so clearly showed his innocence that the judge granted a motion to dismiss, and the other two defendants were obviously as little guilty as he. But as soon as the motion to dismiss was granted the defendant was rearrested on a trivial charge and once again lodged in jail. That night the mob took the prisoners to the outskirts of the town, told them to run, and as they set out pumped bullets into their backs. The two boys died instantly. The woman was shot in several places, but was not immediately killed. One of the lynchers afterwards laughingly told me that "we had to waste fifty bullets on the wench before one of them stopped her howling."

Evidence in affidavit form indicated rather clearly that various law enforcement officials, including the sheriff, his deputies, various jailers and policemen, three relatives of the then Governor of the State, a member of the State Legislature and sundry individuals prominent in business, political and social life of the vicinity, were members of the mob.

The revelation of these findings after I had returned to New York did not add

to my popularity in the lynching region. Public sentiment in the State itself, stirred up by several courageous newspapers, began to make it uncomfortable for the lynchers. When the sheriff found things getting a bit too unpleasant he announced that he was going to ask the grand jury to indict me for "bribery and passing for white." It developed that the person I was supposed to have paid money to for execution of an affidavit was a man I had never seen in the flesh, the affidavit having been secured by the reporter of a New York newspaper.

An amusing tale is connected with the charge of passing. Many years ago a bill was introduced in the Legislature of that State defining legally as a Negro any person who had one drop or more of Negro blood. Acrimonious debate in the lower house did not prevent passage of the measure, and the same result seemed likely in the State Senate. One of the Senators, a man destined eventually to go to the United States Senate on a campaign of vilification of the Negro, rose at a strategic point to speak on the bill. As the story goes, his climax was: "If you go on with this bill you will bathe every county in blood before nightfall. And, what's more, there won't be enough white people left in the State to pass it."

When the sheriff threatened me with an indictment for passing as white, a white man in the State with whom I had talked wrote me a long letter asking me if it were true that I had Negro blood. "You did not tell me nor anyone else in my presence," he wrote, "that you were white except as to your name. I had on amber-colored glasses and did not take the trouble to scrutinize your color, but I really did take you for a white man and, according to the laws of —, you may be." My information urged me to sit down and figure out mathematically the exact percentage of Negro blood that I possessed and, if it proved to be less than one-eighth, to sue for libel those who had charged me with passing.

This man wrote of the frantic efforts of the whites of his State to keep themselves thought of as white. He quoted an old law to the effect that "it was not slander to call one a Negro because everybody could see that he was not; but it was slanderous to call him a mulatto."

IV

On another occasion a serious race riot occurred in Tulsa, Okla., a bustling town of 100,000 inhabitants. In the early days Tulsa had been a lifeless and unimportant village of not more than five thousand people, and its Negro residents had been forced to live in what was considered the least desirable section of the village, down near the railroad. Then oil was discovered nearby and almost overnight the village grew into a prosperous town. The Negroes prospered along with the whites, and began to erect comfortable homes, business establishments, a hotel, two cinemas and other enterprises, all of these springing up in the section to which they had been relegated. This was, as I have said, down near the railroad tracks. The swift growth of the town made this hitherto disregarded land of great value for business purposes. Efforts to purchase the land from the Negro owners at prices far below its value were unavailing. Having built up the neighborhood and knowing its value, the owners refused to be victimized.

One afternoon in 1921 a Negro messenger boy went to deliver a package in an office building on the main street of Tulsa. His errand done, he rang the bell for the elevator in order that he might descend. The operator, a young white girl, on finding that she had been summoned by a Negro, opened the door of the car ungraciously. Two versions there are of what happened then. The boy declared that she started the car on its downward plunge when he was only halfway in, and that to save himself from being killed he had to throw himself into the car, stepping on the girl's foot in doing so. The girl, on the other hand, as-

serted that the boy attempted to rape her in the elevator. The latter story, at best, seemed highly dubious—that an attempted criminal assault would be made by any person in an open elevator of a crowded office building on the main street of a town of 100,000 inhabitants—and in open daylight!

Whatever the truth, the local press, with scant investigation, published lurid accounts of the alleged assault. That night a mob started to the jail to lynch the Negro boy. A group of Negroes offered their services to the jailer and sheriff in protecting the prisoner. The offer was declined, and when the Negroes started to leave the sheriff's office a clash occurred between them and the mob. Instantly the mob swung into action.

The Negroes, outnumbered, were forced back to their own neighborhood. Rapidly the news spread of the clash and the numbers of mobbers grew hourly. By daybreak of the following day the mob numbered around five thousand, and was armed with machine-guns, dynamite, rifles, revolvers and shotguns, cans of gasoline and kerosene, and—such are the blessings of invention!—airplanes. Surrounding the Negro section, it attacked, led by men who had been officers in the American army in France. Outnumbered and out-equipped, the plight of the Negroes was a hopeless one from the beginning. Driven further and further back, many of them were killed or wounded, among them an aged man and his wife, who were slain as they knelt at prayer for deliverance. Forty-four blocks of property were burned after homes and stores had been pillaged.

I arrived in Tulsa while the excitement was at its peak. Within a few hours I met a commercial photographer who had worked for five years on a New York newspaper and he welcomed me with open arms when he found that I represented a New York paper. From him I learned that special deputy sheriffs were being sworn in to guard the town from a rumoured counter attack by the Negroes. It occurred to me

that I could get myself sworn in as one of these deputies.

It was even easier to do this than I had expected. That evening in the City Hall I had to answer only three questions—name, age, and address. I might have been a thug, a murderer, an escaped convict, a member of the mob itself which had laid waste a large area of the city—none of these mattered; my skin was apparently white, and that was enough. After we—some fifty or sixty of us—had been sworn in, solemnly declaring we would do our utmost to uphold the laws and constitutions of the United States and the State of Oklahoma, a villainous-looking man next me turned and remarked casually, even with a note of happiness in his voice: "Now you can go out and shoot any nigger you see and the law'll be behind you."

As we stood in the wide marble corridor of the not unimposing City Hall waiting to be assigned to automobiles which were to patrol the city during the night, I noticed a man, clad in the uniform of a captain of the United States Army, watching me closely. I imagined I saw in his very swarthy face (he was much darker than I, but was classed as a white man while I am deemed a Negro) mingled inquiry and hostility. I kept my eye on him without appearing to do so. Tulsa would not have been a very healthy place for me that night had my race or my previous investigations of other race riots been known there. At last the man seemed certain he knew me and started toward me.

He drew me aside into a deserted corner on the excuse that he had something he wished to ask me, and I noticed that four other men with whom he had been talking detached themselves from the crowd and followed us.

Without further introduction or apology my dark-skinned newly-made acquaintance, putting his face close to mine and looking into my eyes with a steely, unfriendly glance, demanded challengingly:

"You say that your name is White?"

I answered affirmatively.

"You say you're a newspaper man?"

"Yes, I represent the New York——. Would you care to see my credentials?"

"No, but I want to tell you something. There's an organization in the South that doesn't love niggers. It has branches everywhere. You needn't ask me the name—I can't tell you. But it has come back into existence to fight this damned nigger Advancement Association. We watch every movement of the officers of this nigger society and we're out to get them for putting notions of equality into the heads of our niggers down South here."

There could be no question that he referred to the Ku Klux Klan on the one hand and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People on the other. As coolly as I could, the circumstances being what they were, I took a cigarette from my case and lighted it, trying to keep my hand from betraying my nervousness. When he finished speaking I asked him:

"All this is very interesting, but what, if anything, has it to do with the story of the race riot here which I've come to get?"

For a full minute we looked straight into each other's eyes, his four companions meanwhile crowding close about us. At length his eyes fell. With a shrug of his shoulders and a half-apologetic smile, he replied as he turned away, "Oh, nothing except I wanted you to know what's back of the trouble here."

It is hardly necessary to add that all that night, assigned to the same car with this man and his four companions, I maintained a considerable vigilance. When the news stories I wrote about the riot (the boy accused of attempted assault was acquitted in the magistrate's court after nearly one million dollars of property and a number of lives had been destroyed) revealed my identity—that I was a Negro and an officer of the Advancement Society—more than a hundred anonymous letters threatening my life came to me. I was also threatened with a suit for criminal libel by a local paper, but nothing came of it after my willingness to defend it was indicated.

V

A narrower escape came during an investigation of an alleged plot by Negroes in Arkansas to "massacre" all the white people of the State. It later developed that the Negroes had simply organized a co-operative society to combat their economic exploitation by landlords, merchants, and bankers, many of whom openly practiced peonage. I went as a representative of a Chicago newspaper to get the facts. Going first to the capital of the State, Little Rock, I interviewed the Governor and other officials and then proceeded to the scene of the trouble, Phillips county, in the heart of the cotton-raising area close to the Mississippi.

As I stepped from the train at Elaine, the county seat, I was closely watched by a crowd of men. Within half an hour of my arrival I had been asked by two shopkeepers, a restaurant waiter, and a ticket agent why I had come to Elaine, what my business was, and what I thought of the recent riot. The tension relaxed somewhat when I implied I was in sympathy with the mob. Little by little suspicion was lessened and then, the people being eager to have a metropolitan newspaper give their side of the story, I was shown "evidence" that the story of the massacre plot was well-founded, and not very clever attempts were made to guide me away from the truth.

Suspicion was given new birth when I pressed my inquiries too insistently concerning the share-cropping and tenant-farming system, which works somewhat as follows: Negro farmers enter into agreements to till specified plots of land, they to receive usually half of the crop for their labor. Should they be too poor to buy food, seed, clothing and other supplies, they are supplied these commodities by their landlords at designated stores. When the crop is gathered the landowner takes it and sells it. By declaring that he has sold it at a figure far below the market price and by refusing to give itemized accounts of the supplies purchased during the year by the tenant, a landlord can (and in that region

almost always does) so arrange it that the bill for supplies always exceeds the tenant's share of the crop. Individual Negroes who had protested against such thievery had been lynched. The new organization was simply a union to secure relief through the courts, which relief those who profited from the system meant to prevent. Thus the story of a "massacre" plot.

Suspicion of me took definite form when word was sent to Phillips county from Little Rock that it had been discovered that I was a Negro, though I knew nothing about the message at the time. I walked down West Cherry street, the main thoroughfare of Elaine, one day on my way to the jail, where I had an appointment with the sheriff, who was going to permit me to interview some of the Negro prisoners who were charged with being implicated in the alleged plot. A tall, heavy-set Negro passed me and, *sotto voce*, told me as he passed that he had something important to tell me, and that I should turn to the right at the next corner and follow him. Some inner sense bade me obey. When we had got out of sight of other persons the Negro told me not to go to the jail, that there was great hostility in the town against me and that they planned harming me. In the man's manner there was something which made me certain he was telling the truth. Making my way to the railroad station, since my interview with the prisoners, (the sheriff and jailer being present,) was unlikely to add anything to my story, I was able to board one of the two trains a day out of Elaine. When I explained to the conductor—he looked at me so inquiringly—that I had no ticket because delays in Elaine had given me no time to purchase one, he exclaimed, "Why, Mister, you're leaving just when the fun is going to start! There's a damned yaller nigger down here passing for white and the boys are going to have some fun with him."

I asked him the nature of the fun.

"Wal, when they get through with him," he explained grimly, "he won't pass for white no more."

CHAUTAUQUA IN THE JAZZ AGE

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

SOMETHING over ten years ago, when it was my duty to tour the country signing up five-day stands for the itinerant Chautauqua, my sales talks varied very little. The Chautauqua Movement, I swore, contributed to the moral uplift of the common people. It brought to forlorn tank-towns (I did not, of course, so describe them to my prospects) good cheer, sound thought on the Problem of the Day, entertainment that was 100% pure, and some, but not too much, education. I cannot recall all of the arguments that we high-powered salesmen used, but I am quite certain we said that the very name, Chautauqua, would cause the keeper of the local gin-mill to shake in his beer-soaked shoes. It would increase attendance at the local churches and depopulate the village jail; on these points we dwelt at length.

Thus we obtained, often after arduous labor, the coöperation of the local clergy and the other leading citizens of the community. We flourished puissant arguments, and circuits prospered through the land, until from 20,000,000 to 35,000,000 people, it was estimated, attended the sessions every Summer. The Chautauquas survived the World War, during which they dedicated their platforms to the cause, assisted in the sale of Liberty Bonds, and had at least one patriotic speaker on every programme. They reached their high point during 1920, when, it is perhaps significant, America was racked by rumors that the Bolsheviks plotted to seize the country and nationalize all the women.

Then the Jazz Age dawned and a great slump set in. Every town able to finance

a Chautauqua now had moving pictures in the Opera House at least once a week and some had miniature cinema cathedrals. From even the rectory, on warm Summer nights, came the strains of a primitive radio linked by Satan to a Broadway night club. The pastor's daughter was reading Scott Fitzgerald. Boys and girls who had listened, enthralled, to bell-ringers and Swiss yodelers were experimenting with hip flasks—for the dream of Prohibition had been realized at last. Their parents, once lured to the big tents of Chautauqua by inspirational lecturers, now leaped into their roadsters and hurried off to newly organized country clubs. Jazz, the radio, the motion picture and good roads seemed to decree death for the movement, and many a minister, drawn to the circuits as a speaker or manager, began to hope that he might again hear a call from some church. Attendance dropped. The weaker systems went out of business and the stronger considered consolidations. It looked as if the end were not far distant.

There were, however, keen minds among the Chautauqua entrepreneurs, and these, fully aware of what was going on, began to ponder ways and means. In the old days, the patrons had been satisfied by the windy utterances of misfit clergymen and lame duck politicians. The lectures had been largely of the type known in Chautauqua and Lyceum circles as the Home-Mother-Heaven variety. They had set forth the virtues of Hope, Faith, Charity, Optimism and Keeping-a-Stiff-Upper-Lip without being too specific about it. The Chautauqua managers, their ears to the ground, discovered that the Rotary, the

Lions and the Kiwanis clubs were offering, at their weekly luncheons, all the empty mouthings that the populace could endure. Why spend money for a Chautauqua ticket when one could hear exactly the same thing at the Service club and enjoy, in addition, food, song and mirth? What the people wanted, it was found, was facts and more facts; so presented that the process of taking them in was painless. Immediately economists, so-called, were hired to tell the local merchants how to overcome the Chain Store Menace. Lady experts spoke on efficiency in the kitchen. Even cosmeticians were taken on; they revealed, to Kansas housewives, the secrets whereby Peggy Hopkins Joyce wins her innumerable sweeties.

Other changes were even more drastic. The emphasis on all programmes had been placed on the lectures, but there had also been musical numbers. And what dreadful numbers they were! Some aging and corpulent coloratura would scream out a few numbers from "La Tosca" or the horrible bell song from "Lakme." The big musical event of the week was a tabloid presentation of "Robin Hood," done by singers whose amateur standing could not be questioned. There was an inevitable quartette, a brass band composed of under-paid Italians, probably some Filipino instrumentalists (somewhat under suspicion on the Southern circuits), and the ever-present bell-ringers. As an added relief from the daily lectures there appeared a troupe giving selections from Shakespeare or, perhaps, some fine old Shakespearean warhorse who could, unaided and alone, act all the parts in "Hamlet" by leaping with astonishing agility from one side of the stage to the other.

It was all received with joy until Sedalia, Mo., and Cobleskill, N. Y., began to travel and listen to the radio. Then the Chautauqua managers, torn between ruin and obeisance to the jazz age, were forced to bow. Today, on those circuits which still make money, feminine pulchritude is by no means uncommon. One mezzo-

soprano on a 1926 programme was billed as "a tall, slender and attractive brunette." Each of the Cappuccio Sisters, who made melody with accordion and violin on the same circuit, was a winsome female—to judge from the posters. Another troupe, "The Liberty Belles," included the wicked saxophone among their accomplishments and 75% of them were personable. The photograph of an entertainer on a prosperous Eastern circuit shows the lady exhibiting quite charming bare knees, while Miss Edna Means, "who believes that we should get all the beauty, sweetness and joy out of life each day," adds to the beauty by her orderly features. A particular triumph on the same circuit a Summer or so ago was the presence of the beauteous Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, once aide to Harry Daugherty and later the queen of Mr. Hoover's troop of barnstormers. She spoke on "Patriotic Service" and her charms proved as dazzling in the sticks as they had been to the Washington correspondents, who found it impossible for many years to write a single harsh word about the lady Assistant Attorney General.

What has happened, of course, is that the Chautauqua has been modernized; it has given in to its cash customers. The proportion of lectures to entertainment grows smaller every year. Instead of Ben Greet players offering Shakespeare there are now youthful thespians in plays that are hot from Broadway—and yet, of course, clean. Here, again, the girls have a degree of Hollywood symmetry.

So it is that the peripatetic Chautauqua, while mourning the swollen profits of 1920, is scarcely approaching bankruptcy. The pickings are leaner, but they are still to be had. Yet the revitalized programme, with its mild degree of sex appeal, brings new perplexities to the earnest gentlemen who have invested large sums in tents and other equipment and whose payroll for press agents, advance men, superintendents, crews and performers is annually very large indeed. To realize the peculiar

gravity of their current troubles, one has only to recall that the Chautauqua was born of Methodist godliness. Many of the older patrons, who have for years served as sponsors and financial guarantors, look askance at the attractive lady performers, at any music that is close to jazz, and at dramas still reeking with the sulphurs of Broadway. All this, to them, is nothing less than sin.

II

It was in 1874 that the Rev. John H. Vincent, then a zealous young Methodist minister destined to become a bishop, organized the first meeting of the Sunday-school Teachers' Assembly on the shores of Chautauqua Lake in Western New York. Mr. Hugh H. Orchard, official historian of the movement, points out in "Fifty Years of Chautauqua" that this was not solely a religious gathering. It was Bishop Vincent's idea, and he succeeded very well, to make Chautauqua Lake the scene of an annual pilgrimage on the part of men and women eager for knowledge. International affairs were discussed as well as literature, economics and politics. Innumerable courses were given by college professors and high-school teachers. It was, as Henry James found on the occasion of a visit, unspeakably dreary and second rate, but the idea spread and soon there were similar permanent Summer assemblies, by now called Chautauquas, at Albany, Ga., Bay View, Mich., Old Salem, Ill., and De Funiak Springs, Fla. Bishop Vincent gave them all his blessing, but had no active part in their management.

As the Nineteenth Century closed, Chautauqua Lake and its respectful imitators were booming. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, an outgrowth founded to spread culture in the remote wildernesses of the nation through home study courses, had 100,000 members by 1891. At first each Chautauqua arranged individual programmes and engaged its own teachers. Later, as the coöperative

methods of big business came into use, arrangements were made whereby the more costly lecturers could visit many of the assemblies—at reduced rates for a season's steady employment. The stationary Chautauquas began to hear such mighty figures as Presidents Grant, Garfield, and McKinley and even the vibrant Roosevelt. William Jennings Bryan started his lengthy Chautauqua career about this time and other early speakers included the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman and, of course, Bishop Vincent himself. By 1900 there were scores of Chautauquas, many grouped into federations, throughout the Middle West and even in California.

It was inevitable that the dry pioneers, seeking new ways to spread the gospel of Prohibition, should have gazed with envious eyes upon this vast new audience; and in 1908, Mr. Orchard reveals, they made plans to take over the Chautauqua. An obscure Nebraska cleric, the Rev. J. S. Tussey, conceived the idea of sending orators from the W. C. T. U. and the Prohibition party to all the assemblies in the State, thereby making converts by the thousand at small per capita cost. Apparently, though, it was not so written. When Mr. Tussey's speakers started out in June they were met by torrents of rain. The first meetings were nearly washed away and for weeks Nebraska was inundated by floods. Then Mr. Tussey became ill and when he recovered he found that the storms had forced the cancellation of almost all the meetings. He returned, an embittered man, to the pulpit he had deserted and felt that he had displeased the Almighty. Never again would he have anything to do with the Chautauqua, while the movement itself profited by this sign from Heaven and refrained from formal alliance with the dry cause. Its speakers have, of course, frequently been drawn from the white armies, and that the Chautauqua was an influence in bringing in Prohibition has long been a stock argument of its salesmen. Having been one, I can personally testify to that. But

No! They organized their own circuits.

Prohibition spell-binders, as such, have been viewed with misgivings.

Obviously it was not difficult, as the number of assemblies patterned upon that at Chautauqua Lake increased, to evolve the traveling variety. Mr. Keith Vawter of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau is generally given credit for doing so. For decades Mr. James Redpath, the founder of the Lyceum, had been providing "substantial and instructive entertainment for the mass of sturdy citizens" by sending lecturers and musicians into God-forsaken villages during the Winter months. Mr. Vawter felt that the same thing could be accomplished in the Summer, and a neat profit turned, by starting a traveling Chautauqua. Having bought a number of tents, he began in 1904. For a year or two he lost money but the idea then took hold swiftly and within a few years there were circuits in all parts of the country. They rapidly put the permanent Chautauquas, or most of them, out of business. By 1913 the idea had spread to the East.

On Mr. Vawter's first programme, reproduced in facsimile in "Fifty Years of Chautauqua," are found the Giant Colored Quartette, the Temple Male Quartette and, among the lecturers, a gentleman listed as John Roach Stratton. Can this have been our own John Roach Straton of the Calvary Baptist Church, the victim of a typographical error? There is no one who seems to recall, and a sense of delicacy keeps me from asking Dr. Straton. He would, one feels certain, have been welcome.

In 1904, and for almost twenty years afterward, the traveling Chautauqua's patrons were men and women who believed dancing wicked, laughter dubious and music—unless it was old enough to be termed classical—suspect. Always there were reiterations that the Chautauqua, like the Lyceum, was an institution dedicated, if not actually to God, at least to the furtherance of His work. I quote from "The Creed," as published in the April, 1914, issue of the *Lyceum World*:

We believe that the Lyceum and the Chautauqua Assemblies have a mission in the Moral, Intellectual, Social and Religious life of the American Nation. We believe that the people doing Lyceum and Chautauqua work are contributing towards the Moral Enlightenment and Happiness of the people by bringing them messages of good cheer, sound thought, pure entertainment and uplifting amusement.

We believe that the men and women engaged in Lyceum and Chautauqua Work are people of high artistic ability, sound moral character and lofty aims. We believe that the committeemen of the Lyceum Courses, the managers of Chautauqua Assemblies, and the men and women engaged in true Lyceum Work are working hand in hand and heart to heart with the Christian forces of our Nation to drive out immoral shows, indecent entertainment, injurious lectures, unfaithful political factors and harmful economical (*sic*) tendencies, and are promoting the life of the community in Body, Mind and Soul.

This high-minded code, fortified by \$75 a week, attracted the attention of the Rev. William A. Sunday and he was a Chautauqua lecturer until he deserted the cause for the evangelical racket where, as it turned out, there were greater returns. But there was no shortage of talent. During 1914 or thereabout the Home-Mother-Heaven lecture reached its highest development. One finds advertisements in the *Lyceum World* offering the services of R. L. Abolt, S. T., M. T. D., who "will go beneath the surface of things" and whose topics included "The Supremacy of Man," "The Greatest Need of the Age" and "The Power of Hope." Then there was Charles F. Selden, "A Man of Hope," who "worked on a railroad, toiled ahead on the road of life when trouble came, preached the gospel of sympathy, love, helpfulness, and brings hope and comfort to the audience while they listen, laugh, weep with him." And there was Truman Joseph Spencer, offering "Shakespeare's message to the Twentieth Century," in which he "vividly unfolds Shakespeare's graphic warnings against the evils of the drink traffic, divorce, lawlessness, industrial oppression, greed and race prejudice." Dr. Cook (destined for Leavenworth) was willing to render "My Conquest of the North Pole," and Dr. Earl Douglass Holtz was billed as "The Scholar, Thinker, Trav-

eler," the man "with a live message aptly put." This speaker, his managers guaranteed, "is a fit anywhere."

Similarly dazzling were the artists who contributed to the entertainment aspects of these Chautauquas of a decade ago. Miss Elene De Marco was "a musician, reader, recitalist, impersonator, interpreter of music and literature or entertainer in any other branch." She was ready to convulse the public with monologues in which "a whole stagefull of people are made to appear in such charming numbers as 'A Pleasant Half Hour on the Beach,' 'Woman in a Shoe Shop' and 'Campers' Tea.'" Miss Kate Mortimer was a Whistling Artist who could do "wonderful imitations of several dozen of sweet-toned birds." Not an ordinary whistler by any means, Miss Mortimer had mastered such intricacies as "double whistling, which few attempt and fewer can do" and "tongue twisting, a most difficult and artistic feat." Another star of those years was Merritt LeRoy, a cartoonist of whom the Bowling Green, Ky., *Times-Journal* said:

On the last night [of the Chautauqua] the speakers preceding Mr. LeRoy were so full of enthusiasm that LeRoy was an hour late in getting started. But the cartoonist was fast. In exactly thirty minutes he drew, by actual count, thirteen pictures, three of which were highly colored, told twelve humorous stories, sang one of his famous songs, taught the children how to make their faces good looking, and drove home and clinched all the arguments made by the preceding speakers.

Finally, there was Elmer Scheiner, the juggler and the Scientist. Mr. Scheiner, it appears, was able to combine amusement and deep thought. His lecture is declared to have been a mixture of "juggling and philosophy."

It would be inaccurate, of course, to give the impression that all the entertainment and all the speaking was as dubious as this. Even in 1914 the better systems engaged men and women with something to say and permitted them to say it, unless it chanced to be particularly controversial. Some of the music was not half bad. But on every circuit except one or two these examples were, I think, fairly typical of the

routine, day-to-day, programme. The significant thing is that the Chautauqua audiences were tired, isolated men and women. Even the twittering of a bird imitator gave relief from the silo, the cowshed, the cooking, and the greasy dishes of the depressing lives these people led. Even a lecturer with nothing much to say was a relief to husbands and wives who, for years, had even less to say to each other. Nothing remotely resembling the Chautauqua had come into their monotonous existence before. It served its purpose.

III

Such, in general, was the Chautauqua when I was personally initiated into its mysteries at the end of my freshman year at college in 1916. Having lived in New York City all my life, I had never heard of the traveling variety, although I was familiar, in a vague way, with the nature and purpose of the Summer sessions at Chautauqua Lake. I was looking for a job for the Summer vacation and a friend, who had previously worked on one of the circuits, told me that I could undoubtedly hire out as a tent man. His explanation of the system, while unorthodox, was clear and brief.

"A Chautauqua circuit," he said, "consists of a string of towns so arranged that the talent, as they optimistically call the performers, can move down the line each day. Concurrently, in five of the towns, tents are set up and in each of them a show is given every afternoon and evening for five days. At the end of the period the tent in town No. 1 jumps to town No. 6; the tent in No. 2 goes to No. 7, and so on. Your job will be to help with the tent, take tickets at the gate, and do the minor chores. You won't work very hard and you'll learn a lot about America that you didn't know before."

Within a few weeks I had encountered one of the strangest, as well as one of the most disastrous, Chautauquas in the history of the movement. The amiable gentleman who owned the circuit to

which I had been referred told me that I could not qualify as a tent man. They needed heavy, brawny fellows for this work. However, he reassured me, my services could be used in what he termed a difficult situation. Arrangements had been made some months previous, he explained, to demonstrate that the appeal of the Chautauqua was not really limited to the bogtrotters of the rural districts. He had determined to prove that urbanites, as well, would rejoice at the opportunity to hear soul-stirring lectures, an Italian band, and the Dunbar Concert Singers. So he had contracted for a five day showing up on Washington Heights in New York City. However, he added sadly, there were signs that he had been a little too optimistic. The Chautauqua was scheduled to open early the following week and from present indications it was going to be a tremendous flop. My new-found employer then squared his shoulders and told me that the day might yet be saved. He instructed me to hurry up to Broadway and 157th street, where the tent would be located, and aid the local committee in any way that I could.

Just a little dazed, I traveled uptown to learn that the local committee, in every Chautauqua community, was the group of public-spirited citizens who had guaranteed the sale of a certain number of season tickets. Their total liability varied between \$1,000 and \$2,000, depending upon the quality of the programme, and there was always a provision that no single guarantor, of whom there were from twenty-five to one hundred, could be soaked for more than from \$10 to \$50 in the event of a deficit. How, on the occasion of this abortive city Chautauqua, the Washington Heights Taxpayers Association had been persuaded to serve, will always remain a mystery to me. Master salesmanship must have been used on them. They unanimously regretted, at all events, that they had done so, for they had found their fellow citizens strangely uninterested in season tickets. By the time I arrived to

save the day they were hopping mad. The whole Chautauqua idea, they blasphemously shouted, was a fake. They had been led into the mess by false representations. They did not propose to pay a nickel toward the certain deficit and my employers could sue for their money if they liked.

I exhorted, pleaded and labored with these gentlemen, but to no avail. And I was, no doubt, not entirely convincing, since I had never witnessed a Chautauqua, myself, and was half inclined to agree that they had been badly used. At the risk of my neck, however, I strung a huge banner across Broadway, put some advertising cards in the shopkeepers' windows and waited for the fatal day when the sessions would start. This, if I remember correctly, was on a Monday afternoon. The tent had gone up the night before; and rather apprehensively, since I had never shone at arithmetic, I took up a position at the ticket booth and prepared for a rush of business.

Instead of selling tickets, I answered questions. Was Billy Sunday going to speak? Was it a carnival? Were we selling grape-juice?—a query based on Mr. Bryan's connection with Chautauqua and his advocacy of the unfermented grape for the navy. Was it a patent-medicine show or was some new evangelist in town? Hey, mister, let me in; the show's free, ain't it? I explained, laboriously and repeatedly, that the Chautauqua was none of these. It was entertainment, music and education. But at the word education my occasional prospective customers drifted away—to the vaudeville house on the other side of Broadway—and I was left alone with two sympathetic policemen who had been detailed to handle the crowds. They assured me that it was a lowbrow neighborhood and that we should have located the tent near Columbia University, where there was an active thirst for knowledge.

So it continued for two or three days until, toward the end of the week, came the biggest event of all: an address by the

Hon. William Howard Taft, who had four years previously received the electoral votes of Utah and Vermont in a Presidential contest. We had sent advance notices to the New York papers, the news had been featured more or less prominently, and I felt certain that the tent would be packed. Unhappily, it rained torrents that night. By 8 o'clock a few disgruntled reporters had arrived and had demanded free admittance. I did not yet know that reporters were privileged persons who went everywhere for nothing and I felt that they should pay. They over-awed me, however, and I let them in.

There were, perhaps, a total of fifty people in the tent large enough for 1,500 when Mr. Taft arrived at the height of the storm. He looked at the empty seats, gave his inimitable chuckle and for two hours addressed the handful as earnestly and as carefully as though he had been faced by thousands. This final catastrophe was, of course, the concluding blow to any dreams that the Chautauqua Idea could be planted in New York City and the following night the tent was folded and quietly borne to more hospitable areas on Long Island. The deficits were enormous and as far as I know the guarantors held to their threats that they would not pay without court action. I doubt that a dime was collected.

The head of the system, though, was a sporting gentleman and he declined to be discouraged. Nor did he blame me in the least. Instead, he sent me to join an advertising car and I spent a fascinating Summer journeying from town to town in New England and Canada. My partner was a youth from some Western college, with whom I got along amicably, and we stayed one day in each community, putting up tree-sheets, having an occasional row with circus men doing the same thing, stringing banners across the streets and then—out in the country—tacking signs on trees and barns. Even today I cannot see a fine, broad tree on the roadside without mentally nailing a Chautauqua poster on it and in my mind I see it there: "COM-

MUNITY CHAUTAUQUA, AUG. 23-27, PLYMOUTH, VT."

But this was merely a pleasant Summer job. It was the following Fall, when I decided to stay out of college for a term and make some money, that I began to learn the true story of the Chautauqua, its problems and the people who support it.

IV

During every Chautauqua season there are a few towns which fail to sign up for the following Summer. Every effort was made, when I labored on the circuits, to negotiate the new contract before the tent was pulled up. On the last night, when the programme was always particularly choice, appeals would be made for guarantors. The lecturer of the evening, having subtly painted the glories of Chautauqua and aroused his audience to a high pitch of idealism, would wind up by asking that all those who had enjoyed his spiel hold up their hands. As they thus signified their pleasure, he would request that each sign a card, deftly passed by the ushers, pledging the purchase of a certain number of season tickets for the next year. This would be followed by a musical number and then the superintendent in the employ of the Chautauqua company would bring up the embarrassing matter of the contract. He would call upon the town's leading citizens again to do their duty. There would be, in addition, a harangue by the local minister.

If the programme had been satisfactory and the sessions well attended, these methods—later to be perfected at war rallies—were usually successful. But sometimes, all too frequently, things had not gone well. The residents of Vinville might feel, for instance, that a rival Chautauqua at East Witherby, twenty-five miles distant, had been far superior. At East Witherby the leading speaker had been an ex-Senator instead of a mere ex-Congressman. The brass band had numbered forty Italians instead of thirty-two. At

East Witherby the tent had been packed every night while at Vinville there had been many vacant seats. In brief, a deficit loomed and the local committee, about to be assessed, did not feel that they should be required to risk this calamity another year. So it was that on the last night the exhortations of the lecturer, the pleas of the minister and the reproaches of the superintendent beat on deaf ears. Vinville had had enough of the Chautauqua or, at least, of our company. If they decided to have one next Summer they would get in touch with the concern which had done so well by East Witherby. Mournfully, the superintendent packed up his tent and moved on without the precious contract.

Now the loss of a town, since it is a link in a series, is no light matter. The economies of the system depend upon the ease with which the performers can move from one tent to the next. It must be possible, also, so to locate every sixth town that the tents can be shifted without undue transportation costs. It was often the case, then, that a town which had declined to renew the contract was strategically vital. And, therefore, I was despatched during the late Fall of that year to bring these erring communities back into the fold or to find substitutes. I went forth armed with literature regarding the probable programme for the next Summer. I prepared to inform these towns that their failure to remain Chautauqua enthusiasts would cause talk throughout the nation. Hardly a visitor, for years, would escape the whispers that here was a community Which Had Failed! Business would suffer. The saloon-keeper would rejoice and the wandering carnival, ever afraid to enter a village sanctified by Chautauqua, would again send its hoochy-koochy performers to corrupt the boys and girls; not to mention the husbands and elderly men.

But even with these telling arguments, the task was not easy. The memory of the deficit rankled. I searched in vain for some patriot who would again start things moving by being the first of twenty to sign the

new contract. The minister, in tune to the reactions of his flock, did not propose to endorse anything in this state of disrepute. It was easier, I soon learned, to leave these lost communities to their fate and go to some neighboring town—near enough to make the circuit routing as simple as before. There, I could point out that Vinville, while excellent in many respects, did not have quite the boosting spirit necessary for a civic enterprise like the Chautauqua. It had many fine upstanding citizens, but the intellectual level of the majority made it impossible for them to appreciate lofty entertainment and inspirational lectures. It had been a mistake to make the attempt. But this fair municipality, let us call it North Naston, was one well alive to the significance of the movement. There would be no deficit at North Naston, anyone could see at a glance. And not infrequently this liberal application of soft soap, the first asset of the American salesman, would do the job and North Naston would sign the contract.

Often I was detailed to pioneer work. A new circuit was being built up through New York State and it was my duty to go into entirely new towns, ones which had never enjoyed the benefits of Chautauqua. Here I ran into ignorance not unlike that which had characterized the residents of New York City. I had to explain at great length that I was not peddling grape-juice, and sometimes, in a staunch Republican region, that this was no Democratic plot to bring Mr. Bryan into their midst. What I did, of course, was to search for what we called a key man, preferably some sophisticate who had attended Chautauquas in other parts of the country. Having convinced him that the programme we offered was of the best, I would persuade him to introduce me to the leading boosters. Then we would obtain the endorsement of the Chamber of Commerce, the Y. M. C. A. and the Ladies' Aid and after a day or two I would take out a blank contract and begin the dreary task of obtaining the necessary signatures.

I frequently consumed a week's time before obtaining the first two or three; even the key man, the minister and the Y superintendent hesitated in making the plunge. Occasionally I would call upon the town's leading industrialist and swing him into line by promising that our five-day sessions would cut down the Monday morning absences due to revelry over the week-end. All the factory people, I said, yearned for a Chautauqua. Sometimes it was hopeless and I would give up. But in probably 50% of the cases success would crown my efforts. I have often wondered, in the years that have passed, how these communities which succumbed to my arguments made out, for the next Spring the war came and never again was I in close touch with the Chautauqua Idea. I can only pray that their deficits were not too large.

A decade ago, then, the Chautauqua was a movement depending upon the assistance of the churches and the more serious-minded element in each town. Today, I am told, it is far more difficult to sign up a new community and that when one is lost during the Summer the efforts to recapture it are usually futile. It is not the radio, good roads and jazz alone which make the

task of the Chautauqua managers more difficult each year. It is also, as I have attempted to show, that the programmes have been altered from the kind which appealed to small-town folk taking righteousness very seriously. These people were glad to sell tickets, to whoop things up. They would even pay the deficit when it was necessary.

In the majority of towns, no doubt, there are still enough of them. They view the growing flippancy of the Chautauqua with alarm, but they admit it a necessary evil. It is a sign of the decadent age, like birth control and short skirts and lipstick and rouge. The old-timers will continue to sign the contracts. The really depressing feature of it all is not that the Better Element has, to any marked extent, turned its back on the Chautauqua. It is that even the accelerated programmes are failing to draw the crowds. The season tickets are still sold, but the single admission receipts—upon which the various systems depend for their profits—are dwindling. If the programmes are further changed, in the hope of attracting the mob, the older patrons may withdraw their financial support. And so the managers, facing this dilemma, toss in their sleep.

CROP CAMPERS

BY H. L. DAVIS

NOT now,—she says,—but, maybe, when you're out of work,
Bereaved, in trouble, or mending from a sickness—then
You'll think your wheat country is too much lived in. Then come.
Come live with us, maybe for a Summer. . . . If you will?
If you like us enough to want to live with us? . . .

At first

You'll ride in the wagons with us women. Oh, but still,
That isn't a bad way to travel. You can sleep;
You can foot it ahead, and find water, and quench your thirst,
And sleep till your wagon catches up. We would sing songs.
You'd sing to me, riding in the wagon that I have to drive;
You could handle the brake-rope, and sing to me over the reins.
I've wanted to learn some of your songs. . . . Then, later on,
We'll find you a saddle-horse to ride on.—If you come.

This is not a good camp. We're camped here to be near the grain.
Most often we camp better—among alders, among white cottonwoods,
Or quaken-asp shivering beside water. Those draw wind.
There's a wind in the quaken-asp always, in the stillest heat.
Still, even this grain-camp looks nearly beautiful at dawn.
The stars dissolve out, and the black sky bleeds full of light.
The stiff grain crosses and beats together. . . . It's half beautiful.
You'd think so. Yes. But make me no promises to come.

If you liked, you could work with our men, harvesting. But no need.
They gamble, and waste all the crop-money that they earn.
It's the work of us women that buys us what we eat.
Of course, here there is nothing we can work at. We work in Autumn.
From late Summer till the end of Autumn we pick fruit.
You could either tend camp or follow us pickers. That's more work,
But I think you would follow us pickers. . . .

Because, in camp,

Are all our old people, incapable of work, sick, blind.
They have to be tended and listened to. Mine are dead.
—My people are all dead, I haven't got even any man.—
But there's plenty of others have, and you have to watch them die.
They think they're not dying, that it's something we pity and make right,
Could cure, if we wanted to. . . . Blind people come fumbling at your head.
One old man's got syphilis in his head, and whines with pain—
All during your sleep, whimpering. When you cry out,

Because his voice hurts you to listen to, he'll stare
And sleep and begin whimpering again. It's griped his brain.
Sometimes he mumbles for his dead sons, calling them by name,
Arguing, begging. . . . His voice and his lips hurt you.

Hearing him,

His helpless half-habit and half-agony, any length of time,
You'll begin to wish that you were deaf. You'll stop your ears,
And unstop them, fearing he has died. You'll think, what way,
Since I have to listen, can I listen and not hate his tears?
You'll think, maybe you might in passion. Might hear his voice,
Plainly, and yet be lifted by passion to a strength
That would make his hard agony, and his loose-mouthed whimpering, a song,
A strong great harmony of music. Yes. Rejoice,
Not deafening ourselves to his bleating, to his shame and wrong,
But sharpening our ears to hear all of it, every sound
Building the laughter of our passion high and strong.
Oh, maybe we shall, then! We'd be hard-spirited with love.
We'd deafen it to nothing, not pity, nor grief, nor fear.
We'd put our memories and senses, our hands and feet
And tongues and minds into the dark hopper, and all we own,
Our bodies and our work, to thicken the muscle of our love,
That might break and digest agony, and still be sweet.

. . . You will teach me your songs then, some time? If you decide!
—But make no promises; for, after I am gone,
You'll remember me better without promises of any kind.
Remember some things—maybe they'll come back to your mind,
Days off and on—the wheat-dawn; quaken-asp wind.
You may wish you could be in my camp-wagon and see the dawn,
Even among the crying of our old people, our cracked and blind,
After some pitiful fierce passion, side by side.

HANDS ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE

BY JOSÉ MIGUEL PETERSEN

IN THE days when the Emperor Porfirio reigned in Mexico, the least likely idea of trade extension to occur to the go-getting Americanos of the border was that of wooing the Mexicans by organized invasion and back-slapping. In that remote era even the business of sending train-loads of Mississippians armed with bands, snappy ditties and local products to make friends with the Oregonians was still in its infancy. Besides, good-will between the two great republics was already in being.

All classes which had contact across the border—and, providentially, these were not too numerous—were bound together, if not in bonds of conscious brotherhood and passionately sincere personal affection, at least by ties of perfectly understood mutual interest. The concessionaires and their highly paid agents at the court of Don Porfirio loved the Mexican grantees and cultivated them because there was something to be got out of them. And the Senators, Cabinet ministers and professional fixers in or near the Castle of Chapultepec were charmed with the insinuating aliens because, for the small services of arranging new deals in copper or mahogany, or merely for seeing to it that old arrangements worked smoothly, there was something to be got out of *them*. Consequently, the polite world was full of compliments and *abrazos*, and many Nordic impresarios of capital stayed in Mexico so long that they learned how to bestow the former in correct Castilian and the latter without a too bear-like fervor.

Relations, too, were much the same among the lower orders. The peons had a natural affection for American bosses who

paid them as much as a peso or even a peso and a half a day, and paid off weekly instead of presenting them annually with a list of debts sufficient to bind the next four generations of their families to the soil, as happened on the *haciendas* under native management. On the other hand, the visiting Yankee technicians, from shift bosses to mine managers, developed kindly feelings for employes who, unconscious of the labor movement raging in the outside world, considered such wages as wealth, and who, furthermore, treated the superior Nordics with the deference due to feudal barons and could be relied upon for innumerable personal services and devotions apart from those included in the formal contract. I know, for instance, a former expatriate who can never get over his tenderness for all elderly Mexican women of the working class because once, when he asked his mining camp laundress to round up a few handsome *muchachitas* for the entertainment of a group of visiting sportsmen from the States, he found himself confronted two hours later with the agreeable task of picking out the handsomest from a bevy of no less than 115.

The *entente cordiale* even extended to that most sensitive of all international contact points, the border. Down to 1910 the American towns along the boundary were for the most part smaller than their Mexican neighbors, and seldom less than half Mexicanized. The biggest *bailes* and most of the local fiestas, lay, clerical and military, were held under Mexican auspices, and from Matamoros to Nogales the slightly superior Mexican social and official leaders rejoiced in the fact that on such

occasions there were plenty of waiter-fearing Americanos on hand to spend their money freely. On the other hand, the ex-cow rustlers, saloon-keepers and professional gamblers, the frayed lawyers, doctors and remittance men who were then on the verge of founding the Southwestern country-club sets, were overjoyed that such distinguished *caballeros* as generals and provincial governors, with names reaching back to Cortez, were willing to overlook the social deficiencies which often caused them to be scorned by the bell-hops of Kansas City, and to accord them instead whole-hearted parlor recognition. A further bond was created by the fact that the republics did not then differ materially in moral idealism. The Mexicans came over to our side to do their hell-raising quite as often as our own men about town returned the courtesy, and touching amenities were cemented between the leading citizens of the border towns by the obvious advantage of having powerful friends when thrown into jail on a foreign strand.

There was no need of excursions and organized get-together efforts to extend these happy relations because they already extended wherever they were needed. The idyl of international understanding was running for the most part on its own momentum. To be sure, once every year or so Don Porfirio hitched up a few private cars to one of the Mexican government railroads' best locomotives and had a party of American capitalists or publicists taken for a joy-ride. But the object was not so much mere good-will and brotherly happiness, which, with a dozen cases of champagne a day for each day's ration more or less went without saying, but loans or propaganda.

Less advisedly and about as often the American railways, in the name of the exotic delights and sophisticated sympathies of wider travel, conducted excursions from St. Louis to Mexico City with a six months' stop-over, all for the sum of \$65. But this, though sometimes advertised as a means of enabling Americans to get better

acquainted with their Mexican neighbors, usually had less fortunate results and at times threatened to sour the idyl. Retired rustics from Kansas humiliated the permanent American colonists by wandering sweatily in shirt-sleeves and suspenders through Mexico City's most exclusive *avenidas*, aflow with tobacco juice and demanding of punctilious tellers at the bank windows that their American cash be changed into "monkey money."

Small town sports would spoil the shine service in the plazas for weeks at a time by tipping the bootblacks twenty-five cents *oro* instead of five cents Mex because of their deferential manner and the fact that they said "God damn" with such a charming air of innocence. Beauty-loving school-teachers annoyed the regular American patrons of Mexican shops by buying inferior *serapes* for twice their normal price to keep mamma's frail shoulders warm in the Autumn damps of Centralia, and generous druggists from Dubuque infuriated them by telling the landlady of the tavern at Cuernavaca that she ought to get a dollar for a six course breakfast instead of only fifty cents Mex.

Hence for the next six months after each tourist band's departure, the permanent residents of the Mexican towns would busy themselves explaining to their friends and acquaintances that these peculiar guests were American peons, that they were, through God's anger with the race for its sins, a lower type of peon than existed in any other civilized nation, and that society only managed to exist north of the Rio Bravo by occasionally loading them in sleepers and sending them out of the country to a place where they might conceivably become impregnated with the seeds of good manners.

It is not likely that the Mexicans wholly believed this fable. Still, it gave them a lasting impression of excursionists from the North.

But the idyl, like all other sweet and lovely things, came to its end. Certain captains of finance who had thought in 1911

that a little friendly backing of Don Francisco I. Madero's revolution might get them closer to the inside of the concessions business discovered to their horror by the end of 1913 that what they had released was a revolution against all concessions and capitalistic privileges. Naturally, these disappointed entrepreneurs followed the lead of the American mourners for the Diaz régime which they had just helped to upset. That is to say, they exploded with an indignation which could be heard from the Antarctic to the late Dr. Wilson's White House prayer closet, and thereby boiled the blood of all the professional anti-American and anti-capitalist leaders who were just then in arms under Carranza and Villa.

II

So where the air had been soft with the murmur of compliments, it suddenly became harsh with Anglo-Saxon demands that the brigands and destroyers be put down by intervention, and with the responsive suggestion of Mexican patriots that all the robbers and despoilers from Yankeeland be eliminated by firing squads. Indeed, as the horde of resident cultivators of good-will made their way out of Mexico in the wake or as the advance escort of Dictator Victoriano Huerta, some of them actually were so eliminated. Thereafter, save for distant exchanges of approval between the Mexican Red publicists and the admiring intellectuals of the *Nation* and *New Republic*, good-will between the two republics ceased to exist.

In the next six years the situation got steadily worse. The apostles of ill-feeling on both sides had such incidents as the Vera Cruz occupation, the Santa Ysabel massacre, the Columbus raid, the Pershing punitive expedition, the burning of a score of interned revolutionists in the El Paso jail's delousing tank, the Carrizal skirmish, the 1919 "invasion" of Juarez, the Carranza administration's pro-German policy, and Senator Albert B. Fall's pro-annexa-

tion philippics to feed upon. Tempers were further soured when Mexican refugees, herded in the Southwestern metropolises, found themselves placed in the social scale barely above Chinese and Negroes, or, visiting the movies for relaxation, saw their fellow nationals pictured as the most barbarous and treacherous of criminals. Patriotic animosities were equally stirred when more adventurous American capitalists and their agents, penetrating Mexico, found their properties pillaged or expropriated and themselves insulted by mobs and all grades of officials, if not shot and deposited permanently in Mexican soil by the Villistas.

Consequently, by 1920, practically every form of abusive expression and bellicose threat had been uttered by representative spokesmen of the two nations, ranging from the leading statesmen down to peons, within each other's hearing and with sincere and successful intention to give offense. Even consciously false good-will gestures were usually discouraged during this era lest they interfere with the morale of two neighbors kept constantly screwed up to the fighting pitch.

But in May, 1920, practically overnight, a typically Latin-American political earthquake produced a situation in which, from the gringo point of view, good-will cultivation again had sales power. The Obregon revolution did away with the anti-American Carranza régime so thoroughly that the lately detested neighbor seemed assured of several years of relatively stable government. And this happened precisely at the time when the impending collapse of war and post-war prosperity warned the border commercial experts that something should be done to bring the Mexican customer back to a mood of sweet and neighborly understanding.

Thus within a week the cannier border communities ceased shouting for blood vengeance, punitive expeditions and annexation, and began whooping for the Obregon régime's recognition, which the moral Dr. Wilson had chastely withheld.

The Mexican was about to be forced to submit to proof that his fair-haired Northern brother loved him.

The results need not have been disastrous if the new sentiment had been confined to a little tactful trans-frontier oratory and to a few state dinners on proper occasions, as when Gen. Obregon went his triumphing way to Mexico City *via* El Paso. When the Mexican is told he is loved, he does not become indignant because he does not believe it. He is an accomplished blarneyist himself, and he rather respects his neighbor—or even his enemy—when the latter proves that he can give as good in the way of sweet nothings as he takes.

In the 1920 re-alignment he had certain things to get out of the good-will revival—namely, recognition and credit—and was thus open to all reasonable superlatives. But the Nordics, with their Puritan consciences and their usual miscomprehension of the Latin-American, apparently could not bear the thought that, after the Mexican had been told he was loved once more, he might continue to doubt it. Obviously he must be made to see that it was so, and the border Nordics, organizing themselves in bunds of reconciliation, could think of no better way than to go into Mexico and show him. Hence, the good-will excursion.

There were two of them as early as the Fall of 1920, and since then there have been so many that only a check on the files of all local newspapers from New Orleans to San Diego would yield an accurate count. Including all types, from the one day flivvercades to honor some local bull fight or inauguration near the border with American patronage to the expensive junkets in which the high-powered friends of Mexican progress have toured the republic *de lusso* for weeks at a time, they probably have numbered considerably more than 100. As a result of them more Mexicans have had the privilege of viewing Anglo-Saxons in herd formation than at any time since Gen. Winfield Scott's lamented invasion. In fact, if the frequent visits of Rotary delegations, the American Summer

student colony at Mexico City and the art-loving colonization at Guadalajara are added, even the military precedents are definitely exceeded. The Mexican highways and byways now know the Americano in his glory almost as well as a county seat that has entertained an Elks' State convention.

But though the purpose of this intensive penetration has been laudable—namely, sales promotion—the results on the whole have been less happy than in the Porfirian age, when economic relations were allowed to take their course as an ostensible side issue of natural social contacts. There are various reasons of price, foreign exchange and geography which force the Mexicans to do the bulk of their import trade with the United States, more or less regardless of their sentimental attitude toward the gringo. But in general it has been difficult for the Mexican mind to see why the republic, after having to trade extensively with a nation whose culture it does not admire extravagantly, should have to play host to its trade-promoting excursionists, too.

For the good-will excursion, new style, is all that the old tourist excursions were plus organized noise, tactlessness and blattancy and a disposition to sponge free liquor and meals. The picture rarely varies. The train crosses the international boundary at Nuevo Laredo, Juarez or Nogales with 100 or more merry passengers, well supported by American potations, singing raggedly, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." During the stop at the border, the local or nearest brewery contributes a night's supply of beer as an international courtesy, but may be, in the manner of the sub-tropics, a few minutes late delivering it. Meanwhile, within the hearing of the inevitable English-speaking functionary attached to the train as an official chaperone, the mutter, or frequently the shout, is raised: "Where the hell's our free beer?" Then, if by some oversight, no beer is immediately forthcoming, he will be forced to listen to the judicious American opinion

that this is a hell of a brewery and a hell of a town, since, as is well known, it celebrated the arrival of the San Antonio invasion less than six months ago with a donation of two dozen cases.

The beer arrived, however, the gringos observe the restoration of their ancient liberties with a night of revelry. During it the official chaperone will be informed by four different groups of alcoholically argumentative publicists that Mexico would be all right if she'd only "get on to the American way of doing things." He will be forced to join in "The Old Gray Mare" chorus and have half a dozen booster badges pinned on him by enthusiasts who confuse his Latin dignity with that of a mascot or a drum major. He will be insulted at least once by the losing side after being commandeered to settle a drunken poker argument, he will gravely assure perhaps fifteen nervous Babbitts that there really is no danger from bandits, and he will hurt the feelings of several optimistic rumor victims by informing them there is error in the report that the government has presented the train with a supply of champagne. Perhaps by 5.30 A.M. he will crawl into his berth—provided he does not find one of his country's soused guests in it—to meditate, until aroused by question-askers at seven, on what a charming tale of gringo manners he will have to relate to his intimates along the route.

Comes the dawn, and the Americanos detrain in some Mexican metropolis such as Monterey or Chihuahua for a parade. There are the usual mutters of annoyance if the reception committee is not on hand to greet them, and two or three professional irrepressibles always manage to shout, "Where do we eat?" when the committee arrives. But eventually the official greetings are over and in ragged order, flaunting badges and waving ten-cent cane pennants with civically loyal sentiments, 150-odd good-will pilgrims move through the dust behind their band to make a pageant for a Mexican Main Street.

Witticisms are tossed back and forth on

the march concerning the local street cleaning methods and architecture. Songs and cheers are executed celebrating the mission of the visitors and the virtues of their city. A dozen or more of the convention-attending type of ladies in the caravan flash gold-filled teeth in smiles of camaraderie at occasional groups of faintly grinning natives on the sidewalks.

Follows breakfast, usually at the Foreign Club, where ham-and are certainly procurable, and from then on the party diminishes. The official leaders and the more conscientious sightseers make the round of official visits to the mayor, the governor, the Federal and military authorities, making fun the while in chuckling undertones at the frayed Second Empire furnishings still popular in Mexican official reception rooms and at the undoubtedly bad chromos of distinguished local patriots with which such salons are excessively decorated. Meanwhile, a good half of the delegation demonstrates the fraternizing spirit of the expedition by settling itself at the Foreign Club for a round of bridge, poker, and drinking until it is time to see "what the Mex is coming across with in the way of a banquet."

Curiosity is not unbearably deferred, since Mexican banquets usually happen at mid-day, which has the additional advantages of producing an afternoon holiday and allowing plenty of time for the speeches. But as the good-will promoters gather in the lobby of the casino, or the leading hotel, or wherever the function is to be given, the murmurous question arises among the Nordics as to what kinds of liquor will be dispensed and how much. Little knots may be overheard by their Mexican hosts—and, indeed, invariably are—arguing this matter somewhat as follows:

OPTIMISTIC PERSON: Sure, they'll give us champagne. I know a fellow was here with the Houston bunch two years ago, and he says they give it to them by the bathtub. Lemme tell you when it comes to hospitality these Mex boys know their stuff.

CONGENITAL PESSIMIST: Aw, don't kid yourself.

That was at Guadalajara, not in this hick poor-house. I got that from my brother-in-law who was with 'em. Besides, one of these Mex club boys told our car porter this morning all we was going to get was warm beer.

REALIST: Well, what the hell do we care? Scotch is just a dollarannahalf a pint at the Foreign Club, an' just to make sure they won't put anything over on us I gotta pint on my hip. . . . Just like old home week back home, eh? (*Exposing it*).

DEBATERS AND SIX OTHER AMERICAN CABALLEROS, ATTRACTED BY THE ARGUMENT: You li'l old rascal, you! You're going to buy us a drink right now. (*The bottle is passed around while Mexican eyebrows are lifted.*)

III

Day after day, when the trip is prolonged, these brotherhood-invoking ceremonials are repeated. What happens in Parral today is repeated in Torreon tomorrow, in Zacatecas the next day, in Irapuato soon after, in the capital eventually, and so on home by way of Tampico and Matamoros, or possibly by way of Guadalajara and the West Coast centers, partially preserved until 1926 by their lack of through railway connections. Even the southwestern ports are not safe from the more eager good-will spreaders, and only Vera Cruz stands in happy isolation because the invader hears that his reception there may be mingled with unpleasant memories of 1914.

Also, as time goes on, each expedition contributes to the outstanding collection of unfortunate incidents. The heavy boozers of the party have of course been poured on the train regularly by exquisitely mannered Mexican plain clothes police detailed for this hospitable purpose. But one fine evening these gentlemen have the pleasure of protecting one of the officially distinguished pilgrims, possibly a mayor or a Congressman, from the effects of his baser appetites, and the matter becomes at once a spicy State-wide scandal. Somewhere else, the honors of war have been paid by the pilgrims to the commander of the State militia instead of to the head of the Federal military department, and though this error has possibly been engineered by local political factions, both sets of rivals unite

behind the visitor's back to rejoice over the Yankees' deficiency in *savoir faire*. Again, a gringo courting cosmopolitan development has set himself studying Mexican manners and has overdone it as usual by being obsequious in public to a hotel porter. Or at the other end of the scale, a visitor has demonstrated Anglo-Saxon masterfulness and produced a difficult social fracas by giving orders to some inconspicuous Mexican who turns out to be the president of the governor's council.

Always, too, the woman question leads to complications. That the gayer blades of the party make frequent pilgrimages down the line in the more luxurious Mexican metropolises would not locally be regarded as curious, but that the gringos, after being bilked in the charges for beer and social entertainment, customarily depart with their virtue unsullied is taken as a peculiarly humorous sign of the Americano's lack of virility. The Mexican's gift for international understandings does not go to the point of comprehending that a gringo party down the line usually consists of one terrified thrill-seeker to fourteen male gossips.

But while the *betaras* question causes only amusement, the nice women on both sides frequently make real trouble. At the grand *bails* one of the more cheerful drunks is bound to offend by trying to lure the governor's wife or the carnival queen to the bar for a Scotch high-ball. Elsewhere another rash spirit, presuming on a two-drinks acquaintance with a Mexican co-tillion leader, will proceed to slap him on the shoulder while he is dancing with the town's most popular señorita, and then become publicly indignant when, instead of having the girl delivered into his arms according to the cut-in system of Peoria, he is treated like a barbarian who has attempted familiarities in his host's parlor.

As for the American ladies, they are fairly certain to produce discord by their indiscretions. Two of them, perhaps, have come to the governor's wife's reception in the slightly but discernibly crooked con-

dition which is considered the height of feminine charm at American country clubs. Another has vamped some cavalry colonel in the audacious manner of a thirty-seven-year-old flapper, and the officer and gentleman, having taken her in the Latin manner at her invitation's worth, has had his face bashed in by an irate husband of Ku Klux extraction. The official chaperone patches it all up somehow, and wonders if for a reward he can't at least get one of the fatter American consul-generalships.

Always, too, and worst of all, is the oratory. It is as if the Mexicans, feeling that their genteel obligations as hosts require them to feed and liquor up the invaders, regard themselves honorably entitled to prove that, whatever the gringo may be as a go-getter and industrialist, he is less than a peon when he talks on his feet. And for approximately four hours to each banquet, Mexico, to its fascinated satisfaction, proves it.

Generals, governors, mayors, senators, Chamber of Commerce presidents, Rotary leaders, high-school principals—the Mexican part of the programme flows on in a poetic torrent of Castilian sound, indorsing, with all the improvisations possible to polite language, the charming theme of "two fraternal nations, two diverse but sympathetic cultures, united forever in the sacred bonds of friendship and coöperation for progress." Then the Americans arise to reply and the fun begins.

"Things are changed since the days when nations estimated the distance between each other by the time it would take their armies to march across each other's borders. . . . We wish to pay a silent tribute today to your gallant Lieut.—or was it Captain?—Carranza, who died so bravely trying to do what our Lindbergh did. . . . Don't think for a moment that we don't want the right kind of Mexican immigrants in the United States. Why, right in my own home town we've got a candidate for city council today—and if I lived in his ward I'd vote for him myself—who was born right here in this beautiful city. That

shows how we can appreciate the type of Mexican immigrant who adapts himself to our institutions. . . . I don't hesitate to say before this great and representative audience that, although we have had our disagreements in the past, as friends and neighbors will, our people, in all these little friendly squabbles, have been actuated solely and sincerely by a desire for Mexico's good."

At these high words of amateur diplomacy, the Mexicans look at each other with the faint sparkle of cynicism in their eyes. They are reflecting that a Mexican adapting himself to American institutions must be a tool of the imperialists and that, anyway, the main argument for the Box bill is that most Mexican immigrants to the United States wind up in jail. They are solacing themselves for the expense of the party with the thought that the people who, while eating their hosts' grub and drinking their liquors somewhat excessively, would launch a sales propaganda, brag of Lindbergh's superior luck and throw out sly, hypocritical innuendos about all the American depredations in Mexico from the Texas rape to the Pershing expedition, must be barbarians beyond cure. So for months after the good-will ambassadors vanish, they are exceptionally nice to our rivals, the English and Germans.

As the expedition advances and strange diets, climates and beverages get in their deadly work, digestions falter, tempers sharpen, fatigue increases and the speeches get worse, while the untoward incidents grow more frequent. Usually there occurs some really climactic scandal. Some guest has paused in the reception line at Chapultepec and tried to sell something to El Presidente himself. Some incompetent imbibor has been sick on a Chapultepec rug, or started a fight in a notorious brothel that broke into the newspapers. As these rumors reach the towns on the homeward journey, already worried as to whether they can afford to put up liquor enough to satisfy their Spanish pride as hosts to inferiors, the scandals, as promoters of good-

will, become even worse in the telling than they are in reality.

So some fine morning when the excursionists disembark for one of their last parades before the eupptic feeding grounds of the good old U. S. A. again enfold them, the few who understand Spanish may hear the murmur running down the line of peon spectators standing at their tactful, but not necessarily respectful distance: "Mire los Judeos qui vienen para vender."

Which may be freely translated: "Look at the heathen coming to sell us something."

IV

Hog-tied as they are by their un-American aversions to visiting the neighbors uninvited, the Mexicans as yet have conducted no good-will expeditions to the United States. But once or twice the gringos, having need of a few "spik" excellencies to give an international tone to their more ambitious civic festivals, have boned up on the correct modes of engraving and delivering formal bids to Latin dignitaries and lured a Mexican delegation across the line to taste the clotted cream of Yankee hospitality.

On such occasions the first citizens of the northern Mexican States and metropolises which have periodically gone broke feeding and liquoring the good-will tourists have been privileged to discover what good-will means on the giving rather than the selling side of the gringo's mouth.

For instance, the governors of the northern Mexican States were invited to share the revels a few years ago of a Southwestern trade capital celebrating the anniversary of its founding. A number accepted, with the result that a week before their expected arrival the resident Mexican consul was asked to hurry over to the celebration committee's headquarters for an important conference. Arrived, he found the celebration treasurer kicking that he had no warrant to pay the visiting governors' hotel bills and swearing he would issue no

vouchers. After the consul had heard all sides of this singular squabble among the official hosts, he was supposed to be mollified by the information that private individuals would try to take up a collection, and that he could let his governor friends know the result in two or three days.

In three days the consul was tactfully informed that civic pride had met the challenge. He was properly grateful but took a certain Latin pleasure in producing identically worded telegrams from the governors regretting that unanticipated pressures of public business would keep them at home. To be sure, the subscribers to the hotel bill fund did not get their money back. Official State representatives were sent in the governors' stead—evidently minor local personages being punished for political insubordination—so that their arrival might produce another and almost equal blunder. No banquet was planned until the Mexicans, assuming in their innocence that a civic festival without a banquet to the visiting *distinguidos* would be as impossible as asking a house guest to eat at a boarding house, inquired of their hosts when this climaxing feature of the social programme was to take place.

Civic energy scared up the banquet, letting the Mexicans in on the open secret that they had suggested it. Meanwhile, there was a semi-public squabble as to who was to pay the hotel bill for the presidential band sent by El Presidente's special orders. Finally, the morning after the town's week of international courtesies was over, during which it had enjoyed the best free music in Southwestern history, the band, finding it six blocks to the station and no conveyances present, walked. Also, it carried its traveling bags and its heavy instruments, not to mention its impressions of the gringos' grateful spirit.

Such experiences, however, are educative. When good-will emissaries from this metropolis descended on a Mexican capital in the Fall of 1928, the banquet was duly delivered, but it was announced in advance that the price would be three dollars.

THE WEST POINT OF FUNDAMENTALISM

BY WILLIAM COBB

THREE years ago the Liberal Students' Club of the up-and-coming University of Chicago sponsored a debate on Evolution. The Rev. Dr. W. B. Riley, the patriarchal Pooh-Bah of Fundamentalism, took the side of God, with this text: "A litter of pigs may show varieties, but no pig ever gave birth to puppies." The reporter covering the debate for the *Chicago Tribune* recounted glowingly the enthusiasm of the audience:

The interest in the debate was intense. Dr. Riley was greeted with such boisterous and repeated applause during his opening speech that Dr. Burt [his pro-Evolution opponent] referred to the evidently large crowd of Fundamentalists present. Then the friends of Prof. Burt rallied and it was difficult to tell which of the two contestants was cheered the more vigorously. It came near taking on the character of a Northwestern-Chicago football game.

The "large crowd of Fundamentalists" in the audience was made up of the pious students and faculty of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, founded in 1886 by Dwight L. Moody, and still in full blast. The cadets and co-eds at this West Point of Fundamentalism are taught to cheer at all hours and on all occasions for their Maker and His infallible Book. The debate was just a picnic for them; they testify for Fundamentalism in their classes all day long and from the tail-end of gospel motor-trucks every night. The Institute aims "to educate, direct, encourage, maintain and send forth Christian workers, Bible readers, gospel singers, teachers and evangelists competent to effectually preach and teach the gospel of Jesus Christ." Since 1886 it has sent forth 64,458. They have labored valiantly, and above all, efficiently. Effi-

ciency is the key-note of the institution. One of its advertisements says:

SOULS SLIP AWAY
from untrained
Christian workers

The Harvest is To Those Who Are Prepared
"The Open Door to Fruitful Service"
Just Mail the Coupon Now.

As an alumnus has said, "Every Christian should be a salesman—sell the gospel!" The cadets show the world the efficiency of their training in this art. They spear their victims with the unerring accuracy of an old-time whaler harpooning a whale.

One night one of our students in the Bible Institute was going down West Madison street. He saw another young fellow going along, and stepping up to him he said, "Are you a Christian?" "No sir, I am not." "Why are you not a Christian?" "Because I think the whole thing is a humbug—there are so many hypocrites in the church." "Look here," said the student, stepping under a light and opening up his Bible to Romans xiv:12, "Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God." That went like an arrow to the young fellow's heart. He dropped on his knees right there on the sidewalk and accepted Jesus.

Many citified infidels have the idea that Fundamentalism is a craze financed by the greasy nickels and dimes of yokels and confined in influence to rural adenoidiacs who believe that the Pope has cloven hooves. Let such misinformed scoffers get hep to the facts. Every year the Institute needs, over and above its income from endowment, \$450,000 to meet its operating expenses. And every year it gets that amount and more in voluntary contributions from opulent believers, mainly in the big cities. Its property, real and personal, is valued at more than \$4,500,000. It owns thirty-six buildings just outside the Loop district in Chicago. It owns and operates a 5,000-watt

radio station broadcasting thirty-six and a half hours each week. It offers work in day, evening, correspondence, and extension classes. A staff of forty-one consecrated instructors teaches its courses. The president of its Board of Trustees is also president of the Quaker Oats Company. Its vice-president, until lately, was Henry S. Dulaney, of Baltimore, president of the Resinol Company. It sponsors a Colportage Association which sells and gives away books all over the known world. Thirty years ago it had only seven buildings, valued at but \$300,000. To paraphrase a famous financier's epigram, Don't sell Fundamentalism short. It has mazuma behind it.

Nor does the Moody Institute sweat for the holy cause alone. It is the oldest, largest, and probably the most widely known among Fundamentalist seminaries, but advertised in a single issue of the *Moody Monthly*, the official publication of the school, there are no less than twelve others offering the same fare, all of them well supported by rich believers. Among them are the Biblical Seminary and the National Bible Institute of New York; the Toccoa Falls Institute in Georgia; the Evangelical Theological College of Dallas, Tex.; the Gordon College of Theology in Boston; the Bible Institute of Los Angeles; the Bible Institute of Cleveland, and the Philadelphia School of the Bible. The School of Sacred Music, at Winona Lake, Ind., boasts the illustrious Homer Rodeheaver, Billy Sunday's former singing partner, as its president. Each seminary asserts its unshakable Fundamentalism. "Every teacher believes and teaches the entire Bible to be God's inspired word. Send for catalogue," says the Union Bible Seminary of Westfield, Ind. "Free from Modernism," proclaims the Toccoa Falls Institute. "The School with a Message, and a Definite Programme with which to Put It Over," says the Philadelphia School of the Bible.

Advertised in the same issue of the *Moody Monthly* are secular colleges which Fundamentalists can trust: William Jewell College at Liberty, Mo.; Baylor College for

Women at Belton, Tex.; Wheaton College at Wheaton, Ill.; and Des Moines University at Des Moines. The last-named has been captured of late by Fundamentalists of the Baptist denomination, who are not going to see another school stolen from them as was the University of Chicago. No pedagogue is engaged for the faculty who will not declare his firm belief in Jonah's engulfment and subsequent regurgitation by the whale.

Thus flanked by its friends, and backed by the cohorts of the faithful, the Moody Bible Institute faces a hostile and apostatical world confidently and unafraid. As long as it stands Dwight L. Moody will not be forgotten, nor will his words return void:

Our object: The perfecting of the saints; the salvation of the lost.

Our hope: The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

II

But in spite of radios, extension departments, correspondence courses, and high pressure salesmanship, the workers of the Institute find that the task of converting an unregenerate world grows harder and harder. The *per capita* cost of saving souls is higher today than ever before in the history of Christendom. Evangelist Harry W. Vom Bruch, one of the most successful gospel salesmen produced at the Institute, put the problem this way at a workers' conference:

In the early days of my evangelistic career, if you could get a sinner inside the church, in the atmosphere of a red-hot revival, you had nine chances out of ten of getting his decision for Christ. Now a sinner will go through your revival services and nine chances out of ten you won't win a decision for Christ. One of the outstanding marks of our time is that of indifference.

Evangelist Vom Bruch has conducted an average of twelve campaigns a year for the past ten years—a total of one hundred and twenty campaigns in all, so he should know whereof he speaks. His converts number thousands.

One fears, indeed, that had the redoubtable Dwight L. Moody himself, who

counted his scalps by the tens of thousands, tackled this indifferent modern world his fame would not have resounded so loudly. Compared to the present day evangelists, Moody had it easy. When he propelled his huge bulk into the pulpit and waved aloft his Bible, the Book was greeted with unanimous respect. When he shouted through his bushy whiskers that "The Christian life is the only happy one," practically everyone nodded in agreement. When he thundered, smiting his ham-like fist upon the lectern, "There is hardly an unconverted man anywhere, no matter how high up or how rich he may be, but will tell you that he is not happy," his audience settled itself smugly and felt sorry for W. K. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould.

The dogma he got away with without challenge makes the high-powered evangelists of today sigh for the good old days. Heaven was up in the sky, no matter where on the globe you stood. It was inhabited by winged angels and paved with gold and precious stones, and in it the saved were rewarded with crowns, harps and fruit from the Tree of Life, and spent their whole time singing. The attacks of criticism—higher and lower—on the authenticity of the Bible Moody answered easily in those pre-Wholesale days: "We believe it is inspired because there is nothing in it that could *not* have come from God." The beginning rumbles of Evolution he simply waved aside: "It is a great deal easier to believe that man was made after the image of God than to believe . . . that he is the offspring of a monkey." The Rev. W. B. Riley, the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Norris, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton and other such artillerists have to fight for their very lives now over the questions which Moody thus brushed away.

Like many other uneducated men of the Victorian age, he had an immense respect for education, and when he began to get on in the world and found himself in control of big money he established schools prodigally. His friend, Henry F. Durant, of Boston, had in 1878 set up Wellesley Col-

lege "to give advanced education [to women], while always giving Christ and the Bible preëminence." In 1879 Moody founded his own Northfield Seminary for Young Women at Northfield, Mass. It has stuck to the ideals of its founder. In 1881 he started a companion institution for boys, the Mt. Hermon School, also in Northfield.

It was in Chicago that Moody got his start as a devil-chaser, and in that abandoned city he waged many of his most inspiring battles against sin. His closing triumph, the 1893 World's Fair campaign, showed him at his best. He raised \$800 a day for running expenses, besides superintending a horde of workers, directing a Bible Institute, and preaching. For some of his morning meetings he hired Forepaugh's circus tent. Forepaugh plastered the town with these bills:

Ha! Ha! Ha!
Three Big Shows!
Moody in the Morning!
Forepaugh's in the Afternoon and Evening!

Moody filled the tent every day with twenty thousand listeners. He had, years before, built his own church to take care of his converts—the Chicago Avenue Church, chiefly financed by Moody and Sankey hymn-book royalties. But he needed trained workers to assist in his campaigns, and so he set up Bible Institutes lasting one week each, in which his lieutenants instructed volunteers in the soul-saving technique. The Institutes gradually became larger and longer, and were finally in 1889 formally organized into the Chicago Evangelization Society, with the Rev. R. A. Torrey as superintendent. Three months after Moody's death in 1899 the name of the central school was changed to the title it now bears.

Just where to put the Institute in the academic world it is difficult to decide. It requires only a common school education or its equivalent for admission, though for certain esoteric courses a high-school training is recommended. The minimum age limits of twenty-one for men and twenty

for women are frequently abrogated to admit children of parents who fear the infidel influences of secular schools. They are let in, "in order that they may be equipped with a knowledge of the Bible and a deepened spiritual experience to meet attacks on their faith when they enter such schools." But on certain requirements the Institute insists strictly. "All applicants must give evidence of conversion to Jesus Christ and a consistent Christian character. . . . They should possess at least one year of Christian experience and be connected with some evangelical church. . . . They should have a desire to win others to Jesus Christ, and . . . be willing to do the work assigned to them and be obedient to necessary rules."

The school is so rich that it charges no tuition. The only expenses to the student are for a modest contingency fee, room and board, and books. All students must live in the dormitories. Room and board, including the use of bed linen, towels, and blankets, which are laundered free by the Institute, cost \$6.35 a week in a double room and \$7.35 in a single room. These charges are based on the assumption that the student will help with the domestic work of the dormitories. To students who do no such work the rate is \$11.25 a week higher.

Since the founding of the school all the inmates have been required to do practice work in Christian service. "The morning hours are spent in the class-room, and the afternoons and evenings are divided between study and practical work among the unconverted. Rescue mission work, house-to-house visitation, children's meetings, women's meetings, jail work, inquiry-meeting work, church visitation—every form of effort which can be developed in the heart of a great and wicked city is here supplied." Once a month the cadets make reports on this work, and receive criticism and coaching. They roll up staggering records. In one year they conducted 63,006 religious meetings, made 45,580 visits to jails, hospitals, and the like, distributed

964,399 pieces of religious literature, talked to 88,063 persons on spiritual themes, and roped in 7,094 converts.

Interspersed through the day's heavy activities are the devotional periods. The Institute catalogue thus lists them:

1. The observance of a time of quiet and worship in the rooms fifteen minutes before breakfast.
2. Devotional exercises after breakfast.
3. Fellowship meetings after supper.
4. Chapel hour every Saturday morning at 8:30.
5. The 8:30 hour on the first Tuesday of every month, when the petitions are commonly limited to the life and work of the Institute.
6. Special prayer-meetings from time to time in offices, dormitories or class-rooms.
7. Weekly meetings of the various prayer bands of the Missionary Unions.
8. All day prayer-meetings, when the spiritual need is felt or the spiritual life rises high, and when all class work, and so far as possible, all business is suspended, and "glory crowns the mercy seat."

How many prayer-meetings this schedule produces is a matter of conjecture. One estimate places the number at 1,324 a month.

III

Practically every State in the Union sends students to the Institute, and most of the countries of the world. One picture, published in the catalogue, shows natives of twenty-six different countries. More than thirty denominations have representatives among the students, and thirteen in the faculty, for Moody is non-denominational. No color line is drawn. All of the co-eds wear long dresses, falling usually to their shoe tops. No bobbed heads are to be seen, whether because of official ruling or by general understanding I cannot say. Judging from an advertisement in the *Moody Monthly*, Fundamentalists have serious doubts as to the ultimate salvation of bobbed-haired souls:

"CAN A BOBBED-HAIRED WOMAN GO TO HEAVEN?" 20-page booklet modern styles and bobbed hair from Bible standpoint. An eye-opener. Price one dime. A. R. Funderburk, 1841 East 7th, Kansas City, Mo.

Instruction at the Institute begins with the Bible, and never gets out of hailing distance of it. "The Bible is the Great

Textbook: the Bible itself is studied, not merely books about the Bible." With it as the foundation, courses are offered along the following lines:

General
Pastors
Jewish Missions
Missionary
Missionary Medical-Service
Christian Education
Music

Instruction is also given in English, Blackboard Drawing, Hygiene, Home Economics, Manual Arts, Public Speaking, Evangelism, Practical Christian Work, Bible Psychology, and Christian Ethics. The General Course, centering on the Bible, is foundational for all the specialized courses, even Music. The Missionary Course, probably the most popular one offered by the Institute, includes the teaching of Bookkeeping, Comparative Religions, Manual Training (including shoe repairing), and Cookery. The male cadet missionaries, as well as the female, have to knead dough and fry flapcakes in the regular domestic science laboratory. The Missionary Medical-Service course consists of lectures by returned missionaries and Chicago practitioners on tropical diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, urinalysis, obstetrics and other topics of interest to gospelers who are going to out-of-the-way fields, away from medical service.

Perhaps the missionary courses are so popular because of the comforting reports which come back from laborers in the field. One recent recruit to Duabo, New Guinea, wrote back:

I teach in the morning, but in the afternoon there is little to do but rest and read and write. I certainly feel like a full-fledged missionary now.

Another thus wrote of his arrival at Bagdad:

The first thing I did . . . was to hunt a book-store and get a copy of "The Thousand and One Nights" and a history of Bagdad. Here is certainly the place to let one's imagination run wild, as in "The Arabian Nights!"

The Christian Education Course trains students in Sunday-school teaching, the conduct of teacher-training classes, the

supervision of daily vacation Bible schools and week-day church schools, and the directing of educational programmes for churches. The Jewish and Swedish Mission courses train workers in the language, history, and customs of these groups. The Music course equips men and women as gospel singers, choir directors, pianists, church organists and composers of gospel music, and also as aides to pastors and directors of religious education in the planning and conduct of song services.

All of these courses are given to night school students as well as to day, or boarding pupils. The two divisions are of approximately equal size, averaging well over a thousand students each. Work is continued the year round, as at the University of Chicago, and most of the diplomas can be won by full-time day school students in two or three years of forty-four weeks each. The night school students require a longer time.

The Correspondence School is the banner department. It was inaugurated in 1900, and since then has enrolled 39,175 pupils. How many of these finished their courses is not stated. The correspondence courses are advertised extensively, with a Free Five Minute Bible Test as the bait. The test has twenty questions, such as "What was the visible symbol of the Noahic covenant?" and "How many missionary journeys did Paul make?" The fees range from \$3.50 to \$10. There are about fourteen courses, covering most of the Institute doctrines. That the teaching is thorough this testimonial witnesses:

Before beginning this course I did not know the meaning . . . of sin, the meaning of redemption, of law, the difference between law and grace, the place of works in the believer's life . . . I had never understood about the dispensations, the judgments, angels, demons. Such words as justification and sanctification were deep in mystery to me.

The wide influence of the Institute among Fundamentalists over the country is due largely to the labors of its Extension Department. Sixteen trained and experienced men of God compose the staff. They travel

everywhere, preaching and teaching the one and only way to rescue souls from Hell. During the Summer they are especially active. I have compiled a list, by no means exhaustive, of twenty-six Summer Bible Conferences either promoted or assisted by them. Geographically these conferences spread from Lagoon Beach, Calif., to Ocean City, N. J., and from Gull Lake, Mich., to Montreat, N. C.; they include such well-known centers of evangelism as Eagles Mere, Pa., Winona Lake, Ind., Grove City, Pa., Northfield, Mass., Fair Haven, N. Y., and Erieside, Ohio. The department also sends out lecturers equipped with moving-picture projectors and films showing the work of the Institute. Under the auspices of local pastors the staff conducts one- and two-week campaigns against the village Darwinians, Unitarians, Episcopalians and other infidels. Two or three evenings are always devoted to riddling the damnable heresy of Evolution. "The world knows what the study of worms did to the mind of Darwin," is their theme. The labors of the sanctified sixteen are very profitable to the Institute, for they frequently come home with substantial donations.

The latest ministry of the Institute goes over the radio. Station WMBI, of 263 meters, has studios in the school buildings and a 5,000-watt broadcasting plant at Addison, Ill. The station "keeps uppermost the spiritual note." Chicago church orchestras, choirs and soloists, and Institute students gifted musically are called on for the programmes. The Glad Tidings Male Quartette is a fan favorite, and "has been a great blessing to many." Street meetings, à la Salvation Army, are frequently broadcast. The students, as I have said, conduct these street-meetings as part of their practice work. Lately the Institute undertook "a venture of constructive Bible study on the air, . . . with the result that 7 courses have been taught in 92 lessons to 161 registrants, of whom 22 earned certificates . . . WMBI was a pioneer in this field of Bible work."

IV

According to the experts of the Institute the effort of Nineteenth and early Twentieth Century theologians to liberalize Christianity has resulted in the obscenity of Modernism, "a new theology which is as ancient as the earliest heresies." They will have none of it. The Bible, they hold, was dictated by God in person, and there is no flaw in it.

I believe that when God . . . supernaturally inspired men to set down that which men could never have thought out or discovered for themselves, as the Word of God to men, He did, not an imperfect, but a perfect piece of work. I believe that in the original autograph manuscripts of the Bible there was no error in a single word, in a single statement, whether of historical fact, or of natural science, or of spiritual truth.

This statement is quoted approvingly in a pamphlet printed and distributed by the Institute. The slightest concession to rationalism, it appears, invalidates the whole Word. "People ridicule Noah and his ark as if they never existed, but when we reject this part of the Bible we must give up the whole. Christ endorsed this narrative (Matt. xxiv, 37-39) and we should be willing to abide by His decision." To treat the Bible as literature is a glaring heresy. "When the minister becomes familiar with the Word of God, Browning, Tennyson, Shakespeare, and other lesser lights will be given a rest." To know the Bible is to encompass all useful knowledge.

The Bible is a university in itself and the man well versed in the Bible is a man well educated. Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University . . . said: "Every one who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible may truly be called educated, and no other learning or culture, no matter how extensive or elegant, can . . . form a proper substitute. . . . A knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible."

The Bible is the sole authority on human conduct. No inner light can compare with it. Mr. Moody himself, quoted in the Institute *Monthly*, said: "Conscience is not a safe guide, because very often conscience won't tell you you have done wrong until after you have done it, but the Bible will

tell you what is wrong before you have done it." Sin is simply contempt for the Book. "We find that it [sin] resolves itself into selfish indifference to the will and Word of God."

In applying the Word to mundane affairs, the Institute scholars show great ingenuity. In the *Monthly* is reprinted a paragraph from the *Atlanta Constitution*, headed "Spare that Pucker":

The Agricultural Department is reported to be experimenting with a puckerless persimmon. . . . We object to the spread of the sugar-coated idea. It is one of the functions of the persimmon to pucker.

To this the editor adds (*italics his*):

So it may be said it is one of the functions of the Christian life to know trial, for "we must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God" (Acts xiv, 22).

The recent attempts to span the oceans by airplane brought out a characteristic gospel article. Many ocean hops have failed, with tragic results to the pilots, said the writer, but the Bible is full of long hops that did not fail. "The first recorded flight was that of Enoch 'who walked with God; and he was not; for God took him' (Gen. v, 24) . . . He had a flight from earth to Heaven. . . . Scientists claim that the distance from the earth to the sun is 93,000,000 miles, and from the earth to the moon, 240,000 miles. If these figures are correct, the flight which Enoch made . . . was a long one." Nor must the flight of Elijah the prophet be overlooked. "Elisha followed Elijah all the way from Gilgal to the Jordan. It was here where Elijah hopped off for the heavenly destiny." Christ, too, was an aviator. "He ascended bodily to the right hand of the Father. Both men and angels were witnesses of this beautiful flight."

Around the central theme of Biblical inerrancy are woven all the Institute's doctrines, dogmas, and practices. Curiously reminiscent of other days is the grim doctrine of infant damnation. It follows logically from the belief in original sin and the inherent depravity of man. The Institute logicians hew rigorously to the line. In a

sermon on "Where There Is No Vision the People Perish (Prov. xxix, 18)" by the Rev. C. E. Bacon, printed in the *Monthly*, we find that Christians need "a revelation of the source of sin."

Do you get the vision? As you gaze into the smiling face of the little child and watch with joy the pulsing life of glorious youth, do you see that heart within out of which proceed the germs which, if left unchecked, will produce within that body a blasting, blighting hell on earth?

The Rev. W. H. Rogers, in another sermon, says that true Christians are tired of hearing

that Adam fell up and not down, if he ever fell at all; . . . that a child is born by natural birth into the kingdom of God.

The whole programme of salvation, as the Moody Fundamentalists see it, depends on the dogma of the innate depravity of man. They censure bitterly the "Twentieth Century modes of thought that would discard the idea of depravity and original sin in favor of education in 'the Christian way of living fruitfully in this world.'" Unless all men and women are innately depraved and sinful, what happens to the universal need of Christ? And where will the evangelists get their wholesale denunciations of wickedness?

Almost as much time and effort are given by the leaders of the Institute to combating heresies as to scotching loose living. An editorial in the *Monthly* warns against the "Unitarian hymn books in our evangelical churches" and gives some free advertising to a new collection. The Rev. H. C. Fulton denounces Unitarianism and the like as "beds too short to rest on, and covers too narrow for comfortable shelter and protection . . . from an accusing conscience, the guilt and condemnation of sin, the wiles of the Devil, and the awful judgment and wrath of God." Some of these "short beds and narrow covers" are Christian Science, Russellism, Spiritism, Theosophy, Mormonism, Unitarianism, Modernism and Universalism. The Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., the devoted president of the Institute, has launched a whole book

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against Spiritism, or Spiritualism, with the title, "Spiritism and the Fallen Angels." The book-shop of the Institute is filled with pamphlets and books denouncing the errors of those who do not accept Fundamentalism.

The theologians of the school believe in and teach the doctrine of pre-millennialism. A great deal, it appears, depends on whether one accepts pre-millennialism or post-millennialism. According to the latter heresy the world is supposed to be getting better and better, the millennium will arrive by human natural means, and Christ will not make the Second Advent until the end of a thousand years of peace and goodwill among men. The Fundamentalists argue that anybody can see that the world is getting not better, but, worse and worse every day. Just look, they say, at women's styles, and at their cigarette smoking, and at the growth of apostasy, atheism, and indifference. In the end, the world will become so very wicked that the Lord will have to come down, meet His saints and martyrs, clean up the whole place, and take personal charge of it.

V

Evangelist Vom Bruch is a typical Moody boy. He has been a student at the Mt. Hermon School, and is a graduate of the Bible Institute. His great sermon, "The Carnival of Death," published privately, is a terrific indictment of Christians who dance, play cards, and attend the theatre. "Knowing that we are living in the last days when perilous times shall come and men shall be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," he says, "I have prepared this message . . . with the hope and prayer that it may be at least a danger signal thrown upon the pathway of the pleasure-seekers of today."

Touching but briefly upon the loathsome sins of boozing and smoking, he comes down hard on amusements. "Why, the present day amusements have become so diluted that the average amusement today is a halfway house back to the world on

the road to Hell. . . . Men have faced powder upon the battle-field, but Sampson couldn't face it on a woman's face. . . . I have yet to meet an earnest soul-winner among the amusement-seeking gang."

First to feel his wrath is the iniquitous game of euchre. "The card pack is the infidel's dictionary, the blasphemer's lexicon and the harlot's handbook."

Great guns! Think of women leaving their housework undone and their husbands to come home to a cold supper so they might spend the day at the euchre club and bring home the booby prize!

Then the theatre comes in for a drubbing. "As an institution it is unclean. Both place and plays are bad."

If theatres are for the elevating of the morals, tell me why is it that so many brothels and saloons are placed next door to them? Why a cheap hotel across the street?

Nor are the movies any better. Consider the awful consequences of this: "A little Sunday-school lad, after seeing his first movie, rushed into the presence of his mother and said, 'Gee ma, if you ever went to the movies once, you would never want to go to prayer-meeting again!'" The daily press is full of the terrible results of movie going.

Here's one from the *Chicago Tribune*: A woman went home after seeing "The Deadly Sciletto, or, The Organ Grinder's Revenge." She called her husband as she stood peeling potatoes and said: "Some picture! He got him just like this—" The paring knife slipped and the husband fell wounded in his left side.

But it is when he reaches the evils of the dance that Dr. Vom Bruch really lets go. It is "a juggernaut of evil influences—gradually growing larger, stretching out its long tentacles further and further." He exclaims in terror that certain backsliding churches even have dancing in their social rooms on Friday nights.

God pity the church member or pastor whose conception of Christ rises no higher than the bunny hug, turkey-trot, hesitation, tango, texas tommy, hug-me-tight, fox-trot, shimmy-dance, sea-gull swoop and skunk-waltz!

"Think of Jesus upon a ball-room floor. Dancing was an act of worship in Old

Testament times, but it wasn't any of the hugging business that permeates the dance today."

The girl who imperils her immortal soul upon the dance floor has only herself to thank if she comes to grief. "That's why the boys have a familiar saying: 'Get a girl to dance and everything comes afterward.' . . . The scant, low-necked clinging dresses of the women, and the close mingling of the sexes, can in no sense be conducive to morality."

Look at the lack of clothing. Waists worn by women that cost \$5 a yard. But only about 45 cents worth of goods in the waist. Instead of a low neck, it is no neck. The collar is found somewhere under the arms. They call that a full dress affair. I call it an undressed affair. Why women won't leave anything to the imagination of the men at a dance, I can't understand. Shame on the young woman of today who so dresses that when passing challenges every young man to study her anatomy. Nudity doesn't give any one sanctimonious thoughts. . . . We get our styles from New York, New York from Paris, and Paris from Hell. . . . Mothers, lend not your daughters to this school of lust! Give not the arms and neck and shoulders of your sweet daughter to feed the passions of voluptuous vultures that attend all these gatherings, chiefly to feed upon the weaknesses and follies of our women.

That dancing makes one graceful, he says, is all blah.

Thank God some mothers would rather their children wobble like a hippopotamus than to have their girls risk their honor upon a dance floor to learn gracefulness. . . . The grace of an harlot or libertine is not the most desirable possession in the world. . . . If you think close bodily contact and whirling around in another's arms, breathing in their hot, passionate breath is for the making of one strong and graceful, there's something wrong with you. . . .

Many a girl tonight who has gone the full length of the dance sits with not only an illegitimate child but a broken heart. In Binghamton, N. Y., a young woman gave birth to a fatherless child with but snow for a pillow and the sky for a covering in an open field, crying, "Oh, if I had only known."

Dr. Vom Bruch closes with a smashing story of how a girl went wrong at a masquerade dance, the worse kind, and winds up:

Say! When they meet on the red-hot pavements of Hell, think you that she'll toss her head disdainfully and say, "Oh, there's no harm in the dance"?

Thus a loyal alumnus of the Moody Bible Institute propagates the gospel according to the Fundamentalists.

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Divorce.—In a report made recently to the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Convention by the Right Hon. Bishop Herman Page, of Michigan, chairman of the joint commission that has applied itself to a study of the problem for several years, the recommendation was made that normal schools, colleges, universities and seminaries be requested to offer greater instruction on the subject of marriage and human relationships by way of overcoming the seriousness of the divorce situation in the United States. "What is needed," the report went on to state, "is the same thorough study and diagnosis that are characteristic of all good engineering and medical work today."

With the highest regard for the eminent Herman, with due appreciation of the amenities and as one pew-holder to another, I take his ear delicately in my fingers and whisper into it: Bosh. All the instruction, study and diagnosis of marriage and human relationships put on tap in all the schools from Seattle to Provincetown and from Chicago to Memphis will not help matters a jot. And the same thorough study and diagnosis that are characteristic of all good engineering and medical work, in our friend's phrase, will help a heap less. Divorces are the result not of misunderstanding so often as they are the result of too complete and too intimate understanding. The way to prevent divorce is not to teach boys and girls how to understand girls and boys but to teach them the compelling, persuasive illusion of the stimulating and mysterious unknown. Divorce was little heard of in the age of chivalry and roses. It flourishes today in an age of sex tomes, popular treatises on anatomy, flapper sophistication and cheap oysters.

The Apartment House.—The apartment house is frequently charged with breaking up the old spirit of home life in our larger cities and contributing toward marital débâcle. The idea strikes me as buncombe. The notion, commonly promulgated, that a wife who orders dinner up from the restaurant, or gets it at the delicatessen around the corner, or is able quickly to prepare it with newfangled mechanical appliances is bound for some occult reason to be a less meritorious and gradually less contented and happy spouse than the one who stands half a day over a sweltering stove does not penetrate too smoothly into my logical centres. The wife who washes dishes may contribute to keeping her husband's and children's home intact—in fact, she generally does—but it is a home sordid, rebellious and miserable. The so-called old home life was often largely a sentimental legend, cherished by outsiders. Its disappearance has done more to argue for the success of marriage, relatively speaking, than anything else one can think of.

Sartor Resartus.—The assertion that the American is nationally the best dressed man doesn't persuade me. The truth is simply that the American buys himself a new suit oftener than any other man. There is a considerable difference.

Arena.—The truth of the matter in the case of the much discussed old corner saloon—it may be brought to the attention of Prohibitionists—is that more fights used to take place around the free lunch counter than around the drinking bar.

Civilization.—Civilization, apart from the somewhat too narrow definition of

Lecky, is in its general sense not designed for youth but for age. The combined aim and end of civilization, when all else is done with, is personal security. For that, youth has little need or use.

Hedonism.—Hedonism, in the sense that the term is popularly and currently employed, is corrupted by the trivial and disdainful definition of pleasure. To speak of a hedonist is, in most idiots' minds, to speak of a professional golf player, boozier or jazz baby. Yet the real hedonists, above all men, are to be found among our first scientists and artists.

Footnote XXI.—In the presence of a romantic situation or a romantic scene, the American always believes that it is necessary for him, as a testimonial to his manliness, to be humorous.

More on Slang.—American slang expressions and those in general use among the French approach each other in similarity more closely than the argots of any other two countries. The slang of England, curiously enough, considering the common tongue, is often as strange to Americans as American slang is to Englishmen. So with German and Italian slang, and vice versa. But the vernacular of America and France is often identical. For example, we say *doggy*; the French use the phrase *du chien*. We call a fool a goat; so do the French. We call a pawnbroker uncle; so do the French. Both French and Americans sometimes allude to a colored man as chocolate ("Bon-Bon Buddy, the Chocolate Drop"), a heavy boozier as a funnel (*entonnoir*), the foam on a glass of beer as a collar (*faux-col*), one who tries to trick us as one who tries to string us, the common people as small fry or fish (*fretin*), and whiskers as grass or alfalfa (*gazon*). We call eyes lamps; so do the French (*quinquets*). We call a red-head a carrot-head; so do the French. We allude to a certain kind of fellow as an old shoe; the French allude to him similarly (*une savate*). When we wish ironically to

designate another kind of man we say, "There's a bird"; the French call him a canary (*un serin*). A silk hat to us is a stove-pipe; so is it to the French (*un tuyau de poêle*). A simpleton to both Americans and French is a calf (*un veau*). We say that a fellow has nerve; so do the French. Both French and Americans refer to the nose as a snout and use the words *whitewasher*, *chicken*, *ass*, *chippy* and *gaga* in the same sense. We say a person is about as interesting as a glass of water; the French say he is about as interesting as a pitcher. We say a restaurant check is bad news; the French say it is *la douloureuse*. We say a lanky fellow is as thin as a slat; the French say that he is as thin as a lath (*échalas*). We say a slattern is a dirty dishrag; so do the French. And both French and Americans often use the word *cheese* with the same derogatory implication.

We say "He's in the soup"; the French say "Il est dans la purée." We say, "He lives on air"; the French say, "Il vit de l'air." Such expressions as "His pockets are well lined," "He's a clam," "He is cracked," "He's full of bugs," "lifting an elbow" (to guzzle), "six feet underground," "chase yourself," "I won't be done," "come again," "shut up" and many others are common to both argots.

The Next Table.—This is the one country in the civilized world where a gentleman may take a lady to a public restaurant only with dire misgivings that something in the audible conversation of men at a nearby table will inevitably reach her ears with profound embarrassment and disgust.

Society.—"Why do you persist in burying yourself so; why don't you go out oftener?" Frederick Lonsdale not long ago demanded of James M. Barrie. "Why should I?" replied Barrie. "One only hears again what one already knows, expressed more dully or more brilliantly."

Marriage.—In this age of scandal-slinging it has come to be an accepted fact that the

breaking up of at least nine-tenths of marriages is due to outside fooling around by one or another of the parties to the marriage. For one such marriage that goes on the rocks for that reason I hazard the guess that there are a dozen that go to pieces because of indoor difficulties on the part of the married couples themselves.

Theorem.—The theory that the faults advanced against America would be found to be faults equally of any other country—a theory lately propounded with indignant eloquence by certain of our elder critical patriots—unfortunately does not, one fears, hold water. By what other nation under the sun is a citizen, returning from abroad to his homeland, arbitrarily regarded as a thief and a liar, treated as such, and his person obstreperously paddled for evidences of his guilt? In what other country is a motorist, pausing by the wayside, arbitrarily regarded as a seducer and treated as such? In what other civilized land may a man's house be indiscriminately entered and searched for a bottle of beer? In what other country would men, presumed to be innocent, be brought into court and to trial shackled like slave convicts? In what other country are human beings lynched and burned at Methodist picnics? In what other country may the people's pleasure places, however harmless, be arbitrarily invaded and demolished by scurrilous paid agents of the law? In what other country may a man be arrested for paying a woman's railroad fare or for owning a copy of a book on sex or for winking at a pretty girl on the street? In what other country is libel a perfectly safe practice of daily journalism? In what other country under the sun could a man like Herbert Hoover be constituted the nation's leader?

No. 18 Again.—Mr. W. C. Durant, president of Durant Motors, Inc., has hung up a prize of \$25,000 for what he designates

"the best and most practicable plan" to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. Although I elect to let Mr. Durant keep his \$25,000 and buy himself some decent champagne with it—which will augment his wisdom and, more importantly and needfully, his fund of humor—I present him with the following, with my solemn guarantee that it will work:

1. Declare war on England, which will automatically shut off the supply of drinkable gin, Scotch and cognac.
2. Declare war on Germany, which will automatically shut off the supply of Rhine and Moselle wines.
3. Declare war on France, which will automatically shut off the supply of Burgundies, clarets, champagnes and cordials.
4. Declare war on Italy, which will automatically shut off the supply of drinkable Chianti and vermouth.
5. Since, under this plan, Canada would take up arms for the motherland, Canadian whiskies would automatically be shut out of the United States. The same thing would hold true of Jamaica rum. Spanish merchantmen, because of the war-torn seas, would furthermore be unable to bring in sherry. There would be left simply the problem of Cuba and Bacardi; it could easily be handled.
6. With the declaration of war against Italy, the current wop cellar-professors would be interned and the bootleg supply in that direction cut off.
7. With the declaration of war on Germany, the brave Vigilantes would come forth again gratis and do away with the present esoteric beer *Techniker*.
8. With the declaration of war against England, there would be an automatic elimination of the spurious English captains of mythical British tramp steamers who presently show up periodically in full naval regalia and cozen the boobs into purchasing Macdougall alley *Schnapps*.
9. With the declaration of war on France, the consequent forthright Staten Island labels on champagne bottles would drive the rich to the aboriginal American cider.
10. Finally, the knowledge that all alcoholic beverages on tap in the United States were bogus would discourage drinking immediately. The knowledge today that they may conceivably not be bogus is what encourages drinking.

If Dr. Durant thinks that this plan is flippant and silly, let him try to get hold of one for \$25,000 less flippant and silly that would actually work one-twenty-fifth so well.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Detheatricalized Drama

A MOVEMENT seems to be under way in France to rid the drama of drama. It appears to be the enthusiastic purpose of a considerable portion of contemporary French authors to concoct plays with the least possible amount of theatrical stimulation. Drama, in the usual sense, is evidently regarded by them as peculiarly obnoxious and they exert themselves to the limit to write plays that shall sedulously avoid it. They may be called the undramatic school of dramatists and their credo may be defined as a denial of action and an affirmation of inertion. Shaw said of Sardou that his plan of playwriting was first to invent the action of his piece and then carefully to keep it off the stage and have it announced merely by letters and telegrams. The people, he observed, open the letters and read them, whether they are addressed to them or not, and then they talk either about what the letters announce as having occurred already or about what they intend to do tomorrow in consequence of receiving them. These grandchildren of Sardou have got rid of even the letters and telegrams.

In this dramaless school of dramatists we find such men as Paul Raynal, Jean-Jacques Bernard, Charles Vildrac and the later Louis Verneuil. Of Bernard's theatrical "stills," and of Vildrac's, I have written in the past. Samples of Raynal's and Verneuil's, recently disclosed on the American stage, may come in for a little further consideration. Raynal's play, "Le Tombeau Sous l'Arc de Triomphe," known locally as "The Unknown Warrior," and Verneuil's "Monsieur Lambertier," known as "Jealousy"—both, as was to be expected, hardly box-office startlers—exem-

plify prettily the lengths to which the academy of Bernard et Cie arbitrarily goes to substitute inaction for movement and beefy reflection for nervous thought, movement and speech. Verneuil is the lesser offender of the two; there are moments when drama, for all his tugging and pulling against it, creeps into his manuscript like a rebellious ghost out of his playwriting past. But, obedient to the nonsensical new dispensation, he quickly gets it by the sheet-tail and exorcizes it. To make doubly sure that there shall be a minimum of drama in his exhibit, he manages, after much obvious sweat, to fashion it with only two characters, as Raynal, by dint of equally obvious effort, manages to fashion his with only three. Both plays clearly demand a fuller set of characters; both plays would be infinitely better with a greater number; both literally bawl for the entrance of characters arbitrarily kept in the wings. Yet the authors, intent upon detheatricalization, puff and groan self-consciously and absurdly in keeping them in exile and in a consequent reduction of assertion to implication and of alert drama to mouthy rhetoric. So far in this direction does Raynal's play go that it resembles that part of a moving picture that has been left in the cutting-room. It is as if the play we see were a patchwork of all the undramatic portions cut out of an originally dramatic play and pieced together.

This attempt to confect a drama that shall impress and move a theatre audience by inferential rather than by more direct means is, I daresay, but another aspect of the prevailing auctorial yen to achieve facile notice by a figurative brushing of the hair with a toothbrush. We have thus been entertained by the spectacle of a

troupe of charlatans writing six character plays in terms of two or three, keeping their central characters off-stage and hidden from view, presenting synopses of plays in the guise of plays, substituting trick scenery for able dramaturgy, Expressionism and Impressionism themes that, if they knew how to write plays, were more soundly to be treated with the very much more difficult and evasive standard technique, and otherwise seeking to convince the world that they are revolutionary generals when it is plain to see that what they really are, are simply so many *sans-culottes* with popguns.

The theatre, after all, is the theatre, and audiences of even the highest intelligence do not go to it to avoid drama. To ask such audiences to be impressed and moved by the mere externals of drama is like trying to impress and move a reader by hitting him on the head with a book. A two and one-half hours' two character exhibition like "Jealousy" might conceivably be converted into drama by a genius, but in the hands of an average playwright it is drama only occasionally and for the most part merely a shadow and hint of drama. In the same way, a two and one-half hours' three character affair like "The Unknown Warrior" becomes, under the pen of an inferior playwright, simply excessive garrulity that cries loudly for the relieving commas and dashes of a modicum of visualized action. For action in the common theatrical sense, I have as little use as the next man, but for two and one-half hours of talk between a couple of actors I must say that I have even less. If I crave that sort of pastime, I'd much rather call up some intelligent and amusing friend and let him talk my head off. It is all very well to say that a dramatist may be able to deliver himself, through a pair or a trio of actors, of several hours of ripping good dramatic colloquy, but unfortunately for the facts there has never been a dramatist who was able to do so. Even Shaw, one of the best talkers living and a playwright who would rather talk

than eat, has never made the mistake of trying the trick. The talkiest of his plays, such as "Misalliance" and "Getting Married," have a stageful of characters to distract an audience and, in the very thick of their discourse, are careful to coddle the audience's additional interest by theatrical or dramatic shenanigan of one sort or another. There have been some good plays with only two characters, but they have been one-act plays and have run for only about twenty or twenty-five minutes. There have been good longer plays that really needed only two characters, but it has taken the shrewdness of a Strindberg, who wrote one of the best of them ("Fröken Julie"), to hold an audience's attention by condensing his original three-act manuscript into a single act.

These Frenchmen are not sincere in their dramaturgy. They are not intent upon writing sound drama; they are rather simply eager to show off as dramatic parlor magicians. If a play contains an important character and its subject matter calls for his presence, an audience has a right to see that character, save he be God Almighty or Christ in a piece of religious claptrap, under which circumstances certain concessions to theological punctilio and to the modesty of even an actor may be allowed. If a play and its theme contain the germs of vital action, an audience has a right to that action and it may not be airily philosophized into the wings with tea-table chatter. The Frenchmen's dodges may be all very well for the novel, but in the theatre they are self-defeating and bogus. The novel may simply tell the reader something; the stage must not only tell the spectator, it must also show him.

II

Genuine Gordon

The mere hint of Gordon Craig in the Douglas Ross production of "Macbeth"—it is simply a hint, as Craig has contributed only a few sketches and suggestions—is yet sufficient to indicate to all

and sundry the distance that separates the father of modern interpretive scenecraft not only from the mass of contemporary scenic entrepreneurs but also from his own hundred and one offspring and imitators. These few flashes of Craig thus revealed must prove even to one hitherto unacquainted with his work what those of us who have followed his enterprises for many years have maintained, to wit, that here is the one and only authentic scenic artist of the modern theatre.

The main difference between Craig and all the other workers in stage pictorial design is that he is an interpreter of drama in terms of scenery and its adjuncts whereas the others, save when they try rather pathetically to copy his method, are simply and purely fabricators of settings externally suggested by the dramas they adorn. Craig's settings come out of the body and texture of a drama; those of his contemporaries are visited upon a drama. The latter do not work toward an interpretation of a play so much as toward a mere outward projection of it. Their settings are often beautiful and often superficially effective, as the settings of a revue or musical comedy are beautiful and effective, but they contribute little or nothing toward the illumination of the heart and soul of a drama. It is a common phenomenon of the theatre to find an audience loudly applauding a piece of scenery when the curtain goes up and before the play itself has actually begun. That is an occurrence appropriately strange to the theatre of Gordon Craig.

So much has been written of Craig and his theories, both by others and by myself, that it is unnecessary to toy with repetition. The story of the man proceeds naturally and forcibly out of a contemplation of the efforts of all the other scene designers presently active in the world theatre. These simply grope more or less blindly after what Craig actually accomplishes, that is, those designers who are to be taken at all seriously. Germany, for instance, is full of his followers, some of

them—craftsmen like Ernst Stern, Alfred Roller and Ludwig Sievert, the first in particular—of an exceptional aptitude, but none of them quite succeeds in achieving the ends that Craig achieves. They grasp his theories and his methods in outline but seldom in content. They sometimes get the effects they desire by Craig's means but I have yet to see one of their productions that did not here and there in its course collapse either because of an ill assimilation of the Craig principles or because they have injected faulty side-theories of their own into their general appropriations from Craig.

Craig thinks of scenery and of a particular drama at one and the same time. The generality of his colleagues give us the impression of thinking of the drama first and then, sometime later, of the scenery. Thus, where Craig becomes a dramatist within a dramatist the others strike one as dramatists sitting astride the shoulders of dramatists. There is always an open space, so to speak, between their backgrounds and the play itself; the two do not flow together smoothly as one. The backgrounds of Craig never for a moment dissociate themselves from a play; they whisper the text even as it is being spoken by the players; the orchestration is meticulously and gracefully exact. There is never a self-assertive, obstreperous note, as in the case of the others. He devises settings and appurtenances something after the manner of a soft musical accompaniment.

Craig's contributions to the local presentation of Shakespeare's tragedy may, as I have said, be taken only as fragmentary samples of his technique. To judge the artist accurately, one must know him not from such mere suggestions but from his own personal directorial control over them. This "Macbeth" is given to us with the man himself four thousand miles away. He simply drew a few pictures and indicated a few colorings. The real Craig "Macbeth" thus remains with him in his far-off Italian Genoa.

III

The First of a Trilogy

In connection with "Dynamo," his latest play, which I touched upon briefly in these pages last month, Eugene O'Neill writes me his purpose as follows: "It is a symbolical and factual biography of what is happening in a large section of the American (and not only American) soul right now. It is really the first play of a trilogy that will dig at the roots of the sickness of today as I feel it—the death of the old God and the failure of science and materialism to give any satisfying new one for the surviving primitive religious instinct to find a meaning for life in, and to comfort its fears of death with. It seems to me anyone trying to do big work nowadays must have this big subject behind all the little subjects of his plays or novels, or he is simply scribbling around on the surface of things and has no more real status than a parlor entertainer. . . . The other two plays will be 'Without Endings of Days' and 'It Cannot Be Mad.' These two plays will be greater in writing scope than 'Dynamo'—which has a direct primitive drive to it and whose people are psychologically simple as compared to 'Strange Interlude's'—and will give me a greater chance to shoot my piece as a writer. But 'Dynamo,' believe me, has taken all I have to give as a dynamist of the drama and it should make its power felt when once it is skilfully produced. It is going to bring all the pious sectarians down on my neck in hell-roaring droves, I prophesy—and should be as much argued about, I think, in its different way as 'Interlude.' It will require some expert directing to get its full values across. . . . In addition to the plans for near-future plays, I've also done a lot of thinking on my idea for the Big Grand Opus. I want to give about three years to it—either in one long stretch or, more probably, that amount of working time over a larger period with intervals of doing a play in between times. This G. O. is to be neither

play nor novel, although there will be many plays in it and it will have greater scope than any novel I know of. Its form will be altogether its own—a lineal descendant of 'Strange Interlude,' in a way, —but beside it 'Interlude' will seem like a mere shallow episode."

As for "Dynamo," I amplify what I set down a month ago with a brief and very crude narration of its plot scheme, reserving critical comment until the play reaches the stage.

The Reverend Hutchins Light, a fanatical Christian, and Ramsay Fife, superintendent of a hydro-electric plant and a dogged atheist, are neighbors in a small Connecticut town. They are bitter enemies. Fife, who is gifted with an ironical humor, plans to utilize the clergyman's son's love for his own daughter to sardonic ends. Knowing that Light hates him and would do anything in his power to get rid of him as a neighbor, Fife, after swearing the clergyman's son to secrecy, confides to him the fabricated story that he, Fife, is a fugitive from the law and is wanted in a Western State for murder. The boy, brought up in the faith but gradually finding himself torn by doubts, beset by the prayers of Light on the one side and by the derisions of Fife on the other, finds Fife's secret betrayed out of him by his vindictive father—as Fife duly anticipated. The betrayal maddens him and, as his bigoted and frenzied father shouts his potential triumph over Fife, the boy, seeing in the betrayal the meanness, hypocrisy and utter rottenness that lie under his father's principles, shouts in turn his hatred and contempt for his own family and what they profess to stand for.

In the boy's heart and mind, however, there is nothing to take the place of the faith that he has been robbed of, of the principles that he has found were built upon quicksand. His father, the pseudo-saint, and Fife, the rabid unbeliever, keep up their futile taunting and futile acrimony. But the boy can find no path to truth either through the one or the other,

or even between them. His mind wanders to the great hydro-electric plant, the scene of Fife's labors. The notion begins presently to dawn upon his confused, adolescent brain that there, in electricity, may be at least a semblance of something to respect, to stand in awe of, to worship as a positive. The idea becomes a fetish. "It all comes down to electricity in the end," he babbles. "What the fool preachers call God is in Electricity somewhere—and I'm going to give up my life to find it. But I won't find it in books, I know that now. They help, but they don't go back far enough. They're outside. You've got to get inside it somehow, go back in it and *be* it. Did you ever watch dynamos? What I mean is *in* them? They stand for it the same way the old stone statues stood for gods—but the dynamos are living and the statues were only dead stone. *Dead* stone? Where do I get that dead stuff? Stones are atoms, and atoms are alive. I never thought of that before. Those old gods were electricity in the end, too!"

A different phase of the father's fanaticism presently takes hold of the son. The dynamos at Fife's plant take on in his mind the aspect of gods, the plant itself the aspect of a place of worship. There, his tortured, groping thoughts seek solace, peace, truth. And, in the end, half-crazed, he goes to his death in the whirling embrace of one of the generators. "Poor Reuben," mutters Fife's wife, "she wouldn't tell you the secret after all, would she? Or maybe she did and you couldn't stand it."

IV

Revue

The critical enthusiasm that has greeted Mr. Noel Coward's revue, "This Year of Grace," both in England and America, leaves me in a state of wonderment. Such Englishmen as Arnold Bennett and St. John Ervine have pronounced it the best thing of its kind ever produced, and over here any number of equally intelligent men

have professed to find in it unparalleled qualities. Just what these qualities are, I confess I am unable, after studious effort, to discern. The exhibition seems to me to be not only decidedly amateurish but, both in imagination and execution, commonplace. I can only speculate whether the gentlemen who have so determinately endorsed it as a paragon are familiar with the revue writing of such fellows as Rip.

The overestimation of this Coward revue is understandable only when we look back a bit and contemplate the critical reception that a revue which departs in a measure the standardized form, whatever its deficiencies, invariably gets. The first "Garrick Gaieties," the first "Americana," the first *Chauve-Souris*, the first *Charlot Revue*—such enterprises have thus been accorded encomiums out of all proportion to their merits and for no sounder reason than that they postured, with a shrewd and artfully calculated disdain for expensive golden staircase scenes and diamond-studded curtains, an impulse toward simple wit and humor. None of them actually offered more than a modicum of wit and none of them, the Coward revue included, have offered anything like the humor of, say, the old Bert Williams, Eddie Cantor and W. C. Fields "Follies" revues—or, for that matter, the humor of one of the old Al Jolson Winter Garden revues—but their intention has none the less been accepted for achievement. They have been hailed willy-nilly much as any departure from the orthodox, good or bad, is always arbitrarily hailed.

I do not say that some of these revues have not had moments of grace and fun; what I do say is that the moments have been confounded with half hours and hours. The same moments in more conventional revues are put down by the same critics simply as moments. Yet let a producer come forth with the mere announcement that he is sick to death of Tiller girls, stage jazz bands and Urban scenery and is going to substitute for them an effort at authentic drollery and, though

the drollery he subsequently reveals be utterly negligible, the critics will make Southern hospitality take on, in comparison with their own, an arctic cast. They have looked so long at highly spectacularized and expensive revues that they are in the state of mind of men married to elaborate, bejeweled beauties who long to take their stenographers out to lunch. It isn't that the highly spectacularized and expensive revues are always bad; it is simply that they have got tired looking at them. And so they are prepared to see charm and virtue in mere contrasting simplicity, though it intrinsically has nothing to offer them. I can understand the feeling, for I sometimes experience it myself. But I at least try to make an effort to dissociate my feeling from my critical consideration.

The Coward revue, granting its applaudable aim, thus impresses me as very inferior stuff. Of wit, it hasn't more than a faint trace, that is, unless one believes that the designation of the leading danseuse in a burlesque Russian ballet as Flannelette or a travesty of Barrie in which the woman speaks wistfully of a baby's pink toes is witty. Its humor consists in a stale burlesque of French farce, relying upon stereotyped slamming doors and actors in pajamas, in a woman's sudden and unexpected ejaculation of a *goddam*, in the venerable serio-comic description of an ensuing ballet, in a comédienne wearing a red flannel bathing suit with long pants, one of which keeps falling down, in the jocosity presumed to lie in exploding toy balloons, in the frequent injection of the exclamation "Whoops!" into a Russian song, and in a travesty of some such sentimental musical comedy number as is usually entitled "Lilac Time." As for imagination, all that Mr. Coward vouchsafes is one of those "As It Was In Grandma's Day" dance numbers, with the performers done up in grotesque old-fashioned costumes going through the movements of the mazurka and polka, a number that berates the jazz-mad younger generation

with a high indignation, a revamping of the "Lorelei" number out of a dozen and one musical shows, a sketch that indicates the difference between the modest generation of thirty years ago and the brash generation of today, a number called "A Room With A View" during which a loving couple pull up window blinds and disclose some pretty scenery outside, and a number called "Velasquez" that has in one form or another served the Folies Bergère for the last two decades.

V

Half-Baked Drama

Two plays emanating from the atelier of Prof. George Pierce Baker, the Yale Confucius, have recently been displayed on the New York stage: "Hotbed," by Paul Osborn, and "These Days," by Katharine Clugston. Both are built upon available and interesting dramatic ideas and both show that there is a very great gulf between available and interesting dramatic ideas and sound drama. In the hands of skilful playwrights both plays might have amounted to something; as they stand they amount to little or nothing.

Whether it is possible to teach boys and girls how to write plays I do not know; it may conceivably be possible. But I do know that it is not possible to take a boy or girl with a dramatic story and get him or her to write a good play by arbitrarily bending that story to positive dramaturgical rules and regulations—or, for that matter, even to an assortment of external professorial hints and suggestions. The play that comes out of them may be a better piece of playwriting than it would otherwise have been, but it will still be far from a complete and authentic play. For a good play, after all, is born in a writer's mind and heart and is nursed into complete being by its parent, and no hired wet-nurse, however dexterous, can do anything but teach it a few tricks with a rubber teething-ring and a rattle.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

What Is Civilization?

CIVILIZATION, by Clive Bell. \$2.50. 7½ x 5; 264 pp.

New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

THE BUILDING OF CULTURES, by Roland B.

Dixon. \$4. 9 x 6; 312 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

WHERE IS CIVILIZATION GOING? by Scott Nearing. 50 cents. 7 x 4¼; 110 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press*.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND MODERN LIFE, by Franz Boas. \$3. 8¼ x 5½; 246 pp. New York: *W. W. Norton & Company*.

IN THE BEGINNING: *The Origin of Civilization*, by G. Elliot Smith. \$1. 7 x 4¼; 86 pp. New York: *William Morrow & Company*.

POTS AND PANS: *The Story of Ceramics*, by H. S. Harrison. \$1. 7 x 4¼; 85 pp. New York: *William Morrow & Company*.

FIRST PLAYER: *The Origin of Drama*, by Ivor Brown. \$1. 7 x 4¼; 81 pp. New York: *William Morrow & Company*.

HOW WE GO ROUND: *The Story of the Dance*, by Evelyn Sharp. \$1. 7 x 4¼; 83 pp. New York: *William Morrow & Company*.

ALL of these books deal with the complicated and mysterious thing called civilization. Dr. Dixon and Dr. Smith speculate upon its origins; Messrs. Brown, Harrison and Sharp discuss the beginnings of some of its more familiar manifestations; Mr. Bell tries to define what it is today; Dr. Boas shows how a study of its past history throws light upon its present problems; and Dr. Nearing essays to predict its probable course hereafter. The subject is of the first importance. Nothing, indeed, could be more important, not even the great question posited by religion. That question will never be answered rationally; monkeying with it is doomed to be the specialty, in the future as in the past, of mountebanks. But the problems presented by man's life on this earth may be solved, in large part, by observation and reason, and to the business of solving them many men of high intelligence have applied themselves. In these volumes some of the fruits of that labor are set forth.

Dr. Dixon's "The Building of Cultures" is an admirable summary of all that is known about early cultural history. After a discussion of the influence of environment upon man and of the forces underlying discovery and invention, he proceeds to a consideration of the diffusion of cultural traits, and is presently in the midst of an elaborate and devastatingly effective refutation of the diffusionist extremists. These extremists, who are led, at least in England, by another of the authors under review, Dr. G. Elliot Smith, hold that practically all the primary elements of civilization originated in one place, and spread thence to the rest of the world. Dr. Smith believes that this cultural Garden of Eden was ancient Egypt, and in "In the Beginning" he presents his evidence. It is shaky in itself, as a critical reading of his second chapter will sufficiently demonstrate; under Dr. Dixon's sturdy blows it is completely demolished. It becomes, indeed, ridiculous—so much so that Dr. Dixon has to add some proof that diffusion, after all, is a reality—that cultural traits do actually move from people to people, and that some of them wander very far. His book is not easy reading, but it is packed with valuable matter. In no other volume in English are the fundamental facts of anthropology set forth so completely. And in no other volume is the importance of the science better argued than in Dr. Boas's. The Smith, Harrison, Sharp and Brown books, all of which belong to "The Beginning of Things Series," edited by Dr. Smith, seem trivial by comparison. There is sound stuff in some of them, but their authors differ widely in authority, and most of them are damaged by the extravagant diffusionist theories of their editor.

Mr. Bell's book is one of extraordinary interest—in fact, I have found it downright fascinating. The author is, by trade, an art critic, and his chief interest lies in the moderns who have followed Cézanne. In consequence most of his writings are full of the vague and indignant rhetoric that the contemplation of green complexions and hexagonal heads seems to draw from even the best critical minds. But in "Civilization" he so far forgets his customary muttoms that he writes smoothly, clearly, and oftentimes brilliantly. He studies civilization by the case method: his exhibits are the civilizations that flourished in the Athens of Pericles, in the Florence of the Renaissance, and in the Paris of the Eighteenth Century, before the French Revolution. What had they in common? In particular, what had they in common that was indubitably civilized, and hence completely unimaginable under lower forms of culture? What did they show that we should strive for today, if, as is usually assumed, modern man really wants to be civilized?

Mr. Bell's answer is too long and complicated to be summarized in a paragraph, but parts of it may be given. It is one of the fundamental characteristics of a true civilization, he says, that it provides means for the ready exchange of ideas, and encourages the process. There must be sufficient people with time to hear them and the equipment to comprehend them, and they must be extremely tolerant of novelty. The concept of heresy, says Mr. Bell, is incompatible with civilization, and so is the concept of impropriety. But the civilized man yet had his pruderies. He cannot be impolite. He cannot be gross. He cannot be cheap and vulgar. He cannot be cocksure. Facing what he regards as error, he assaults it with all arms, but he never mistakes error for crime. He is free from deadly solemnity, and cultivates his senses as well as his mind. A society made up wholly of philosophers would not be civilized, nor one made up only of artists; there must also be charming women and

good cooks. Creation is necessary; there must be an urge to progress; but appreciation is quite as needful. Perhaps the finest flower of civilization is not the creator at all, but the connoisseur. His existence presupposes economic security. It is as essential to civilization as enlightenment. A poor society cannot be wholly civilized.

Mr. Bell makes much of the difference between the civilized individual and a civilized society. The former may exist anywhere, and at any time. There may be men and women hidden in Oklahoma who would be worthy, if he were alive, to consort with Beethoven. It is not only possible; it is probable. But Oklahoma is still quite uncivilized, for such persons are extremely rare there, and give no color to the communal life. The typical Oklahoman is as barbarous as an Albanian or a man of Inner Mongolia. He is almost unaware of the ideas that engage the modern world; in so far as he has heard of them he is hostile to them. He lives and dies on a low plane, pursuing sordid and ridiculous objectives and taking his reward in hoggish ways. His political behavior is that of a barbarian, and his religious notions are almost savage. Of urbanity he has no more than a traffic cop. His virtues are primitive and his vices are disgusting.

It is not, of course, by examining the populace that civilizations are judged. The mob is always inferior, and even under high cultures it may be ignorant and degraded. But there can be no civilization so long as its ideas are accepted and have the force of custom. A minority must stand above it, sufficient in strength to resist its corruption. There must be freedom for the superior man—economic freedom primarily, but also personal freedom. He must be free to think what he pleases and to do what he pleases, and what he thinks and does must be the standard of the whole community, the accepted norm. The trouble in Oklahoma, as in the United States as a whole, is that the civilized minority is still at the mercy of the mob. It is not only disdained as heretical and unsafe; it is

despised as immoral. One of the central aims of the laws is to curb it. It is to be lifted up to the moral level of the mob. Thus civilization has hard sledding among us. The free functioning of those capable of it is deliberately impeded. But it resists that hampering, and in the fact lies hope for the future. The big cities, at least, begin to move toward genuine civilization. They will attain to it if, when and as they throw off the yoke of the rustic Bible-searchers. Their own mobs are become disciplined and quiescent, but they still face danger from the dunghill Goths and Huns. The history of the United States during the next century will probably be a history of a successful revolt of the cities. They alone are capable of civilization. There has never been a civilized yokel.

Dr. Nearing dissents from this view. The future he envisions in "Where is Civilization Going?" is marked by a general leveling. There will be no more unproductive leisure, and no more class distinctions. The common people, having more votes than their betters, will run everything. There will be no more injustice, no more poverty, no more exploitation, no more wars. It is a pretty picture, but I find myself unconvinced by it. Slaves are probably quite as necessary to civilization as men of genius. The human race seems incapable of becoming civilized *en masse*. Some one must milk the cows—and milking cows and being civilized appear to be as incompatible as drinking highballs and standing on one's head. But Dr. Nearing is not to be dismissed as a mere vapid dreamer; he is actually a highly intelligent man, and under any genuine civilization he would be better appreciated than he is in the United States. When one hears of him it is commonly to the effect that some ass of a college president has forbidden him the campus, or some gorilla of a policeman has jailed him for sedition. What our third-rate snivelization fails to estimate at its real worth is the resolute courage and indomitable devotion of such a man. His virtues are completely civilized

ones; he is brave, independent, unselfish, urbane and enlightened. If I had a son growing up I'd want him to meet Nearing, though the whole body of doctrine that Nearing preaches seems to me to be false. There is something even more valuable to civilization than wisdom, and that is character. Nearing has it.

Men in Cages

LIFE AND DEATH IN SING SING, by Lewis E. Lawes. \$3.50. 9 x 5½; 267 pp. Garden City, L. I.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

CHICAGO MAY: HER STORY, by May Churchill Sharpe. \$3. 8½ x 5½; 336 pp. New York: The Macaulay Company.

MR. LAWES is the warden at Sing Sing and has been in the New York prison service for many years. He is a man of kindly habit, and apparently suffers greatly under the cruelties that he sees about him every day, some of which he is compelled by law to inflict. Thus, in his introduction, he sets forth his attitude toward the criminal:

I see him as a *man* in prison. I live with this man; I eat with him; I talk with him; I read his mail; I supervise his visits; I know what he reads; I am with him when he is sick; I know how he bears up under sorrow; I see him as he goes to his death. . . . I believe I know him and understand him as few others do.

This experience convinces Mr. Lawes that the present prison system is fundamentally vain and foolish. It does not give society sufficient protection against the incorrigible criminal, for only too often it turns him loose after a time and virtually bids him resume his felonies, and it fails to give the needed support and guidance to the offender who shows possibilities of reform. Many a discharged convict, he says, is driven into fresh crimes on his release, not because he is incurably vicious, but simply because he hasn't money enough to turn around and find himself in what has become a strange world. He needs capital to reestablish himself, and all the state hands him is \$10 and a shoddy suit of clothes. Before he can get a job the money is gone, and there is nothing left for him to do save to snatch another purse

or knock off another Thom McAn shoe-store. Criminals seldom have any friends who are not themselves under suspicion. They bear no letters of recommendation. All the difficulties that confront an ordinary poor man are multiplied for them, and so they tend to succumb.

The author inclines toward the reforms advocated by the New York Commission on Prison Reform and approved by Al Smith when he was Governor. These reforms contemplate taking away the determination of punishments from the judges, who are commonly mere legalistic machines and hence deficient in prudence and imagination, and putting them in the hands of a permanent body of experts. Every convict would be sent to a house of detention, and there studied by these experts. If it turned out that he was insane, he would be clapped into a lunatic asylum, and kept there until he recovered or died. If it turned out that he was simply ignorant, he would be sent to school and an effort would be made to enlighten his mind, and on his graduation a place would be found for him in the world outside, commensurate with his native gifts. And if it turned out that he was really a bad egg, and insusceptible to any kind of reform, he would go to prison and stay there for life.

This scheme has a fine plausibility, but unluckily it is full of holes, and some of them are large enough to admit a horse and cart. Where is Warden Lawes going to find his experts? Are they to be recruited at Columbia University, like the "general experts" that Bird S. Coler once found on the New York City payroll? Or are they to be nominated by Tammany? Or are they to be got by putting want-ads in the New York Times? No such experts, I fear, really exist in the world. Even in the narrow field of psychiatry those who pretend to existence are mainly quacks, and judges and juries who believe even policemen commonly laugh at them. For the rest of the job, I suppose, psychologists would be preferred—or maybe endocrinologists.

But what rational man takes any stock in either?

Thus Warden Lawes will have to go a long way before he mans his board, and an even longer way before he convinces the public that it is to be trusted to put down crime. He constantly forgets, like most penologists, that retribution is still a motive in punishment, despite all the fine talk about reforming the criminal. The plain people, facing the criminals' gross invasion of their security and trembling with fear, demand *katharsis*. They want to see him sweat and suffer. They feel cheated and uneasy until he is either broken or done to death. Why were nine out of ten New Yorkers so hotly in favor of the execution of Ruth Snyder and her dupe, poor Mr. Gray? Simply because the crime they stood guilty of was so inexcusable, so cold-blooded and so intolerably brutal that the public horror of it could be appeased only by drastic and ferocious measures. Sending them to prison seemed inadequate and unsatisfying, and with sound logic. To be sure, putting them to death was unpleasant to Mr. Lawes personally, but that was no argument against it. So is the office of the garbage-man unpleasant, and that of the proctologist, and that of the butcher, and that of the Federal judge under Prohibition. But society pays these men for doing what they do, and, until human nature is greatly changed, it will pay men for doing what Mr. Lawes does.

Like most sentimentalists, he frequently permits his theories to run away with his facts. "Have you ever heard," he demands, "of a murder committed by a released murderer?" The answer is yes. I have heard of more than one. Not long ago, in Maryland Irredenta, where old-fashioned notions prevail and murderers are still commonly put to death, one was foolishly released after serving an inadequate term, and committed another murder within six weeks. Two years ago, in the same ancient Commonwealth, I had the honor of attending the bandit Whittemore

in his last moments: he had committed two murders, and maybe five or six, before he was brought to the rope at last. Six months ago two of his old colleagues in assassination, after escaping the noose once, were belatedly stretched for resuming their art. Hanging one scoundrel, it appears, does not deter the next. Well, what of it? The first one is at least disposed of. Life in Maryland is measurably safer since Whittemore and his friends were converted into angels. If they were alive today they would be slaughtering still, and if not outside prison walls, then within them. All three, in fact, were hanged for killing guards.

Mr. Lawes offers, as one of his arguments against capital punishment, that those who suffer it are frequently the victims of chance. Two bandits, let us say, attempt hold-ups, and each fires at his victim. One hits his man in the heart and goes to the chair. The other wings him in the arm and escapes with four years. But this is not an argument against capital punishment: it is simply proof that many criminals escape who ought to be executed at once, as security for the morrow. What reason, indeed, is there for letting *any* gunman live? If society has any right to interfere with criminals at all, then surely it has a right to dispatch that one who grounds his professional activity upon the axiom that life is worthless. The fact that he misses his victim's heart is nothing; the only essential point is that he aimed at it.

The concrete felon, of course, is often an appealing fellow. The chances he takes give him a romantic aspect, and he not infrequently argues for himself very ingratiatingly. I confess that I have never met a criminal without developing a certain sympathy for him, and making some sort of effort to have his punishment ameliorated. At the present moment I have at least ten such enterprises under way. But what I feel about men I have come to know, and what Warden Lawes thinks about men he has dined with—this is not material evidence in the case of the criminal

vs. society. Even Prohibition agents have their friends and are respected by their fellow Hoover men, especially if they are liberal with pre-war goods. But the fact remains that Prohibition agents and bandits, burglars and kidnapers, pickpockets and murderers, make their livings in ways that present an intolerable menace to the rest of us, and that they have no reasonable ground for complaint when our servants lay them by the heels and use them brutally. They set the rules of the game; we don't. They take the chances. They are no more forced into crime than men are forced into aviation.

The punishments that we mete out to them, true enough, are often stupid, and even idiotic. It is a poor thing to lock men in cages like animals, and keep them there for long years, breaking their spirits and making them hopeless and useless. I have frequently advocated cleaner and more rational devices, that would dissuade them from crime or make them incapable of it, and yet leave free play for their courage and enterprise in useful fields, e.g., flogging for petty robbers and thieves, the amputation of the right forefinger for pickpockets, the pillory for such offenders as the Hon. Mr. Fall, the ducking-stool for Methodist bishops, deportation to the Dry Tortugas for Prohibition agents, and so on. In Chicago May's instructive volume of reminiscences she says that one of her old associates, enraged against her for some private offense, threatened to disfigure her face, and so ruin her business as a black-mailer and prostitute. The fellow had sense. It would have stopped her far more effectively than her ten years in a barbarous English prison. When she got out at last she resumed her practice instantly. Now she has given up shaking down suckers and gone to work for Hearst. Beauty is not necessary in her new profession. She might have entered it years ago if her friend had carried out his threat.

Such punishments were once in vogue, and worked admirably. They not only gave society the *katharsis* that it demanded; they

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also reformed many criminals. But sentimentalism made war upon them, and, with characteristic imbecility, substituted the slow and irrational torture of imprisonment. Today every town in Christendom has a prison, and all of them are bulging. At least half of their inmates, on being turned loose, return to crime. But the sentimentalists would not consent to their abolition in favor of logical and effective punishments. They pity the criminal far too much to do anything sensible about him, either for his benefit or for that of society. The best they can think of is to convert him into a laboratory animal, and expose him to the experimentation of quacks.

The Nine Against Liberty

LOSING LIBERTY JUDICIALLY, by Thomas James Norton. \$2.50. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$; 252 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MR. NORTON is a railway lawyer in Chicago, and the author of a well-known work upon the Constitution. In the present volume he examines at length the process whereby the guarantees of that ill-starred instrument, and especially of the first ten amendments thereof, have been done to death by judicial interpretation. At the moment, as everyone knows, the Bill of Rights is on its last legs. Occasionally, as if stricken in conscience, the Supreme Court reaffirms some provision of it, but in the main it is now null and void. A lawyer who went into court protesting that his client's right to a jury trial had been invaded, or his right to a reasonable security in his person and habitation, would be laughed at by his brethren of the bar. There is a decision vacating almost every such right. Step by step, at first cautiously but of late boldly, the learned justices have found reasons to sustain the wholesale destruction, first of individual rights, and then of State rights. Today the once free American citizen is a mere subject. Congress is at liberty to do almost anything it pleases to him, and what Congress is afraid or ashamed to do is done gaily by the prehensile bureaucrats of the executive arm.

Mr. Norton traces this gradual destruction of the Constitution at great length, and with much learning. Most of the assaults originated, not in the Federal courts, but in the State courts, especially of the Middle West. It was Kansas and Iowa judges who invented the devices whereby the Americano is now flogged and witch-ridden under the Volstead Act and other such preposterous statutes. But the eminent jurists at Washington, when outraged citizens appealed to them, obligingly furnished the casuistry which converted usurpation into law. At times, I daresay, the business strained them, but always, in the end, they were equal to it. Mr. Norton gives specimens of their reasoning, often *in extenso*. I commend them to all students of logic. They show a truly magnificent capacity for nonsense in its higher and gaudier forms. You will search the editorials of the New York *Herald Tribune* for many years before you find any nobler specimens of paralogy.

Thus we stand, and what is to be done about it I don't know. At almost every step a minority of the judges has protested against the slaughter, but of late that minority seems disposed to give it up. If Al had been elected there might have been a change, for he was pledged to nominate judges who took the Bill of Rights seriously, and in a few years, what with the high judicial death-rate, he might have got robes upon a majority of that variety. But it will be hopeless under Hoover. He owes too many debts to the Anti-Saloon League and to the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals to do anything in that direction. These great moral organizations will be intensely interested in the appointment of new judges, and you may be sure that they will pass no candidate who seems to be tainted with Bolshevism, *i.e.*, who shows any sign of believing that the Bill of Rights means what it says. The ancient liberties wither and decay. They will be revived, if they are ever revived at all, as they were born: by epidemic hemorrhage.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

E. BOYD BARRETT, Ph.D., was born in Ireland and educated at the University of London and at Louvain. He entered the Jesuit order as a young man, but came into conflict with it several years ago, and withdrew. He remains, however, a member of the Catholic Church. His account of his difficulties has been published as a book, "The Jesuit Enigma."

LEDA V. BAUER is a graduate of Barnard College and the Columbia School of Journalism. She is a New Yorker.

RICHARD OWEN BOYER is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL's latest book is "The White Robe." He is also the author of "The Silver Stallion," "Something About Eve," "Jurgen" and other books.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS was born in Clinton, Iowa, and for a year was instructor in English at the University of Iowa. He is now on the staff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WILLIAM COBB is a graduate of Vanderbilt University. He was formerly a newspaper man, but is now on the staff of a publishing house.

CORNELIA H. DAM is chief of the educational department of the archeology division of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

H. L. DAVIS was born in Oregon and now lives in the State of Washington. He has worked as printer's devil, sheep-border, harvest hand, deputy sheriff and country editor. A group of his poems was awarded the Levison Prize in 1919.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN is executive secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security. He is the author of "Facing Old Age," "The Negro Migrant" and "The Problem of Old Age Pensions in Industry."

JOSEPHINE HERBST (Mrs. JOHN HERRMANN) was born in Sioux City, Ia., and educated at Iowa University, and at the University of California. Her first novel, "Nothing Is Sacred," was published recently.

JOHN HERRMANN was born in Lansing, Mich., and educated at the Universities of Michigan and Munich. He is the author of two novels, "What Happens" and "Engagement."

JOSÉ MIGUEL PETERSEN was born in Yucatan and is the son of an American father and a Mexican mother. He was educated in the United States, and is now engaged in business in Mexico.

HENRY F. PRINGLE has been on the staffs of the New York Sun, the defunct Globe, and the World. He is the author of "Alfred E. Smith: A Critical Study" and "Big Frogs."

JAMES STEVENS' latest book is "Homer in the Sagebrush." He is also the author of "Mattock," "Brawnyman," and "Paul Bunyan."

O. L. WARR is engaged in farming in South Carolina, and occasionally contributes to the Charleston News and Courier and to various trade journals.

RUDOLPH L. WEISSMAN was educated in the New York public schools and at the Brooklyn Law School. He is a member of the New York bar, and is now security analyst for Battelle, Ludwig & Company, members of the New York Stock Exchange and of the New York Curb Market. He is a frequent contributor to the financial journals.

WALTER WHITE was born in Atlanta, Ga. Since 1918 he has been assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He is the author of "Fire in the Flint" and "Flight," and his study of lynching, "Rope and Faggot: A Biography of Judge Lynch," will be published next month.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



He saves investment time and worry — so can you

The tempo of modern life is too fast to allow for much "shopping around." You save time and worry by going direct to reliable houses for nearly everything you purchase—your clothes, your automobile, your furniture, your investments. In buying securities you naturally rely upon the counsel of one or two investment houses in whom you have confidence. We invite you to use The National City Company's world-wide knowledge and experience when purchasing new securities, and when reviewing your present investments. Your telephone keeps you in quick touch with this service in 50 American cities.



The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES. INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES. INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS.

"As comfortable
in our Elco
as we are at home"



HOWEVER seafaring winds may blow, Friday night sees Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton* safely aboard their Elco—a standard 42-foot cruiser with special arrangements. With enclosed decks, sleeping quarters for six, and a galley equipment that understands seagoing appetites, the Willow Grouse invariably makes its owners as comfortable as they are at home.

The Willow Grouse is one of a group of boats which make regular week-end trips to Lloyd's Harbor on the North Shore, and a convivial habit of Sunday morning calls has sprung up among their owners. A cool, early-morning swim in sun-spangled waters... a breakfast that must include bacon... an hour's rest on lazy decks... and then the neighborly exchange begins—with gossip that has to do with cruises, with races, and, among the ladies, with yachting togs and problems of the galley.

As Mr. Hamilton is an enthusiastic sportsman, racing is one of the keenest pleasures which his Elco experiences have afforded. In 1926, with the Willow Grouse's predecessor, a 34-foot Cruisette, he won every race he entered—the Cruiser Championship of America, the Block Island, the Bear Mountain, and the Hunt Trophy. With the Willow Grouse, in 1927 and 1928, he has won practically all the cruiser races...

Visit Port Elco or write for Catalog AME.

PORT ELCO (permanent exhibit), 247 Park Ave., at 46th Street, New York. Distributors in Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles and Miami. Plant and Marine Basin, The Elco Works, Bayonne, N. J.

The Elco Fleet: Twenty-Six, \$2,975; Cruisette, \$5,950; Thirty-Eight, \$10,750; Forty-Two, \$15,500; Fifty, \$25,500

*Although this is the bona fide story of an Elco, we have used fictitious names.



Editorial NOTES

In this issue THE AMERICAN MERCURY presents the article by Mr. Richard Owen Boyer which was awarded the \$500 prize offered in the Journalism Contest. Mr. Boyer's article does not say all that might be said on the subject, but it at least discusses the basic problems of the journalist soberly, and it shows a civilized attitude toward the craft. Taking one thing with another, it was clearly the best article submitted. Several of the others will be printed in subsequent issues.

In all, 155 articles were submitted. They came from the following States:

| | |
|----------------------|----|
| Arizona | 2 |
| California | 13 |
| Colorado | 4 |
| Connecticut | 5 |
| Delaware | 1 |
| District of Columbia | 3 |
| Florida | 1 |
| Georgia | 1 |
| Illinois | 5 |
| Indiana | 3 |
| Iowa | 1 |
| Kansas | 1 |
| Kentucky | 2 |
| Louisiana | 3 |
| Maine | 3 |
| Maryland | 8 |
| Massachusetts | 9 |
| Michigan | 3 |
| Minnesota | 2 |
| Mississippi | 1 |
| Missouri | 6 |
| Nebraska | 3 |
| New Jersey | 7 |
| New York | 25 |
| North Carolina | 1 |
| Ohio | 9 |
| Oklahoma | 5 |
| Pennsylvania | 11 |
| Tennessee | 1 |
| Texas | 4 |

Continued on page xxxvi



The U. S. A. is only a few minutes wide

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



IN THE gold rush year of '49 a stage-coach succeeded in crossing the continent in about three months. Two decades later, for the first time, an unbroken stretch of railroad lay from New York Harbor to San Francisco Bay, and America was seven days wide. Today, by telephone, that entire width is only a matter of minutes. And these few minutes represent a round trip, taken in the ease of office or home.

The Bell System is ever busy reducing the width of America and the distance between cities. For example, during 1929 it will add to its lines nearly 2,000,000 of the new permalloy loading coils for correcting and maintaining the speeding voice currents.

Seven thousand miles of new inter-city cable, \$40,000,000 worth, will be added to the System to protect against storms and other slowing up influences.

In the last five years 350 major improvements, as well as thousands of others whose aggregate importance mounts high, have been made in telephone central office equipment.

Improved operating practices have eliminated the necessity of your "hanging up" and being called back in 95 per cent of toll and long distance calls, adding new speed and ease to out of town calling. You hold the wire and the operator does the rest.

Since New Year's Day, 1927, the average time for completing all out of town calls has been cut 35 per cent and at the same time the per cent of error has been further materially reduced.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the future's greater service.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

CHARLES OF LONDON

OLD
PANELLED
ROOMS

NEW YORK: 2 West 56th St.
LONDON: 56 New Bond St.



It is seldom that one may apply the adjective "cozy" to a great metropolitan hotel... Yet no other word seems so well to describe the soft richness of a Roosevelt setting—the simple dignity and luxury of appointments—its freedom from ostentation... The ROOSEVELT is the inevitable choice of those whose own possessions are in perfect taste.

THE ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th St., New York

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director



Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

| | |
|-------------------------|---|
| Virginia | 2 |
| Washington | 2 |
| West Virginia | 4 |
| Wisconsin | 2 |
| Wyoming | 1 |

The journalists who entered the contest fell into the following classifications:

| | |
|---|----|
| Reporters | 45 |
| Copy desk men | 17 |
| Editorial writers | 11 |
| Feature writers | 10 |
| Rewrite men | 10 |
| Managing editors | 8 |
| Telegraph editors | 6 |
| City editors | 5 |
| News editors | 5 |
| Columnists | 4 |
| Associate editors | 4 |
| Sunday editors | 4 |
| Editors | 3 |
| Night editors | 2 |
| Press association men | 2 |
| Assistant city editor | 1 |
| State editor | 1 |
| Fashion writer | 1 |
| Financial editor | 1 |
| Linotype operator | 1 |
| Literary editor | 1 |
| Make-up man | 1 |
| Proofreader | 1 |
| School and children's page editor | 1 |
| Social editor | 1 |
| Sport writer | 1 |
| Washington correspondent | 1 |
| Not known | 7 |

Richard Owen Boyer was born in Chicago, and educated in its public schools. While still in his teens he was successively a fireman on a British steamer on Lake Superior, a farm hand on a Manitoba ranch, a hospital orderly, and a time keeper in an Illinois factory. Then he moved with his folks to St. Louis, where he became a reporter on the *Star*, but quit two months later to enter Washington University. Immediately after his sophomore year he returned to journalism, this time as reporter on the *Post-Dispatch*, where he remained for four years. For the next year or so he worked on several papers in Mexico and New Orleans. At present he is on the staff of the *Dallas Times Herald*.



"I smoke a Lucky instead
of eating sweets."

Grace M. Hay Drummond Hay

Lady Grace
Drummond Hay,
only female
passenger on the
Graf Zeppelin.

"The fact that we were not permitted to smoke from the time the Graf Zeppelin left Friedrichshafen until we landed at Lakehurst only increased my appetite for a Lucky Strike. Oh, how good that first one tasted! I'm really keen for Lucky Strike—the toasted flavor is delightful. I smoke a Lucky instead of eating sweets—that's what many men have been doing for years. I think it high time we women smoked Luckies and kept our figures trim."

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

Lady Grace
Drummond Hay,
first woman to fly
the Atlantic from
Europe to the
United States.



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Reach for a Lucky
instead of a sweet.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

THE INVESTOR

THE INVESTMENT TRUST

BY RUDOLPH L. WEISSMAN

DURING the few years that the investment trust has been gaining significance in the United States, a number of competent studies of it have appeared. These describe its functions, trace its history abroad, and subject the representations made for it to critical examination. The Security Bureau of the State Department of Law of New York, various public commissions in other States, and committees appointed by interested groups have published valuable reports. Nevertheless, the man in the street still approaches the subject chiefly through circulars offering specific investment trust securities for sale.

The American contribution to the trust is the collateral issue (also known as banker's shares) or the fixed trust. The investment fund is used to purchase shares of stock of leading corporations. Units are deposited with a trust company, against which are issued participating certificates. Almost without exception, the circular offering such certificates begins with a reference to the success of investment trusts in Great Britain. It then points out that the American investor now has an opportunity, by the purchase of a single security, to share in the prosperity of the United States as it is reflected in the composite underlying common stocks of standard corporations. In the simon-pure fixed trust, substitution is impossible, except in the event that the property of any enterprise whose stocks are deposited under the contract is reorganized or consolidated; sometimes, the discontinuance of dividend payments authorizes substitution.

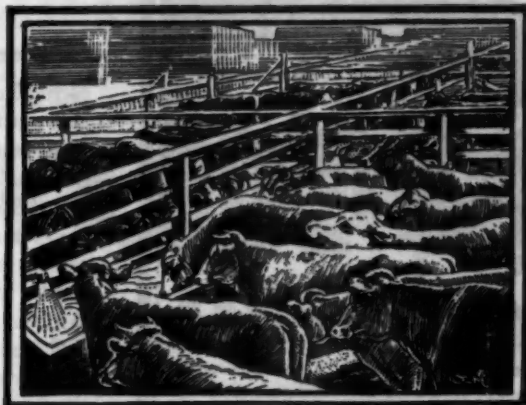
The income accounts, dividend records and market quotations of the principal

English trusts in the past thirty years show ample reasons for their remarkable popularity. The essence of the English trust is the broad discretion vested in the management. Through their expert judgment, the managers, aside from reducing the risk by diversification of the capital employed, are presumed to be in a position to shift the holdings of the trust advantageously in accordance with changing economic and financial conditions. The fixed trust is founded on the assumption that the normal growth of a cross-section investment in American industry at any time will, even after allowing for the possible failure of a few corporations in the group, return a more certain and larger profit than the English form of trust, without the possibilities for loss existing where reliance must be placed on the judgment and integrity of the management. To support this contention, much use has been made of a volume entitled "Common Stocks as Long Term Investments," published in 1924. In that book the author, Mr. Edgar Lawrence Smith, after an exhaustive study, propounded what he termed the law of increasing stock values and income return, *i.e.*, (1) "Over a period of years, the principal value of a well-diversified holding of the common stocks of representative corporations, in essential industries, tends to increase in accordance with the operation of compound interest," and (2), "Such holdings may be relied upon over a term of years to pay an average income return on such increasing values of something more than the average current rate on commercial paper."

The unprecedented advance in the prices of common stocks since that time has enabled the organizers of fixed trusts to ex-

Continued on page xl

No. 1 of a series of Ad-
vertisements of American
Water Works and Electric
Company, Incorporated



Steers Drink . . .

ONE subsidiary of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., furnishes the water for washing and watering six and one-half million head of live-stock every year.

A steady demand by a stable industry for an essential service. . . .

Water for industrial and domestic uses supplied in 16 states, and electricity for a population of hundreds of thousands, create the revenues for interest and dividends paid to American Water Works and Electric Company and its subsidiary security holders.

An Industry that Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

50 Broad Street, New York

[Information about the securities of
this Company, or any of its subsid-
iaries, will be furnished upon request.]



Chicago

comes to work electrically! Thousands upon thousands of people are deposited each morning in the "Loop" by the six vital transportation lines—including street railways, elevated system, and electrified railroads—powered in Chicago by this company.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 114 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year Book. This stock is listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.

SPENCERIAN

100% write!

FINE ~ MEDIUM ~ STUB
 DOME-POINTED ~ BROAD-EDGE



SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY A. MER. 1-29
 349 Broadway, New York City

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c for an expert CHARACTER ANALYSIS of my handwriting, and sample pens. (Ask any questions about yourself or your vocation.)

Name _____
 Address _____

REAL HARRIS TWEED
 The aristocrat of tweed for Golf and all sports wear—direct from makers. Samples free. Suit-lengths by mail. Carriage paid.
 NEWALL, 141 Stornoway, Scotland

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxviii

plot these conclusions, since confirmed in the main by further investigation. But it has been convenient for them to omit discussion of the emphatic opinion held by Mr. Smith that the principal functions of investment management embrace the determination as to what proportion of the fund "shall be in equities and what proportion in bonds under current industrial and economic conditions," and that "it will watch for changes both in the conditions of industries and of individual corporations and be prepared to change the investment to accord with sound analysis of the latest available information." The fixed trusts have invited prejudice against them by their eagerness to capitalize the success of the British type of trust, which differs from their plan in every vital feature. If they have something better to offer, why masquerade under the name of an implicitly inferior form of organization? In a pamphlet recently published by the sponsor of another plan, I note with satisfaction a paragraph in which it is set forth clearly that "this structure differs from that of the British type of investment corporation."

The inability to make substitutions except after the occurrence of events which must necessarily result in liquidation at heavy losses can appeal only to one who is completely enamored of the fixed trust theory. Those acquainted with the securities' market will recall any number of instances when stocks should have been acquired, and not sold, following the announcement of the passing of dividends or of default in the payment of obligations. Furthermore, with the kaleidoscopic changes in every branch of manufacture, distribution and transportation, it strikes one that some of the long term trusts are wedded to securities already on the down grade. Several fixed trusts have more re-

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Popular with

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Waterman's Number Seven

....the pen to try before
you buy a fountain pen—

Permanent fountain pen satisfaction requires studied selection. Write-ability is the first test. First choose the pen point which suits you perfectly.

Waterman's Number Seven offers a choice of six different styles—fine to broad stub. Next examine the other essential features—a patented spoon-feed which insures even flow of ink, a self-filling device which locks, a clip-cap, and large ink capacity. The holder is hard rubber, the superior material for

all quality pens—pleasing to feel, light, stainless and odorless. Satisfied as to utility and personal suitability, then consider beauty.

Waterman's
No. 7 is a
beautiful pen.

*The Color
Band Inlay
on the cap
identifies
the character
of the pen point*

This is Waterman's new method for
determining the pen point you like

Red—STANDARD—Suits
writers. A splendid corres-
pondence point. Medium flexi-
bility. For home and general use.

Green—RIGID—Tempered
to emerald hardness. Will
not shade even under heavy
pressure. Unsuspected for man-
ifolence. The salesman's friend.

Purple—STIFF; FINE—
Writes without pressure. Makes
a thin, clear line and small fig-
ures with unerring accuracy.
Popular with accountants.

Pink—FLEXIBLE; FINE—As
resilient as a watch-spring. Fine,
tapered point; ground fine to
shade at any angle. Loved by
stenographers.

Blue—BLUNT—An improved
stub point. This point makes a
broad line. May be held in any
position. Liked by rapid writers.

Yellow—ROUNDED—A
different pen point. The tip is ball
shape. Makes a heavy, character-
istic line without pressure.
Suits left-handed writers.

\$7⁰⁰

Use Waterman's ink in Waterman's pens

Waterman's

...what a whale
of a difference just
a few inches make



YES... and what a
whale of a difference
just a few cents make

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco - goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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The INVESTOR

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sonable substitution provisions, but each degree of greater latitude removes them, to that extent, from the fixed trust group.

Only passing reference need be made to the danger that one may pay too much for the alleged advantages of sharing in a fixed trust. The organizers receive their compensation in the difference in the price of the securities represented by their participating certificates, and the price at which they are offered. Certainly, no more than a 10% maximum is reasonable. Usually the offering circular is silent on the subject.

As the one limitation on the capitalization of a fixed trust is the availability of the underlying securities, they are suited to the maintenance of permanent selling organizations. Rarely is the certificate-holder protected against the making of profits by the organizers who place the securities in the trust fund. The temptation to dispose of large blocks of stocks in this way is great. Liquidation in the open market might be accompanied by rapidly declining prices. The use of a prominent trust company as depository impresses the inexperienced investor. The likelihood that the trust indenture, with its forbidding length and legal terminology, will be scrutinized is minimized. Under the terms of some indentures, the depositors are in a position to dispose of or substitute any securities in the possession of the trustee.

The discretionary trust has not been uniformly successful. Reference to English experience usually runs back to the last decade of the Nineteenth Century. I have been granted the privilege of using a paper on the "History of the British Investment Trust from 1880 to 1896," prepared by Mr. Robert L. Smitley for the chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, of the House of Representatives. Appalling losses were sustained by shareholders. In 1893, many issues were quoted at a dis-

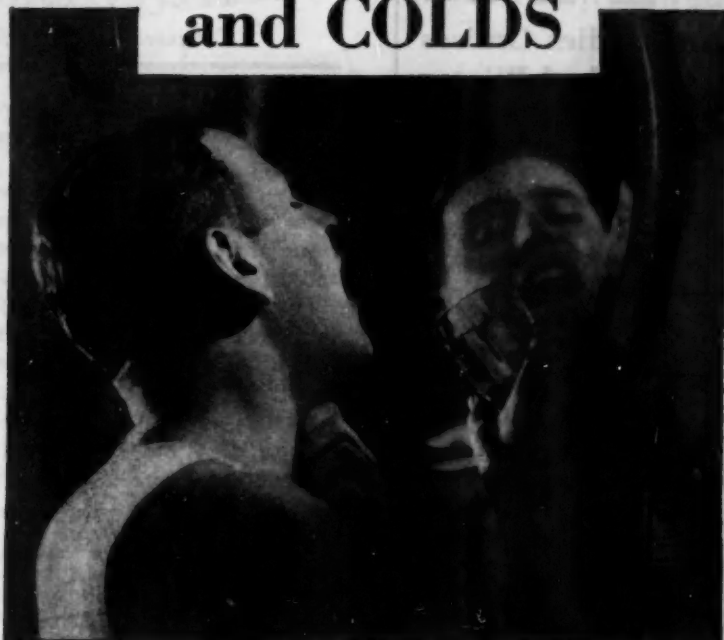
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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Tests show amazing power against bacteria

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More than fifty diseases, some slight, some dangerous, have their beginning in the nose or throat.

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The safe antiseptic

xliii



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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlii

count of 75%. Stockholders were willing to pay £2 a share to be relieved of the liability attaching to their shares. Of thirty-one representative trusts, only seven were successful. The failures resulted, not from general economic causes, but from incompetence or fraud. Mr. Smitley writes: "Trusts which were managed by leading financiers, peers of the realm and 'big names' of the day spewed forth in final publicity the most amazing collection of junk and rubbish imaginable." On February 4, 1893, the world's leading financial publication, the *Economist*, said:

Of many of the trust companies [*i.e.*, investment trusts] which were formed in such rapid succession [in England] a few years ago, when the mania for this form of joint stock enterprise was rampant, it may be said with truth that having sown the wind, they are now reaping the whirlwind. Week after week evidence accumulates proving only too forcibly that those responsible for the management of these trusts have based no inconsiderable part of their operations upon false principles, with the invariable result that after a more or less brief period of apparent prosperity losses and difficulties have arisen, and unless greater foresight and ability is displayed in the future than has been shown in the past, it is highly probable that collapse of a disastrous kind will take place.

The collapse, in fact, was of such proportions that for a time the formation of new trusts was abandoned.

A capable, honest management is the sole protection of an investor in the securities of a discretionary trust. Directions that the portfolio shall contain only a certain proportion of securities of one distinct class of industry, or of securities originating in any one nation, or of securities of recently formed enterprises, are unnecessary if the management is honest and useless if it is corrupt. The fundamental soundness of the properly managed trust is evidenced by the average dividend rate on the common stocks of forty-eight representative trusts domiciled in London and Edinburgh. In the years from 1912 to 1914, the return was

Continued on page xlvii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Mr Schutt Please O.K.
 [Signature]

On Tuesday January 1st, Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida, will open for the season of 1929. Many improvements have been made which will add much to your visit. A large solarium, glazed with vitreous glass, has been constructed on the roof. Two new tennis courts, a beautiful outdoor swimming pool (80 x 176 feet) and a yacht basin have been built. ~~The traps and the golf course (now 18 holes) will be in operation daily.~~ For reservations, write Peter P. Schutt, Manager.

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ASPIRIN

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xliiv

in excess of 7%; $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ was paid during the war period, and over 8% has been distributed since the close of the war. For the last financial year thirty-five companies, on a total capital of £77,160,000, earned £5,213,000, or 7.1%.

English trusts make general use of the possibilities of trading on the equity. They borrow funds in the form of debenture obligations at a cost averaging substantially less than they believe can be earned on the capital secured. For similar reasons, preferred stocks are generally a part of the capital structure. American discretionary trusts have often found it necessary to sweeten these issues with stock warrants, bonuses, or participating features. An examination of representative trusts in the United States and Great Britain shows that the burden of interest charges and preferred dividend requirements is heavier here than abroad. Changes in earnings will therefore be more sharply reflected in the indicated net income per share on domestic issues.

In the management trust the organizers seek to profit from the successful administration of the portfolio, in addition to taking operating fees. The use of founders' shares has been avoided in the United States. Instead, the common stock is usually divided into class A and class B. The latter receives dividends, subject to certain preferences of the class A stock, or has the right to subscribe to stock at favorable prices. Offering circulars should be examined to determine what proportion, if any, of the capital is supplied by the organizers. For providing the brains, and a part of the capital, the division of profits should certainly not be along the lines of the proverbial claim attorney—60% for the organizers, and 40% for the investors.

The annual reports show to what extent the expectations outlined in the prospectus

Continued on page xlviii

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlv

are fulfilled. Most of the American trusts whose pamphlet reports I have examined include as income not only interest and dividends received, but profits from the sale of securities. Consequently their earnings are comparatively large. English practice favors the distribution of dividends only from dividends received and interest. Profits from trading in securities are used for reinvestment. American trusts have adopted the commendable practice of publishing the names of the securities comprising the portfolio, sometimes listing the exact investment in each security owned. A trust whose investment list was published as of May 31 last had almost 25% of its assets in cash and short term notes. Slightly over 12% of the assets was in domestic common stocks; foreign external dollar bonds made up 22%. Unlike the public, the management trusts have apparently felt that domestic common stocks offer little attraction. The list mentioned contains a liberal sprinkling of convertible bonds, preferred stocks, and issues with warrants, as a result of an attempt to profit by the possible continuance of rising stock prices without assuming the risks involved.

One trust, as of July 31 last, had 21% of its funds in cash and call loans; foreign government obligations comprised almost one third of the total. At the close of September, another had about 30% in domestic securities. Approximately 35% of its investments were in corporation bonds, 25% in government bonds, 10% in preferred stocks and 20% in common stocks. A problem that has been overlooked in connection with the publication of the contents of the portfolio is the timidity of the investor, except when he takes a flier, and the questioning that a management must be prepared to face if it buys into properties in process of reorganization, or into situations that are generally classed as bad.

Continued on page l

By the author of DEFEAT

VICTORY

by RICARDA HUCH



HERE is the later story of Garibaldi's career. Beginning with the victory at Solferino, it carries the narrative to the temporary check sustained at the battle of Aspromonte, where Garibaldi was wounded and captured in 1863. The triumph of the Garibaldian ideal, however, is already in sight, although the significant phase of the hero's life has ended, and the author here brings her narrative to a close.

This volume is dominated by the figures of Garibaldi and Cavour; their conflict parallels the struggle between Mazzini and Garibaldi in the defense of Rome in 1849. As in *Defeat*, Ricarda Huch shows us the host of Garibaldi's devoted followers, and their individual portraits are as psychologically true as is her conception of their leader; while her descriptions of the events and the times are incomparable in their vividness and insight.

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlviii

Trusts that bought the securities of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway a year or two ago have splendid profits. But I can visualize the horror of the investor who found such securities in the list on the very day that he read in the Investors' Column of the *Zenith Times*: "Do not buy St. Paul bonds; they are highly speculative and pay no interest."

The statistical departments of these organizations are constantly searching for undervalued securities. As I have observed, investment trust managers are not purchasing American common stocks. They are largely confining their commitments to foreign bonds, from which much higher yields are available. To a lesser extent, foreign internal obligations are sought, and common stocks in depressed European and Eastern markets. I do not like the implied authority to borrow against securities owned. It is close to purchases on margin. At present, American balance-sheets generally reveal substantial call and time loans, due to the prevailing investment conditions.

The test of the whole investment trust movement in the United States will not come until we pass through a period of business recession, or of financial liquidation. The following from the *Economist* of July 21, 1888, holds good today:

There is one point in regard to trusts to which attention may be drawn, and that is the tendency to specialize or restrict the character of the new undertakings. . . . In fact, it is almost a truism, that in proportion as a trust is specialized, so it loses its distinctive character and use, while the wider its sphere of operations is made, the more does it fulfil those functions for investors which they are usually unable to perform for themselves.

The advantages of the well-managed trust are so great that its traditional success makes easy unscrupulous promotion. The fixed trust, at its best, has many sound attributes. For the investor of limited means, either is infinitely more satisfactory than trading on margin in the stock market.

At the Sign of the Borzoi

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By HUMBERT WOLFE

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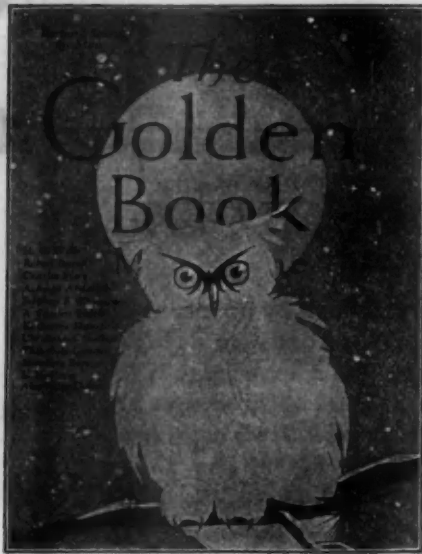
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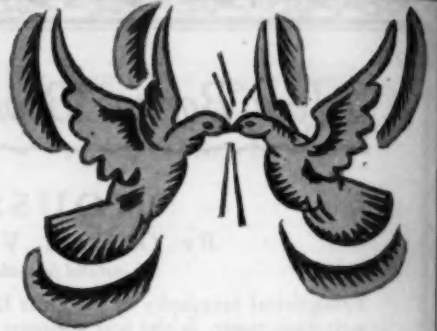
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